Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
APRIL 1987

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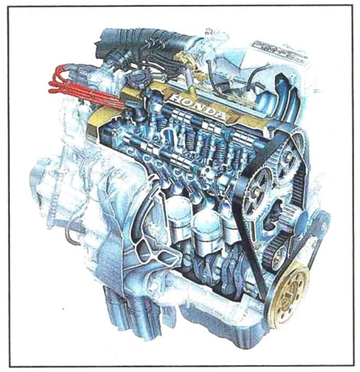

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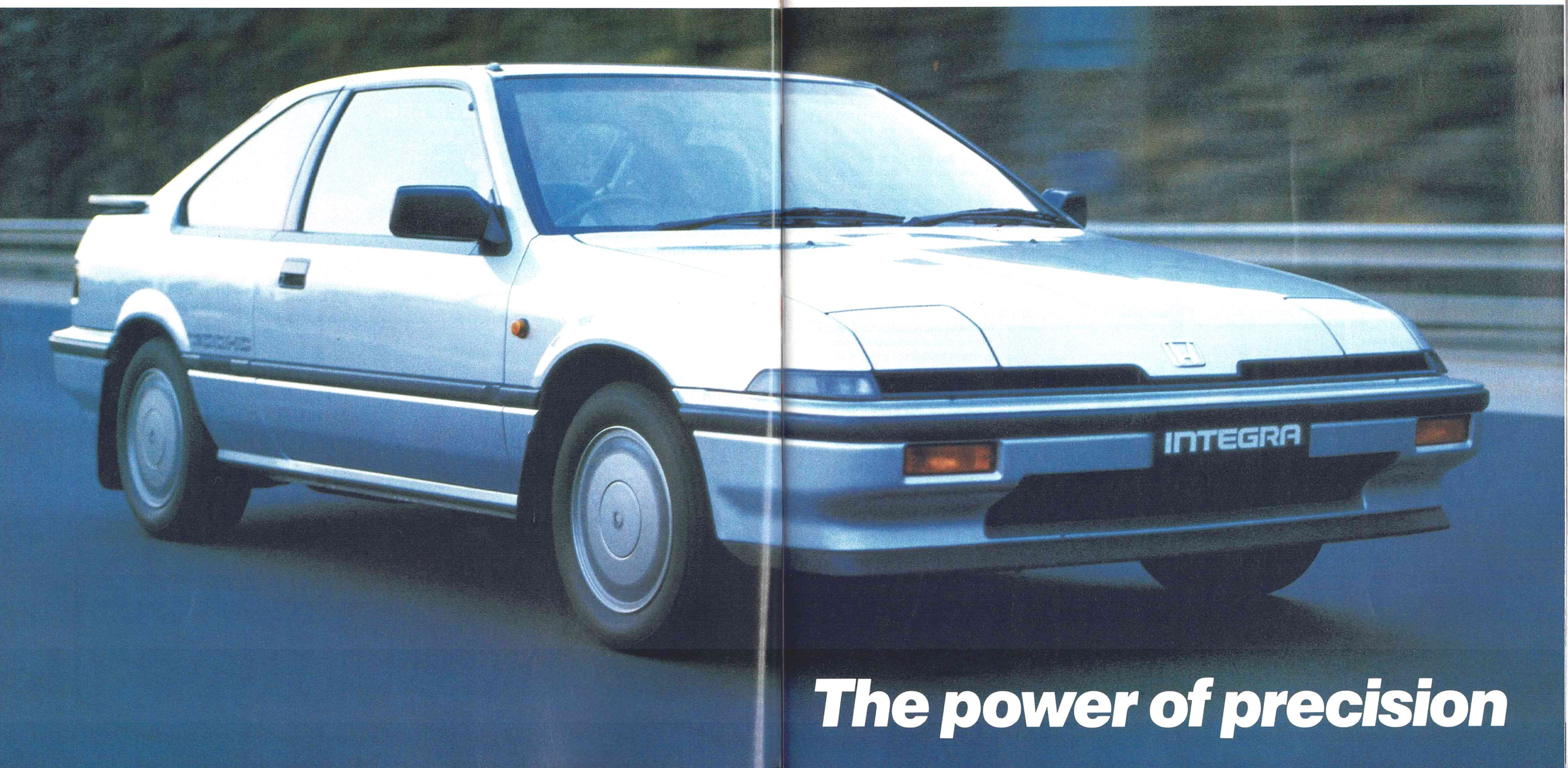
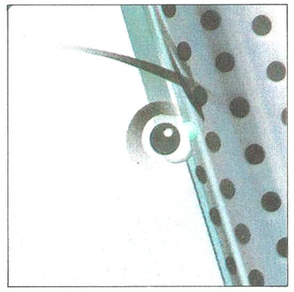


The power of precision

Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 8 No 4/April 1987



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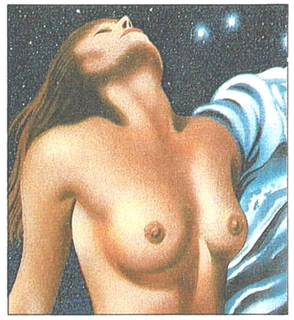
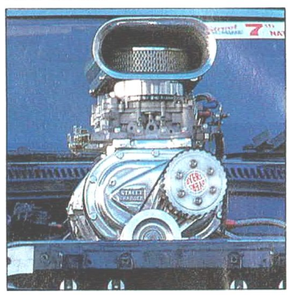


The Drug Expensive

Pet Of The Year



Car Worship

REGULARS

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Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144 Telex AA27833. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission of Penthouse International Limited, Original Copyright (1982). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0818-2892

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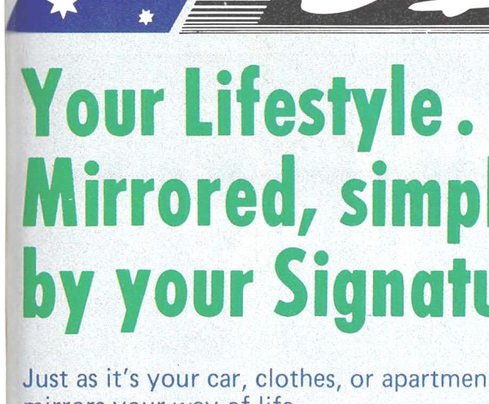

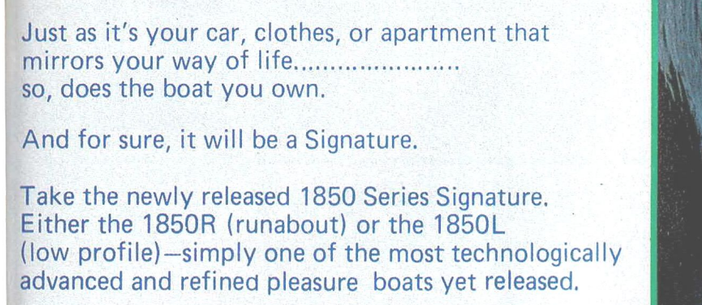

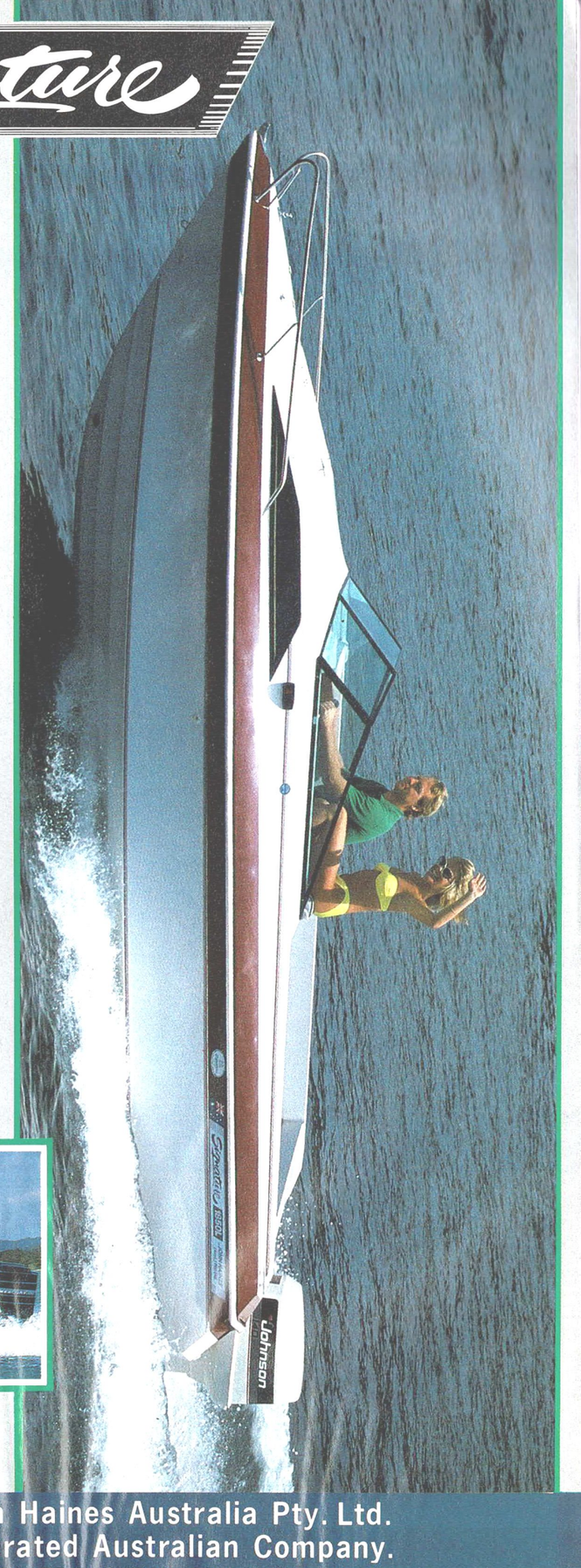

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PUBLISHERS
Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144.

ADVERTISING OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 957 1814.

DISTRIBUTORS
Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(US edition)
Bob Guccione *(Chairman);* Kathy Keeton *(Vice-chairman);* David J. Myerson *(Chief Operating Officer);* Anthony J. Guccione *(Secretary-Treasurer);* John Evans *(Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions)*

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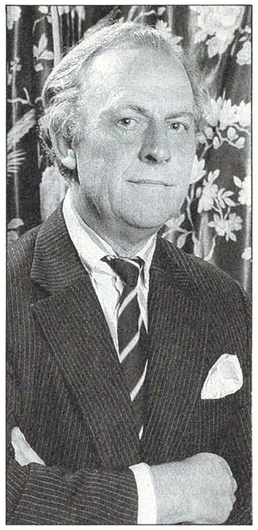
EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Wedstwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024, Tel. (213) 824 -9831.

FOREIGN EDITIONS
Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

APRIL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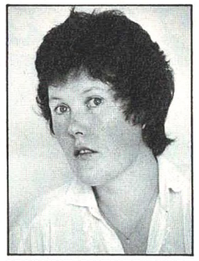
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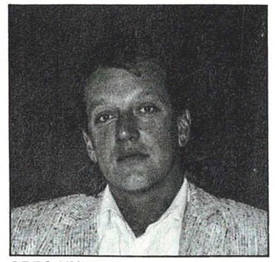
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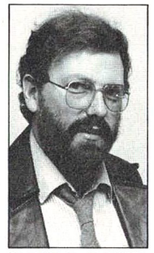
GLENN A. BAKER

FRANK ROBSON

HOUSECALL

PET OF THE YEAR
Exotic beauty Kathleen Azzopardi is the 1987 *Australian Penthouse* Pet of the Year. Kathleen, who first appeared in the April '86 issue of *Penthouse*, topped our readers' poll by a country mile and nobody wants to argue with the result. Turn to the luscious pictorial on page 44 and you'll see why.

THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND
The south-east Queensland city of Warwick is heavily into fundamentalist religion — but beneath the pious veneer lurks a demented band of Satan-worshippers who've been responsible for some sickening crimes. **Frank Robson** exposes some of Warwick's guilty secrets in a chilling investigation starting on page 32. **Yvonne Sutherland** produced the fine artwork.

RATBAGS OF RADIO
In the final instalment of our series on the New Conservatism **Phil Jarratt** pulls the plug on those pompous pontificators who use talkback radio to force-feed their gullible audiences the politics of the New Right, the far right and the Ku Klux Klan. With these high priests of hogwash ruling the airwaves, is it any wonder the country is flirting with fascism? Turn to **Nigel Buchanan's** illustration on page 54.

THE DRUG EXPENSIVE
Ever heard of XOK? Not likely. It's Australia's own designer drug, the newest and most expensive high on the market, and if you can't afford $400 for a single gram it's out of your league. In a *Penthouse* exclusive **Dr Geoffrey E. Smith** lifts the lid on the latest plaything of the so-called beautiful people. Is it the ultimate euphoriant or a classic con job? Find out on page 74. **Robert Marshall** contributed the artwork.

CAR WORSHIP
In every large city there's a strange breed of fanatics drawn together by a love of old vehicles reworked so they're bright and shiny and go like the hammers. Hopelessly hooked on horsepower, they'll crawl a mile over broken glass to hear the hum of a healthy V8 kicking over. What the hell are all these strung-out revheads on about? Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** delves into their collective psyche in an entertaining piece beginning on page 78 with a photo by **Miki Komatsu.**

GRANDMASTER
He's been described by some experts as "The world's most dangerous man," but Melbourne-based kung fu master William Cheung is much more than just a one-man wrecking crew. Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** profiles an extraordinary individual whom he found to be "the genuine article — a teacher who seeks to impart his mastery of a discipline as the basis for the mastery of life." Hunter's story starts on page 114 with photo by **Michael Coyne.**

JOHN FARNHAM INTERVIEW
Caught at the peak of his recent chart blitzkreig by **Glenn A. Baker**, the voluble Farnham was as happy as Larry and willing to speak freely of the highs and lows he's come through in two decades of involvement in the Australian music industry. Farnham is The Voice of Australian rock; at last he's managed to get us all listening. Turn to page 94.

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Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*— its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

A port in every girl

I am writing to complain about the tone of a column called "When Yankee Doodle Came To Town" in your January issue. In this story, writer C.J. Mackay remarked that when American sailors visited last year "women in their thousands were seen to pull out all stops for a bit of dick."

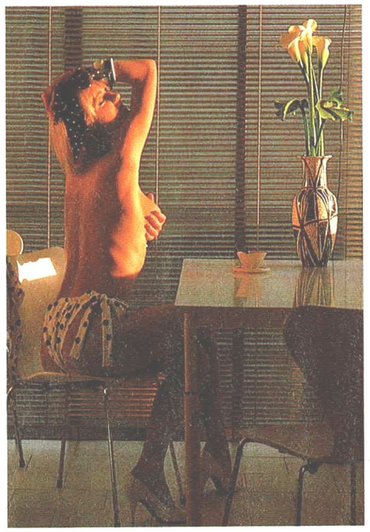
I take offence at that line, as I do at the suggestion that women stalked the sailors for the thrill of it all: "Drinking rum and Coca-Cola, f--king for the Yankee dollar for one glorious week of moral abandon before seeing Chuck and Bud on their way and going back to the real world, saddlesore but smiling."

I went out with some girlfriends to meet sailors when they were in Sydney. We went with the object of friendship in mind and we agreed that our aim was to impress upon the visitors that Australian girls are courteous, lively, accommodating and easy-going, and that the nation as a whole is a great place. We went as diplomats, not a gang of sex starved scrubbers out for a good time and illicit dalliance — as the sewer-minded C.J. Mackay would have it.

It so happens that I met an American sailor and our immediate chemistry indicated that we were just right for one another. We clicked on a friendship level straight off and I allowed him to take me to dinner at an exclusive restaurant. He was a perfect gentleman throughout, unlike most Australian men I have met, and he insisted on paying for our elaborate meal which included port and coffee and a generous tip.

We spent the rest of his leave in Sydney together doing exciting things and we realised just before he left for Melbourne that we were in love with one another. I might add at this juncture that Australian men could learn a lot from American men in the realm of sexual technique, if Howard (that's his name) is any indication. Since he left we have corresponded frequently and he is hinting at marriage, when he leaves the US Navy, and settling down with me in his home city of Cleveland, Ohio.

I have taken the time to tell you this because I want to correct the false impression that may have been left by C.J. Mackay's irresponsible story. The women, young and old, who entertained our uniformed visitors were performing a voluntary service to augment international relations and tourism. And some of them — the lucky ones — were rewarded with a shining metaphorical jewel: a bright, pure and many-splendored treasure. I'm talking about TRUE LOVE. — *C. Fitzgerald, Gymea, NSW*



Free agent Anita Russell

Go tell it to the Marines. — C.J. Mackay

The doctor is in

Glad to see that the good Doctor of Gonzo Journalism, revisited in Doctor Who? (February *Penthouse*), is still alive and well and tearing his tits off in an orgy of self-destruction. That's the way I wanted it to be. If Phil Jarratt had revealed that ol' Hunter S. was now a teetotalling vegetarian aerobics instructor with diplomas in Bach flower remedies and primal scream therapy, I would have personally travelled to his Woody Creek hideaway and used my .44 Magnum to put the man out of his misery. — *G.S., "Dr Zok" Williams, Brisbane, Qld*

Artistic licence

Your terrific January centrefold Anita Russell said she was looking for work in a James Bond movie. Personally, I'd hate to see her disappointed. Now I don't want to cast aspersions on her status as "free agent" — and I can't exactly deliver the goods for her — but I'd cast her in some of my film (video) efforts any time. I'd love to be directing her.

I'd even give her a few lines to do, too.

Great centrefold. Might I add that the jokes in your January edition were the best collection in one magazine I've ever seen. Great stuff. — *G.L., Paddington, NSW*

Postcards

Please can we see another few instalments in your Postcards series as my friends and I enjoyed Brisbane and Adelaide immensely. Let me know when you're coming to Hobart, though. —*Bill Buchanan, Batters Point, Tas*

A peek

I am a Malaysian Chinese (of Pekinese origin) from Ipoh, and was educated at SCEGGS. I am 18 years old and studying art.

I am a subscriber to your magazine and think you are on the right track. With best wishes and kindest regards, and keep up the good work. — *Tai-Yat, Hon. Grand Abbess of the Order of Amah Keng, Sydney, NSW*

Wheeling dealing

Might I congratulate Peter McDonald on his startling treatment of the facility existing in our legal system granting criminals immunity from prosecution. This so-called "process" is wide open to abuse, as McDonald suggests.

What surprised me in particular is that it was the first time I'd ever had the benefit of a detailed explanation of immunity from prosecution. Surely, it is a fundamental right of a citizen to *know* these things.

What I think should happen is that the process should be modified to become, instead, immunity from *sentencing*. All criminals should still be tried, so that justice can be seen to be done — and all relevant facts can come out. The way it exists now, these criminals escape even without a record made of their misdemeanors. The whole legal process would still be in place right up to the time of sentencing, so at least the gravity of the charges is brought home and publicised.

Immunity should not be an escape route for crims. It should serve us — the community — and no-one else. — *T. Andrews, Southport, Qld*

WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

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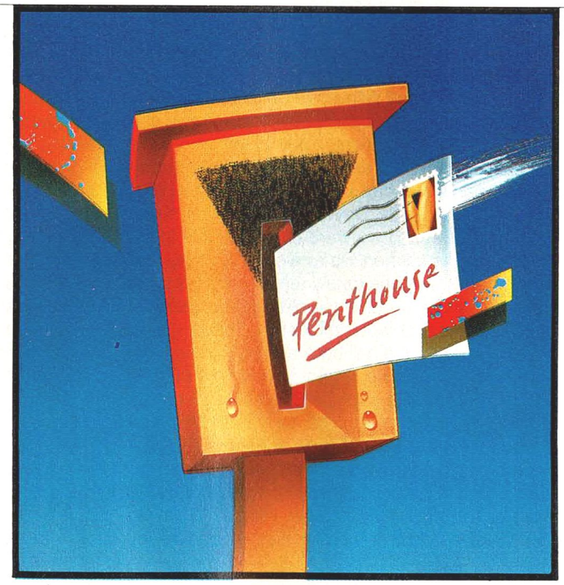
Fast forward



My husband Tony and I enjoy swinging. We especially like to videotape our encounters so that we can relive them whenever we're in the mood. One night, Tony and I had a date with Dave, a very sweet 24-year-old with a baby face. I was a little nervous with anticipation, but I knew Dave was willing, and anyway, he would look great on tape.

We met Dave as we pulled into the parking area of the bar where we had arranged to meet. The three of us sat together at a table inside the bar. Tony went to order our drinks while Dave and I eyed each other eagerly. We were all anxious to get the evening started, so we didn't linger over our cocktails.

As we pulled out of the parking area, my pussy tingled with excitement. To get Dave really hot, Tony and I told him about the movie we had made the night before on our video camera. It was so exciting, watching myself make love on TV. Dave asked me if I wanted to make another movie tonight. I replied, "Yes, I love watching myself and I'd love to share it with you." When he heard that, he leaned over and gave me a kiss. My hot box started tingling even more.

The pressure between my legs was building as we pulled into the driveway. Dave opened the car door for me and I led my two lovers up to our place. With each step I noticed my silk panties getting wetter and wetter. My clit was throbbing. I was more than ready to have both of them. Once inside, I removed my blouse and asked the guys if they wanted to join me for some fun.

As I led them to the bedroom, they both had wicked smiles on their faces. I removed the rest of my clothing while they quickly stripped. The three of us lay on the king-size bed, cuddling and kissing. While Dave rubbed his hands along my soft breasts, belly, and mound of Venus, Tony got up to switch on our video camera. I could tell by the state of his erection and the moistness between my legs that we would have a hot movie on our hands before the night was through.

My nipples started to harden as Dave swirled his tongue around them. Tony gave me a deep kiss before joining Dave. They each nuzzled a breast and I felt my love juices flowing down my arse. Dave let a finger slide into my twat and I started to purr. His fingers circled my clit as he slowly kissed his way down my thighs. When I felt Dave's tongue slide deeply into my hot cunt, I thought I'd lose it right then and there. In response to this wonderful feeling, I drove my tongue into my husband's mouth. As we finished this wet French kiss, I slowly turned my head and opened my eyes. Dave had his beautiful eight-inch cock standing at attention and I slowly moved my hand to touch it. His tool was hard, but his skin was warm and soft. I moved my mouth over to kiss the head of his lovestick. When I gave it my kiss of passion, it jerked in response to my touch. I knew just what this pleasant penis wanted, so I opened my mouth up wide. As I engulfed his wang with my lips, I felt Tony's hardness pressing against me. While I sucked Dave's cock Tony kissed my neck, cheeks, and breasts. I knew by the throbbing of his member that he was enjoying this threesome as much as I was.

As I gave Dave's balls another kiss, Tony started to kiss his way down to my quivering snatch. He told me how sweet and good my love juices tasted as he swirled and darted his tongue in and out of my slit. I moved my hips to enhance the feeling and gasped with pleasure. By now, I wanted to be fucked. I whispered in Tony's ear, "Please fuck me," and was grateful to finally feel his beautiful hard shaft gently parting my love lips. I moved my legs to the top of his shoulders, taking his cock deeply into my love tunnel, never once letting Dave's prick slip out of my mouth. Dave's entire body began to quiver, and as Tony thrust harder and harder I could tell we were not far away from the ultimate ecstasy.

Tony shot his love fluid into me and my vagina contracted. Dave pulled out of my mouth and shot his load all over my breasts. Tony moved up to my face and gave me a deep kiss as Dave sucked his come off my tits. As Tony and I kissed, I felt Dave climb between my legs and slip his still-hard dick into my sopping cunt. My love lips parted and I wrapped my legs around his back, pulling his cock all the way inside of me. I moaned lustily with each thrust he made. With Tony sucking my neck and breasts, I adored being the centre of attention.

Suddenly, I just had to be fucked in my favorite position—doggy-style. Dave willingly mounted me from behind and I pushed my arse back against his balls each time he plunged into me. At the same time, Tony was gently kissing the back of my neck and caressing my swaying tits. I bucked my hips and arse in rhythm with Dave. Slowly, I moved my hand on to Tony's hard penis, squeezing it as Dave fucked me. The greater the feeling, the harder I squeezed Tony's cock. Dave's thrusts became harder and faster, and I knew that soon I would feel his love juices filling the inside of my vagina. He began to groan and tremble, then shot his hot load up my twat. I gave Tony's cock an extra-hard squeeze and moved my head so I could lick his jism as he spurted it on my face.

As we separated to catch our breath, Tony rewound the video so we could watch an instant replay of our love match. It wasn't long before we were so excited that we began again. The only bad thing about the whole evening was that this time we were so hot we didn't stop to turn on the camera. I was disappointed, but Dave

has promised to come over again soon to tape a sequel! — *Name and address withheld*

Love match

My boyfriend and I have been dating for about six months. Our sex life started out good and got better. At first I was very shy, and we made love mainly at night in the dark. When I began to get more comfortable with sex and with my boyfriend, we started to experiment a little.

One day when I was at his place and he was in the shower, I stumbled upon his *Penthouse* collection. I opened the top one to Forum and started reading. By the time Dave emerged clean and glowing from the shower, I was lying naked on the bed, running my hands over the length of my body, still immersed in the sexual exploits of someone else. I was hot but when I saw his beautiful tanned body, covered only with a towel and glistening drops of water, I felt like an inferno! He took in the situation at a glance, and dropped his towel. Already his huge nine-inch cock was pulsing with anticipation. I slowly began to suck the last drops of water from his skin. I licked and tickled the insides of his thighs while I moved closer to his balls. They were tight and ready to burst when I let my hot breath inflame them further. I swallowed his throbbing member, sucking and licking for all I was worth. I don't know what came over me! Neither did Dave—he came with a groan and a huge river of sperm, which I swallowed.

That was only the beginning of our more passionate sex life. The most exciting sexual experience we have shared recently happened when we were at his parents' home for dinner.

After the meal, we were resting on the couch, devouring the newest issue of *Penthouse* and getting more turned on with each sentence. My hand slowly crawled up the length of his thigh under the strategically placed pillow. We decided it was time to remove ourselves from the premises and play some tennis. I put on my short little white tennis dress with matching underpants that had white laced ruffles all over the backside. Dave donned his grey sweat shorts, and we were off. It was late in the evening when we arrived at a lovely little park with one lonely tennis court, and not a soul around. I had already decided that our game wouldn't last too long.

We hit the ball back and forth for a while, and whenever I bent over to retrieve the ball, I made sure Dave got a good view of all my ruffles and the curly pubic hair that refused to stay inside. Finally, I said that my tennis elbow was bothering me too much to continue playing. I jumped the net and stood next to Dave. I began to rub my sweaty body all over him, entwining my legs with his and using my tongue on his mouth the way I would on his cock.

I moved away and slowly removed the frilly undies that had hidden my dripping mound for so long. He had no doubt of my intentions now. I took his hand and led him to the middle of a stretch of grass surrounded by trees. He could catch glimpses of my furry clit as my skirt moved, but I wasn't ready to let him touch me yet. We lay down on the grass and I removed his clothing, savoring the sight of that gorgeous purple prick begging to be sucked. I obliged, bringing him to the brink of climax and then stopping. My hungry tongue flicked over his balls and made him squirm and jump.

I opened up my legs to him and let him see my soft, wet, horny cunt. I moved my fingers over it, collecting some of the juices, and sucked them. Dave couldn't stand it anymore, and he grabbed me and threw me on the ground, all at once shoving the entire length of his throbbing manhood into me. That first thrust was all it took to bring me to instant orgasm. Just the feel of him inside me was enough. He began to move; my legs were wrapped around him, and he drove it in and out, hard and fast.

He dipped in and out until I thought we would both explode, then he thrust his entire bulging length into me again. He was so huge and I was so tight that I came again, shuddering and shaking. Before he could come, I turned him over on to his back and gently sucked my sweet juices from his yearning cock. Then I raised myself up and let my insatiable vagina pull him into me. This time I would let him come. I held on to his buttocks tightly, digging in with my nails, and fucked him hard. I knew he was about to come, and I drew his shaft in and out of me hard, tight, and fast. We exploded together. Finally we looked up and noticed the grounds keeper in the trees not far away, with his dick in his hand and a dazed expression on his face. We grinned and gathered our clothes.

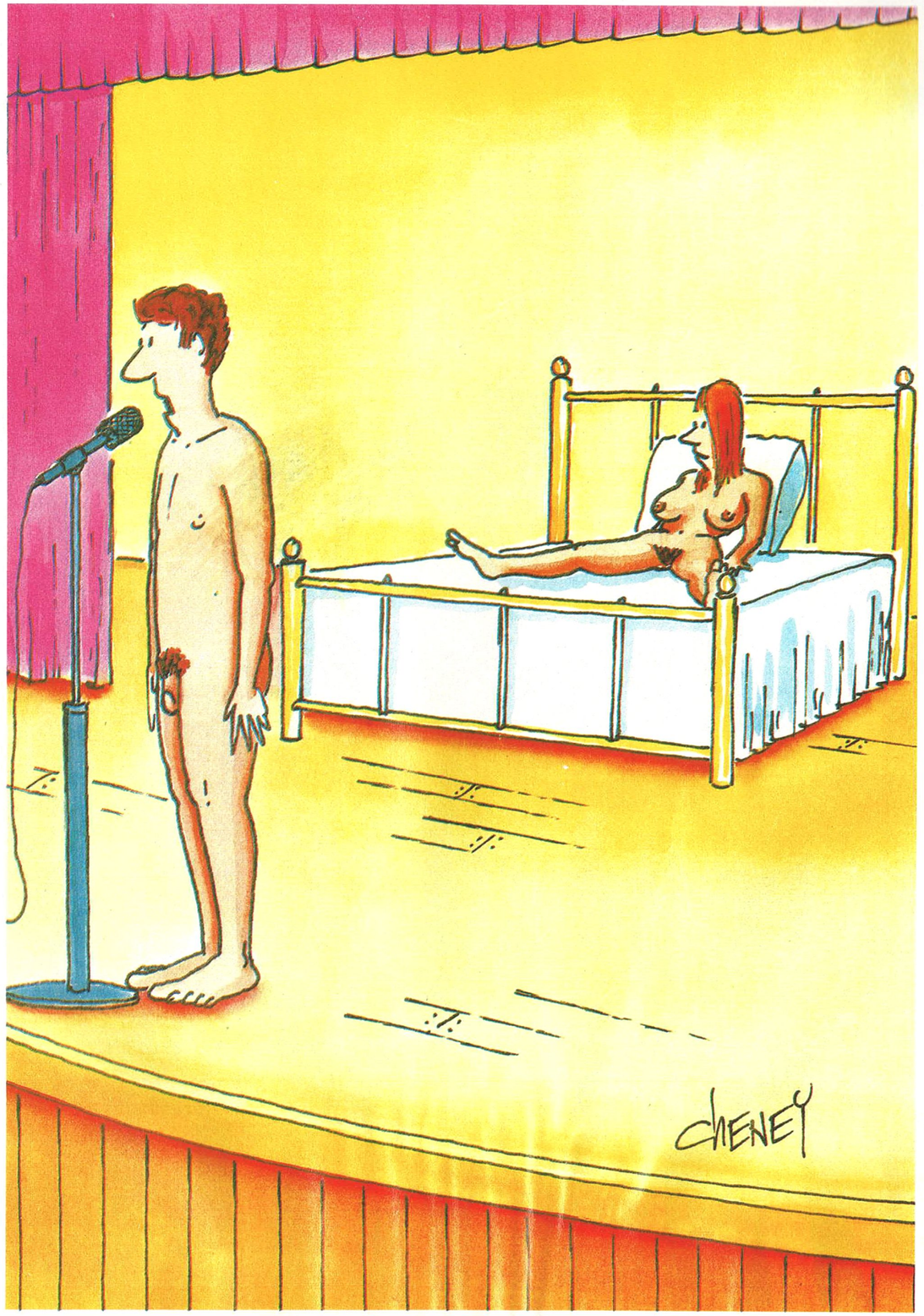
When we arrived home on shaky legs, his mother asked us how the game went. Looking at each other and the grass stains on our clothes, we replied that it was a tie. We would have the rematch the next day. — *Name and address withheld*

"Please help me. I've been turned into a grazier's wife."

Weight watcher

Until recently, I was still a virgin. I had only one sexual experience. It was with a girl named Amy. Amy was an inflatable sex dummy, so I'm not completely sure if that counts. Anyway, in my 19 years I have read all about people's sexual fantasies but had never experienced anything that resembles a fantasy myself. Luckily, all of this changed about two months ago. My experience has changed my life and the way I look at women.

I was at a huge party with about 300 other people. There was a festive atmosphere and an excellent ration of guys to girls. After a couple of beers, I was fairly happy. I was sitting at a table when a girl



"Before I begin, I'd like to remind all of the married men in the audience that I am a professional. . . . Do not attempt to try this in your home."

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Mike Doohan

YAMAHA FZR1000

came and sat next to me. She introduced herself as Kate. Kate was not a goddess or even the kind of girl involved in most men's fantasies. I guess you would have to say that Kate was a bit on the heavy side. She was quite nice but seemed a littly shy, as if she felt uneasy about her weight. After a while she seemed to start feeling comfortable talking to me.

We talked for a while, then she asked me to dance and I obliged. When the party ended late, Kate asked me if I would be willing to escort her back to her place. Although I really didn't want to, for fear of leading her on, I did because she was nice and I liked her in that sense.

We went to her house, and I drove up to the steps to let her out. Then, all of a sudden, I realised that we had driven in Kate's car and I was stranded. Kate quickly assured me that I could simply wait while she phoned for a cab. Seeing no other sensible solution, I agreed.

Kate led me inside into a rather large room. She instucted me to wait while she phoned for a cab. I hung around in the room, trying to figure out what it was used for. The wooden floor was almost completely covered with large, fur-covered pillows, and the ceiling contained an odd arrangement of colored lights.

About five minutes later, Kate returned wearing a trench coat buttoned up to her neck. She walked over to a control panel on the wall and turned on the lights. As mesmerising patterns of light darted over the room, music began to play to the tune of "Thriller." Kate turned around and gave me a devilish stare. I started to dream up some pretty weird ideas about what was happening. Suddenly Kate spoke. "I'm in the mood," she said. In a flash, Kate whipped off the long coat she was wearing to reveal her Rubenesque figure to me, all dressed up in a black lace teddy. I started to panic and was not sure what to do, but before I could react Kate made her move and grabbed my crotch. My blood started to race. It was so exciting I couldn't stop her. She removed my clothes and started to caress my penis. At first she jerked it hard, then she stroked it gently. I'm not very well hung, but my red erect cock seemed to be all Kate needed. She gently pushed me on to a pile of pillows as she removed her teddy. Kate was glistening with wetness, as she exposed her massive pubic mound and colossal pink breasts. I knew she was in complete control.

She positioned my prick with her hands and then squatted on me, driving my rod deep into her love canal. I moved my hands on to her huge soft tits and played with them. Her meaty thighs gripped my body as she thunderously started to thrust down upon me. Her extra weight rippled over me and shook my entire body. I could feel Kate's hot sex juices running down my legs. With every upstroke, Kate would tighten her cunt lips around the base of my dick and try to drain me until I just couldn't hold it anymore. In seconds, I shot my load deep into Kate's core.

My entire body was shaking as she stood up. She told me not to move and that she would be right back. I gladly used the ten minutes she was gone to catch my breath. When she returned, she was accompanied by four of her housemates. I was in total ecstasy. I started to imagine I was a safari hunter in the wilds of Africa, standing in the midst of a herd of wild animals. Kate came forward and said, "We are all yours, yet you belong to us. Are you ready to give us your love?" I couldn't help but shiver in excitement.

Kate wasted no time and started to suck me off until I was hard as a stone. She then backed off and let two of her sisters take over. The way they worked me over was incredible. One slid my cock deep into her dripping vagina while the other wrapped her juicy cunt lips around my cheeks. In minutes I experienced my second orgasm. After those two finished the other two took their place, got me stiff, and went to work. All night long I performed every sex act imaginable with these five fabulous females. I must have had 15 orgasms that night. By daybreak everyone was worn out, the pillows were soaked with sexual fluids, and I couldn't take any more. I said goodbye to Kate and her mates and thanked them, and then went home.

Even though I'd never really experienced sex before, I knew that that night was something special. It has forever changed my views and fantasies about big girls. Now every weekend I return to Kate's sex haven to get my fill. Beauty, and especially eroticism, are truly in the eyes of the beholder. — *Name and address withheld*

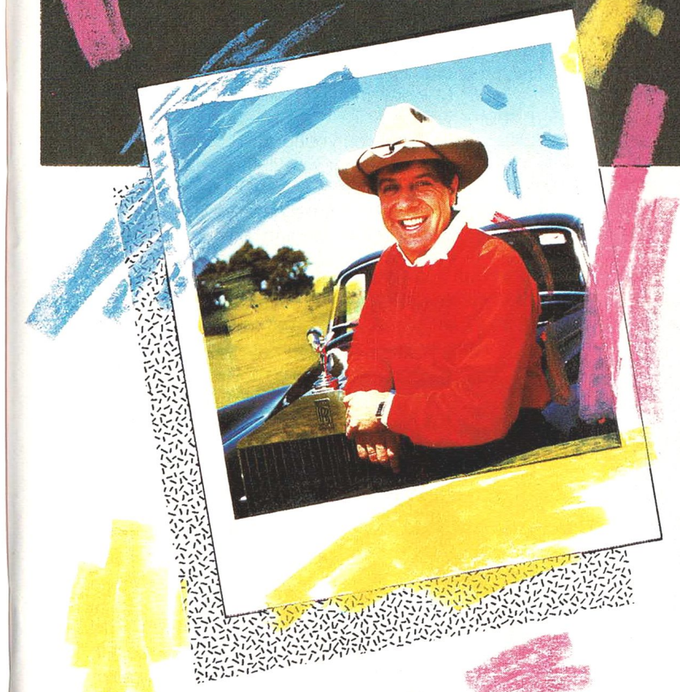
"Care to manipulate the stock market?"

Ladies' man

I'm fresh out of the army after putting in six years as a paratrooper, and I'm full of piss and vinegar. I've had my share of cunt: white, black, Spanish, Japanese, Chinese—you name them, I've fucked them. If cunt were rationed and a man had to stand in line once a month for a piece of arse, I wouldn't want to go on living. I'm a firm believer that cunt is man's greatest pleasure. I go gaga over women's bodies, especially creamy-white thighs and tits. Believe me, I've gotten into plenty of altercations in bars with jealous boyfriends or husbands because of my overwhelming attraction to all kinds of women.

I never used to mess around with older or married women, although I've had plenty of chances to. I used to stick to females around my age, but little did I know what I was missing. My girlfriend Thea and I went to a bar one Friday evening. She was a student at the local uni, pretty, 21

SONY GETS RID OF A BIG NOISE IN THE MUSIC BUSINESS.



No, it's not Molly. In fact, Molly's one of Sony's biggest fans. In his own words, this is why.

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That's what you get with ordinary tapes. So what's the point of spending heaps on good music if it ends up sounding like it's been through a wringer.

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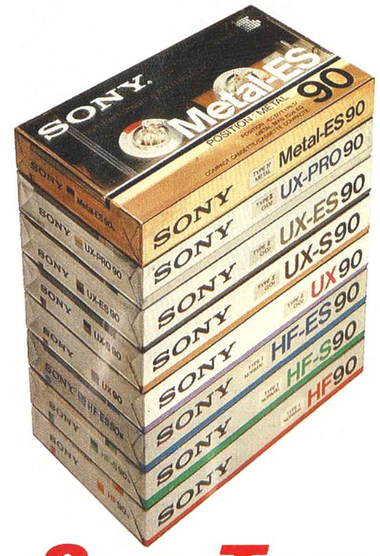
Sony HF-ES A tape unequalled in performance in the type I position.
Exceptionally wide dynamic range and greater sensitivity lend an extra presence to all types of music.

Sony HF-S Features microfine Crystal Gamma magnetic particles evenly distributed through the magnetic layer.
Carefully balanced to reproduce any musical source with superior results.

Sony HF An all-round tape offering exceptional value and versatility in five recording lengths.
The distinctive see-through shell is a classic Sony combination of form and function.



Sony Tape™

The Ball Partnership SON0015

years old, with ash-blonde hair shimmering to her waist. She was an excellent piece of arse. I guess we looked terrific together because all the bar patrons turned to stare when we walked in.

About eight feet across from our booth, a brunette sat at a table. The view was maddening. I knew she was cockteasing by the way she showed off her creamy-white shapely legs. Her hem was well up past mid-thigh, and she acted as if she had ants in her underpants the way she kept crossing and uncrossing her lovely legs. I'm a leg man and my eyes kept straying to her slick, inviting thighs. She knew I was looking. Whenever our glances met, a smile would tug at her mouth and she'd lock her eyes with mine. Not only did the brunette know I was admiring her legs, but Thea also noticed the hypnotic effect the dazzling display of thigh had on me. She got mad and walked out. There I was, left high and dry by a jealous girlfriend.

The brunette introduced herself as Colleen after I invited her to my booth. We drank and talked for several hours and I had a fierce hard-on the whole time, wishing I could get into her pants. Close to 11 pm, she said she had to leave because of her baby-sitter. My spirits fell, but immediately picked up again when she invited me along. My hesitation must have been obvious, but she quickly assured me that her husband wasn't home because he was on the road most of the time driving an 18-wheeler. After getting paid, the baby-sitter left, and Colleen immediately took my hand and led me to her bedroom. She made no pretense as to why she had invited me home—she was hot to trot!

Smiling, she glanced at me shyly and proceeded to undress. Dropping down on the bed, she raised both knees and slowly parted them. I just stood there and gawked. At 32, she had a fabulous body. No scar, blemish, or birthmark marred her smooth flesh, and her measurements were just right for her height. She had a perfect hourglass figure. A centrefold come true!

"Well . . . are you just going to stand there and look?" Colleen asked.

I quickly pulled my clothes off, my tool jutting up proudly. I'm no slouch when it comes to size. Fully erect, my cock is a little over nine inches. I like to take my time when I fuck, especially when I fuck a woman for the first time. I love to hear a woman beg me for cock before giving her what she wants. Sitting down at her feet, I eyed her wide-open thighs.

"I want to eat you first before I fuck you," I told her.

I was just starting to tongue her when she moaned, "Fuck me, Jeff, fuck me!"

"Later—let me eat your cunt first," I replied.

"No, fuck me now!" she groaned. "Put you big cock in me."

Well, if it was cock she wanted, then cock she'd get. Whimpering ecstatically, she guided my cock to her cunt. Easing the head in, I reared back and drove every inch in, which made her arch her back.

"Oh, your cock feels so good," Colleen cried. "I love it, Jeff. Fuck me, honey, fuck me hard!"

It never fails. Talking dirty really excited Colleen, and it was music to my ears having her babble gutter-type language. She seemed prim and proper the rest of the time, the epitome of decorum. I continued to pound my meat into her, withdrawing it to the rim of the head, then ramming it back in again.

"Uh," she grunted. "That's it honey, give it to me! It feels terrific! Fuck me! Fuck me!

What a hot cunt! She was in heat and wasn't shy showing her appreciation for a man who could really satisfy her. We came at the same instant. She kept shrieking with each load I shot into her, grinding her cunt wildly around the base of my cock. I rolled off her when I finished emptying my balls. Panting and gasping for breath, it was at least five minutes before her breathing returned to normal. At her insistence, we fucked two more times that night, and it was just as satisfying each time. In fact, I didn't leave her house until early the next Monday morning, when I had to go to work.

So, all you young studs out there, don't reject an older woman or a married one if she makes a play for you. Those women know how to satisfy a man, and they appreciate the banging a young stud can give them. — *Name and address withheld*

Rise and shine

Until recently, my husband and I had led an all-too-common sex life. After a long, hard day at our offices and a two-hour drive home, Luke and I were often too pooped to fuck. Sometimes we'd grab a bite to eat in transit to give ourselves extra time in the sack. But too often, Luke would hardly get my panties off before he would start snoring.

"Is it another woman?" I'd ask during anxious waking hours. Luke swore he was faithful, and I believed him. I'd never come across perfume or lipstick on his clothes or other telltale signs. "Is it another man?" Luke asked. I assured him he was my one and only. He kept suggesting, however, that we work part-time, even though we'd have to tighten our belts, to become better sex partners for each other.

One night we were both too tired even to attempt foreplay. Luke hit the hay and fell asleep instantly in his suit. I managed to strip to my ultrachic underwear, and sighing with disappointment, crashed out beside him. My sleep was refreshingly deep. Before dawn, I awoke to a growling

Continued on page 122

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

THE FINAL SCORE

If someone happens to call me an arsehole, I will not automatically transform into a tortured, purpled mass of veins and cold sweat. I will ask why that someone is of that opinion, what evidence exists supporting their proposition, and whether this is the first time the thought has occurred to them.

Then, I just might happen to even agree with them. Either way, I can take it.

What I *can't* take is my own gullibility when it comes to those preposterous questionnaires that pop up in my reading regimen — the stuff I can't help myself reading.

For I'm a sucker. I can't resist. I *have* to answer them. Yet every time I do, with thoroughly serious intent written all over my seriously furrowed brow as I wrestle with the dilemmas of my human condition, I end up morbidly depressed . . .

For a little while. Then angry. Fierce.

I find myself imagining the feeling of my fingers buried up to the knuckles in the larynx of the questionnaire's inventor — ears turning blue, the mouth wide and gaping . . . but no sound at all . . .

For each time I add my scores up, it is once more reinforced in me that I am morbidly average, excruciatingly normal, painfully middled on the full face of the cricket bat swipe of psychological assessment.

Average intelligence, averagely adventurous, averagely romantic . . . without fail. I'm speaking here of the flood of articles commonly headed "Are You A Good Lover/Husband/Wife/Australian/For Nothing . . .?" Otherwise they might be labelled "An Official Guide To Being A Yuppie/Guppie/Sensitive, Responsive Male/Arsewipe . . ."

There I am with average ambition, mediocre creative flair, a six-and-a-quarter-inch dick . . . the lot. Am I a good lover? I'm okay.

But this time I've fooled them. This time *I've* written the questionnaire. This time there *is* someone within throttling distance . . .

The Ultimate Guide To Human Lust.

This Section for Men Only

1. How many women do you usually service in one night?
(a) Two to nine (b) None. I work nights in a bath house. (c) 163. I work nights at McDonalds.

2. If you had to compare your manhood to a car, which would it be?
(a) A long, black and shiny stretch limo (b) My kid's slot car.(c) I don't own a car, lovey.

3. How many times do you ejaculate on an average night of lovemaking?
(a) 10 to 50. (b) Once — right before copulation. (c) It depends how rough my calluses are.

4. Which combination do you prefer?
(a) A Diet Coke and three school girls (b) Three or four beers, two joints, a shot of Jim Beam and anyone who's nearby (c) Ten grams of coke, a dozen joints, three valium and four hours of futile masturbation.

5. What do you generally do after making love?
(a) Hug, kiss and drift off to sleep in each other's arms (b) Call up everyone I know and tell them about it. (c) Scour my penis with Ajax.

6. What's your favorite position?
(a) Missionary (b) Back-to-back asleep (c) Next door — when he's away.

This Section for Women Only

1. How many men have you slept with in your life?
(a) Three, but they were all meaningful relationships, and I'm still friends with all of them. (b) None of your business. (c) Do lesbians count as men?

2. How would you describe your scent?
(a) Natural (b) Charlie (c) Charlie The Tuna.

3. How do you attract the attention of a man?
(a) Try to catch his eye and smile. b) Pull out my left tit. (c) Take out a personal ad on the back page of a porn mag.

4. How would you tell your lover that you had a sexually communicable disease?
(a) Tell him the truth straight out. (b) Casually mention it as he was coming. (c) Casually mention it as he was going.

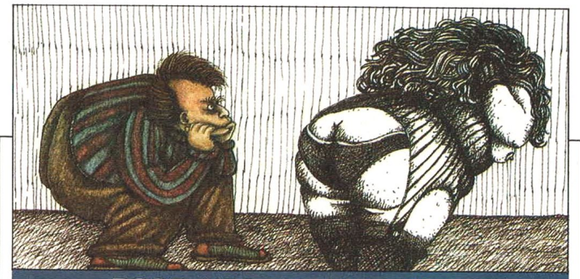
5. Which does your body remind you of?
(a) A supple, catlike jungle creature. (b) A half-way house for dope addicts. (c) A swamp.

So there. Now, when I tell everyone how mean I am, I won't be referring to "averages." I'll be able to report that I throttled an arsehole who had labelled me average once too often.

Aaarrrggghhh. — Stanley Wallace

Illustration by Graham Rendoth

LUST



POST-AIDS DATING GUIDE

It's amazing how terrifying sex has become since the advent of AIDS. The idea of sex with a total stranger is now about as enticing as a leap from a bridge. A man used to attract me by the curve of his shoulder, a witty sparkle in his eye. But these days, if a guy hasn't had a blood transfusion in five years or he got into celibacy in the late Seventies, I call him a heart-throb.

You guys out there are going to have to start thinking along the same lines. You can still get turned on by images of smouldering vamps, fire-breathing femmes fatales and satin-shrouded whores; you'll just have to forget about screwing them. After all, who knows where they've been, and with whom? Learn to like nice girls again, just like you did when you were 15.

They needn't be that young this time around. Just so long as they are pure of heart and fair of skin. I want you now to shut your eyes and conjure up an approved sexual fantasy which involves such a person. Just imagine, for a moment, the two of you locked in a naked embrace. The lights are out. You are having sex in the missionary position. You are wearing a condom . . .

Ah, what nostalgia! You could add to the excitement by playing an old Cat Stevens album and pretending Mum and Dad are about to arrive home from their weekly bridge tournament. When it's all over, you could share a bottle of Blackberry Nip and throw up all over the shag pile carpet . . . I'm sorry. I got a bit excited there. Let's get back to the point.

Recently an article in *The New York Times* presented some guidelines for sex in the post-AIDS Eighties. It said before you sleep with a person, you must take their sexual history for the previous ten-year period. When you do sleep with them, you must use condoms, which have been found to prevent the transmission of AIDS.

Okay, fine. I'd rather change my dating habits than not have sex or die. I think you should, too. That's why I'm offering here my new Post-AIDS Dating Safety and Instruction Guide. In Shakespeare's time, they called orgasm "the little death." They were kidding. We're not.

Getting The Ten-Year History. Getting the ten-year sexual history of someone you've just met isn't easy, but it is crucial. So when you meet someone new, you must not flirt, you must interview. As a journalist, I can help you out here. The best way to get information out of a subject is to talk about yourself first, and relax him or her. This means you must take your own sexual history first. This is no fun, but neither is a lingering death. Follow these instructions:

1. Try and remember all the lovers you've had in the last ten years. For some people this will be a snap, but for others it will be like visiting the Ukraine without a radiation suit. Never mind. Have the courage. Do it.

2. There was a time when you looked back and the lemons in your love life were the married ones, the boring introverts, the ones who couldn't get it up. But it's the exciting ones who will now strike terror in your heart. The guy who told you about the hooker he once had on a trip to Africa. The girl you saved from a gay husband, or whom you rescued from a bad period when she was into drugs. Don't panic. Everyone has at least one dicey person in their past. That's what a past is all about. And it isn't easy to get AIDS — repeated contact is necessary. But you must be honest. So if it turns out that you slept with a bisexual in '78 and the person you just met slept with an addict once in the same year — wait it out. Don't have sex until '88, and in the meantime, take long walks.

Or You Can Use Condoms. The good news is that they've done tests, and according to the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, condoms, when used properly, *do prevent* the transmission of the AIDS virus. What this means, then, is that if you must have sex, you must use condoms properly.

Using condoms properly means first and foremost, *using them*. It means taking them out of your wallet or evening bag, unwrapping them, and putting them on the penis before it gets near the vagina. I'm sorry to be so blunt, but a lot of people put condoms on after they've been screwing a while, before they're about to come. No. No. No. Pre-seminal or vaginal ejaculation can be deadly.

Roll them on an erect penis, leaving an extra bit, a reservoir at the tip. As you roll the condom down, squeeze the reservoir with your fingertips so it doesn't fill with air. *This prevents breakage*.

People whine that condoms aren't sexy; but, of course, that's a mental choice. To some raincoats are sexy. It's all in the mind. To a lover who balks, I'd say, "Darling, next to pneumocystis pneumonia, Kaposi's sarcoma, and brain tumors, condoms are like a whiff of Spanish fly. Let's get it on!" — *Emily Prager*

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AVARICE

INSIDE INFORMATION

Insider trading, insider trading . . . what's all this fuss about insider trading?

Let me tell you, it's a farce. A tip's a tip and whether it comes from the horse's mouth or the jockey's second cousin's milkman, it is still a tip with as much chance of winning as it had before you received it.

Unless of course you are told by the horse that not only does it fancy itself but it has just swallowed some go-fast pills and watched every other horse in the race swallow stoppers. Ah, then you have insider trading . . . if you bet on the race, that is.

If you don't bet yourself but merely pass on that information to someone else, is that insider trading? I think the authorities would say yes. And if the person you passed the info on to also passed it on to someone else that too would be insider trading.

Years ago I dabbled in a bit of insider trading. I was working on a country newspaper and through brilliant ferreting and answering the phone and saying "*Back Of Bourke Examiner*, can I help you?" I learned that our local manufactory had scored a huge order out of Iran — and although I could write about it now for tomorrow's paper it would not be announced until tomorrow.

As the order would almost double production in the factory I thought, hmm, I wonder if the shares will do any good? After having written the story for my paper and then sticking it on the wire service, which is what you're supposed to do, I decided that yes, now wouldn't be a bad time to buy the company's shares, and did so.

So the news was announced the next day and all the big papers had my story on it; some carried it with some degree of splash. And what did the shares do? Nothing. Not a damned thing. As a general rule you can be sure that by the time the news reaches you everybody else has heard about it and already placed their orders with their broker.

It seems that a tip's a tip as long as you lose but it's insider trading if you win.

Say I'm in a bar in Kalgoorlie and a grizzled old rummy standing next to me has a chat about sport and the weather and then out of the corner of his mouth says: "Mate, you oughter buy Big Bertha Gold Shares. They've just had a big strike and nobody knows yet," and then shuffles over to sleep it off in the corner.

Now unbeknownst to you the old drunk is chief geologist for Big Bertha Gold and he's just given you a plum piece of insider information. Act on it and make a profit and if the authorities find out they could make you pay back your profits and fine you as well. Act on it too late and make a loss and the authorities won't dip into their pockets to make up your losses.

Take some of these new floats. The brokers backing them are inevitably full of praise about them. They've gotta be. That's their job. They're more likely to say, "Oh mate, Stinko Hi-Tech is a beauty. It'll go to a dollar for sure" than "Oh mate, Stinko Hi-Tech is a dog and it'll be lucky to reach issue price." So you've still got to read the prospectus yourself despite the managing director having had you to lunch and confided to you that "there's a few more good things we didn't have time to fit in the prospectus" and all that. And, because you're such a lovely lad, the broker will give you an allocation. Insider trading? Probably, if the bloody things come on for a good gain. But if they sink out of sight, which they occasionally do, is anyone going to cover my losses? No. Okay. So David Levine, the banker in New York, tells Ivan Boesky that XYZ Inc is going to take over ABC Inc because XYZ has just asked Levine to line up $10 billion for it. And Levine also tells Boesky just how much per share XYZ will pay for ABC. So Boesky makes a mint and slings Levine a cut of the profits. That's insider trading, sure.

But what if Boesky was just a hard-working analyst who asked enough questions in the right place and, from a guy he had never met, learns pretty much the same info — the guy lets the cat out of the bag sort of unintentionally. Would that be insider trading? It sure would. But . . .

We all know there are blokes out there in the corporate jungle who are dealing on insider info every day. Some of these mining sharks out of Perth for example. Boy oh boy, do they work it hot. I'm still waiting for some authority or other to jail 'em.

So, kids, if you get on to a piece of juicy insider info, don't dare invest on the strength of it. Go straight to your nearest friendly financial journalist and do your duty — make public what you know. The informed market is a good market. And do you know what your friendly financial scribe will do? He either laughs you off or goes out and buys a few shares himself and doesn't write about it.

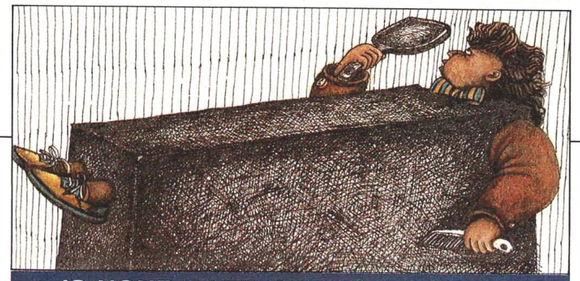
Let's face it — it's a big game and the way the rules are administered is just part of that game. In any game there's an element of chance. The wheel of fortune spins and this time it comes up with your name. Zammo: witch hunt. The tax man calls; the Corporate Affairs has an investigation; the National Companies and Securities Commission declares "unacceptable conduct." Boo hiss, says the press. Here you are in the prime of life with two kids in private school and you're on a par with Ned Kelly or Ben Hall.

Yes, it was wrong, whatever it was you did. But worse, you got caught. And as they make an example of you maybe a couple of those other guys out there slow down a little in their insider trading. Maybe. Maybe they just tighten their security a bit instead.

It's a game. It's called capitalism and the bloke who dies richest wins. The only rule is don't get caught. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Chris Grosz

VANITY



IS YOUR PART GETTING BIGGER?

Anyone over 35 faces a common quandary as mid-life approaches: will I or won't I attend my 20th class reunion? The problem isn't so much lack of curiosity about erstwhile mates or enthusiasm for playing one-upmanship with old rivals. It's a more essential worry, common to middle age — will they even recognise me?

The problem looms, insurmountable, particularly among men who've lost a significant quantity of hair. The wavy-haired football hero of happy high school memory probably looks more like the football two decades later. Women of this vintage check the mirror for grey hairs each morning; men are just looking for hair.

There's a conventional wisdom alleging that bald men are exceptionally virile — invented, no doubt, by bald men. The average bloke still worries inordinately about the health of his follicles and when they appear to be letting him down, he goes into emotional overdrive.

Statistics leave lots of scope for worry: according to one Sydney surgeon who specialises in the area, androgenetic or male pattern baldness occurs in 30 percent of men over the age of 30 and increases with age so that by age 60, 60 percent of men will have lost some or most of their hair. Although women also suffer hair loss with age, the higher amount of female hormone, estrogen, in their systems protects them from anything more disastrous than thinner hair in later life.

Like footy clubs and prostate trouble, true baldness is another strictly male preserve. The methods used to combat it or, at least, to disguise its ravages are legion, from wigs and hairpieces to ointments, laser treatments and even, these days, surgery.

Wigs are the oldest remedy. They feature as far back as antiquity and may say less about contemporary fashion than the enduring desire in the male to possess a full head of hair. A chap today can rug up for somewhere between $600 and $1100, depending on whether he wants a hairpiece or full wig. Stuart Toolin, manager of John & Andre's in Sydney (who've been making wigs since 1923), says you can get a hairpiece more cheaply than this, but they'll probably be made of synthetic hair and will certainly not be hand-finished.

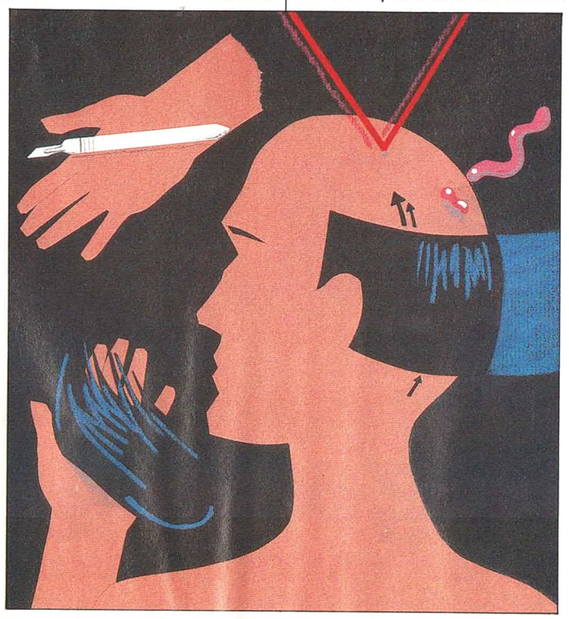
Getting two made up is a good idea, so you needn't go into purdah while you're having one repaired. They do need occasional professional maintenance. "Sun bleaches the color eventually; we can touch it up and add more hair if necessary," says Toolin. Still, don't expect to keep the things more than two to three years; they wear out, particularly if you insist on sleeping in them.

Modern science has, of course, progressed to the extent that men can, if they want, opt for more permanent thatching. Frank Sinatra is just one of a raft of notables who've upholstered their upper storeys via hair transplants.

According to Andrea Buck, general manager of the Harley Medical Centre (which has treatment centres in both Sydney and Melbourne), the transplant is taking a back seat to an even more advanced technique known as scalp reduction. "With hair transplants, only small plugs of non-balding scalp are grafted to the bald area," says Buck. "But the hair growth in even a moderately bald person isn't going to be that good. The results are usually pretty uneven."

Scalp reduction (they've gotta get a new name for this) was invented in 1977; it involves the cutting away of unwanted bald scalp tissue and stretching up the back and sides of the scalp to take its place.

As the Apaches demonstrated with white settlers, removing the whole scalp at once is *not* a smart idea. Real baldies will have to go back several times to achieve good results, with the cost per operation ranging between $600 and $850.



For a while there was a theory that increasing the blood supply to the scalp would induce hair regrowth. Everything from lotions to laser beams has been trained on the scalp in the hope of stimulating dormant follicles, but little has come of it except, in a very few cases, a growth of fine "baby" hair, alternatively known as bum fluff. Male pattern baldness is triggered by the male sex hormone androgen and just doesn't respond to massage, heat or chemicals. The best you can hope for is some regrowth of soft, fine down — never a full head of normal hair.

By the same token, a new "wonder" drug, minoxidil (which is seeking marketing approval in the States under the name Regaine), has had little success in producing a healthy crop of adult hair in the majority of patients who've tested it. The company developing this drug claims that a third of the 4000 volunteers who tried the topically administered drug developed substantial hair growth. The other two-thirds had very little or no growth at all.

There have been some indications the drug can cause lowered blood pressure, dizziness and fainting.

Still, these claims, coupled with the facts that it's an expensive treatment (more than US$1000 per year) and must be continued twice daily for life, will probably put most of the shiny-domed brigade off for the time being.

Of course, there *is* one sure-fire method of ensuring you *never* lose those flowing locks. Castration before puberty should take care of things nicely. (Well, women have always known it hurts to be beautiful.) Short of this, you'll just have to try your luck with the surgeon's knife at the other end of your anatomy. Or wear a wig. Or wear a hat. Or learn to live with it. — *Mary Ellen Dyster*

Illustration by Rosanne Hyndman

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ENVY

BIG SISTER IS WATCHING YOU

Envy is the hallmark of the classless society. In the good old-fashioned class system of yore, the poor despised the rich, but certainly didn't envy them. The poor always knew, deep down, that they were better than the rich.

An attempt was made to graft the English class system on to Australia, but it didn't take. The ocean voyage, the skin cancer, the cold beer all conspired against it. By the time the Fabian Socialists arrived, intent (as in England) on social change, education, enlightenment and copies of George Bernard Shaw over the fireplace in every miner's cottage, it was too late. The Australian poor didn't want to be enlightened. They just wanted to get even.

Unfortunately, there weren't enough rich in Australia to go around, so the poor had to vent their spleen on the middle classes. Thus evolved the income-tax system of envy. The poor pay a little. The middle classes pay the rest. The rich develop corporate strategies.

The politics of envy are practised best by people who were born with little and got what they wanted by taking it away from others. Gough Whitlam, Don Dunstan and Malcolm Fraser were not envy politicians. Joh Bjelke-Petersen, Bob Hawke and the entire Women's Movement are.

The products of the politics of envy are predictable: dole bludger bashing (dole bludgers do less harm to the economy than currency traders, after all), the Australia Card (which can only benefit the already bulging coffers of plastic card manufacturers), fringe benefit taxation (which is based upon the erroneous belief that only people who wear suits to work are engaged in perks and trade-offs — after all, the reason ocean trade was containerised was to stop wharfies knocking off all the cigarettes, whisky, and imported women's underwear), and anti-homosexual crusades (what we *really* hate about poofters is that they can always score a root — any time, any place, almost anyone — and thus they are even fairer game for envy manipulators than the Jews have been in centuries gone by).

The Women's Movement runs almost entirely on envy. Freud called it "penis envy" and no-one has come up with a better description since. Girls have always envied the way boys can piss up walls. The drive to do away with male executive bathroom privileges by those damsels who subscribe to "networking principles" is simply so they can unscrew the piss-troughs from the wall and force the fellas to do it sitting down. If you really want to show the world you've got some balls, walk into your local Social Action Network Gay Rights and Legal Aid Community FM Radio Station, find the one-sex-fits-all toilet, lift the lid, and piss very loudly right in the middle of the water, then shake the drops on the floor.

The politics of envy has bred a bureaucracy of envy to implement its policies, and it is this bureaucracy which is growing fat on the proceeds of envy assault tactics. Have a look at the women who implement sexual harassment legislation and ask yourself, "Would even a crazed French Legionnaire, after 15 months on Muroroa, harass one of these?" Or the ladies from ABC and ethnic television at one of their seminars on *The Image Of Women In The Media*.

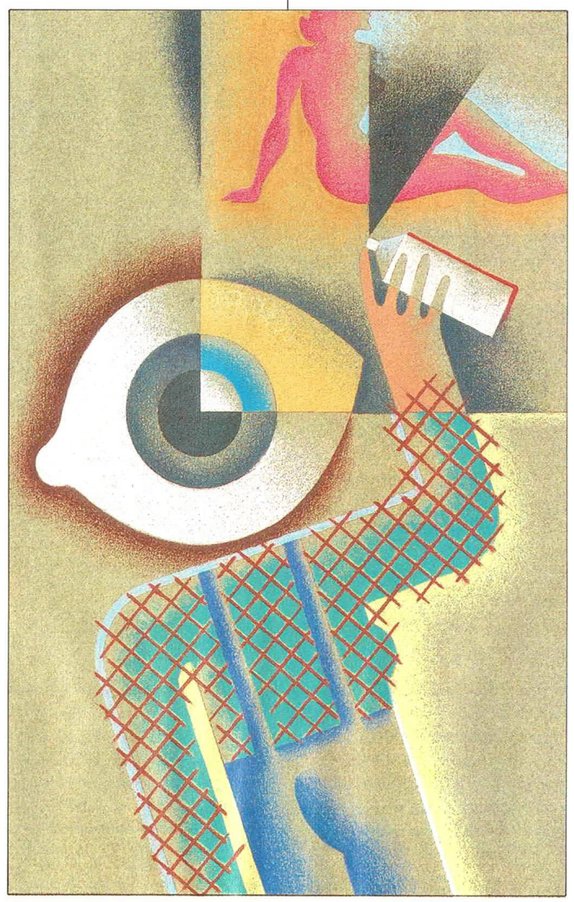

Illustration by Chris Payne

Envy bureaucrats had deprived childhoods. Not economically deprived (which is often the richest childhood of them all), but "fun deprived." They are inevitably Big Sisters who, at an early age, learned they could best please Mummy and Daddy by dobbing in their younger siblings whenever they were having a smoke down the back, playing doctors and nurses, or pulling the wings off flies. (There are any number of male Big Sisters around. They wear beards and dress like tuna fishermen to compensate for their essential gender confusion.)

Big Sisters deface billboards, pour enamel paint over Porsche Turbos, picket beauty contests, complain about the noise of the Grand Prix, and dislike (without even seeing) any American movie made since *Citizen Kane*. They loathe women with big knockers — particularly if they are women with hardly any knockers at all.

Big Sisters would like all of Australia to be like Canberra on an August weekend or Wellington, NZ at any time of year.

All this envy, so far, has been contained within our own shores. In the next five years, however, we're going to wake up to what is true right now. The Japanese, the Indonesians, even the Thais are a damned sight better off than we are. They have no dole-bludger bashing (having no dole), no fringe benefit taxation (having no fringe benefits), no anti-homosexual crusades, and no Women's Movement.

God, how I envy them. — *Bernard Branson*

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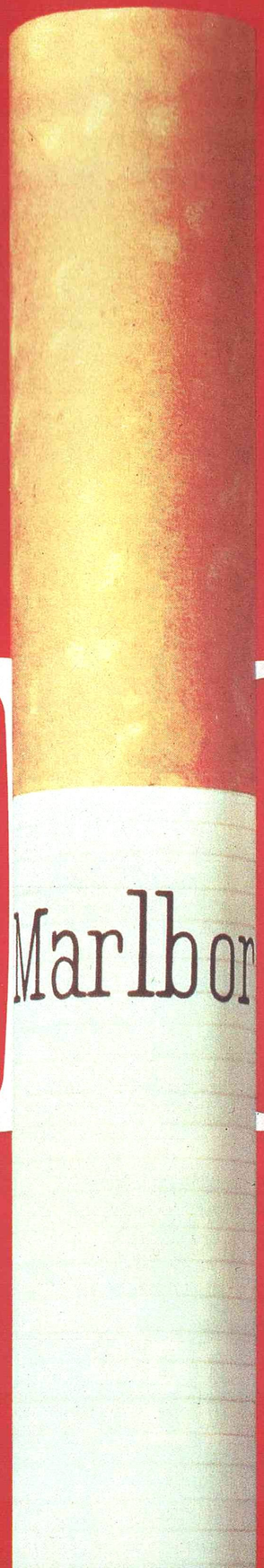

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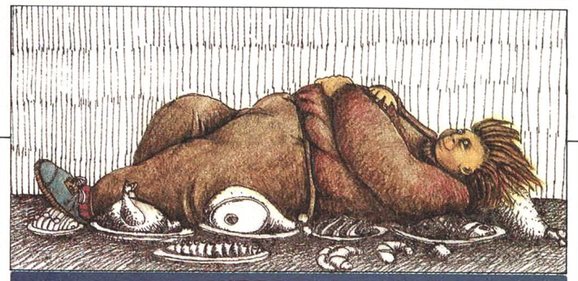

NIPPON'S NIP

Like Pubmart pubs, Japanese restaurants seem to be popping up on every corner. If you want to impress friends or business associates, all you have to do is casually let drop something like: "Let's go out for some anago temaki [eel wrapped in seaweed] at lunchtime."

Bankers, ad types and lawyers have abandoned bleeding steak lunches to make deals and multi-million dollar decisions over sushi of every conceivable form: hand-rolls, chirashi and the traditional nori, straight-up. Real men eat tons of wasabi (horseradish). Sushi is hot — even though it is served cold. And the one and only drink to pour is sake; every other liquor matches up like a tartan shirt with striped pants.

For centuries, it has played a spiritual role (no pun intended) as the sacramental wine of Shinto. Most Japanese marriages are still sealed with a sip of sake.

Although commonly referred to as a rice wine, sake is in fact more closely related to beer. The production techniques used are similar to brewing, the major difference being that rice is the basic ingredient. Up until the 18th Century, most sake was made by traditional family producers and only by virgins. With commercialisation, men have become the principal technicians but still retain the quaint title of toki, which translates roughly as "woman of the house."

The entire sake production process takes about three weeks. The first job is to select the choicest rice, as the quality of the grain has a definitive bearing on the flavor. The rice is then polished and steamed before being mashed with a special yeast called koji. Koji is the catalyst which produces the enzyme that begins the conversion of the starch in the rice to sugar — the first stage in the making of any grain alcohol.

After one day, a paste made from specially selected water, more steamed rice and a second yeast called sake is added to the mixture. After a two to three-week fermentation period, the result is a ripe mash called moto. Extra steamed rice, water, moto and koji are then blended together in exact quantities. The rice starch finishes its conversion to sugar, before fermenting into alcohol and carbon dioxide. The liquor is carefully filtered and briefly aged in wooden barrels before bottling.

In Japan itself there are more than a dozen styles and grades of sake, but export brands are always top quality. The cheaper varieties, which have the lowest alcohol content, are known as "second class." The next grade up is the "first class", but first-timers are advised to ask for "special grade." Some manufacturers produce a "super special grade", but most Australian palates are not refined enough to detect the subtle difference.

The alcoholic content of sake ranges from 12 to 18 percent — that is, from wine to Baileys Irish Cream strength. The fact that it is drunk neat in tiny cups has probably done the most to create the erroneous impression that is has a spirit-like potency. Another culprit is the Japanese custom of designating most export sakes as masculine, while referring to the home-only, softer brews as feminine. The final whammy is delivered because alcohol enters the blood quicker when a drink is warm rather than cold.

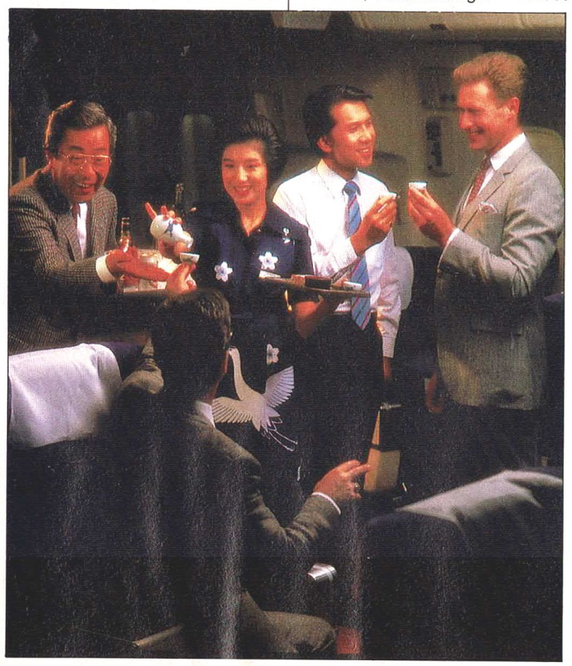

Photo courtesy of JAL

To my taste, sake resembles tequila more than any other spirit. The resemblance is not so apparent when sake is drunk warm, but is highly noticeable with the new fashionable Japanese practice of serving chilled sake on the rocks. Sake means "quintessence" or "soul of rice." The impression is delicate, clean and light — sweet at first but finishing dry. The most widely available brands in Australia are: Gekkeikan, Chiyoda, Fuju, Kikumasamune and Shirayuki.

Whisky and beer are now showing up frequently at Japanese mealtimes, but they still have a long way to go to oust a drink that reputedly brings good fortune and glowing health. Sake is also considered an excellent pre-dinner drink and, together with ginko nuts, a mild aphrodisiac. But for those for whom 12 o'clock high is only a youthful memory, the way to divide the happy coat again is via a large glass of hot sake and fish balls (real ones, not a cocktail tidbit).

If drinking pleasure is your only aim, warm and not hot is the best way to appreciate sake. The traditional container is a small flask called a tokkuri; the small serving cups are known as sakazuki. Just prior to serving, the tokkuri bottle is placed in hot water at a temperature of 38°C and left there until the sake reaches blood heat. Tokkuri bottles and sakazuki are available in Asian shops and some liquor stores (packaged with sake), but if you don't want to buy them use a small jug or carafe and small liqueur glasses.

Traditionally, sake cups should never be filled while resting on the table but should always be held up to the server. In ultra-polite circles it is also considered very bad manners to fill your own cup, but the height of grace to do so for your neighbor. These days, however, no-one will brand you a guttersnipe for refilling your own cup at the table. One thing that hasn't changed, though, is the method of drinking: sake is always sipped, never quaffed.

The Japanese believe that sake tastes best when served by a woman with a warm heart. But if you can't find one, don't know of one or have quietly despaired, the next best thing is to store it in a cool place and make sure you drink it when it is less than a year old. This advice also holds good for women who only seem to locate icy-hearted males. — *Elisabeth King*

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PIONEER

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SLOTH

THE FARES FAIR

Finding your way through the maze of travel agents for the best round-the-world airfare can be almost as much work as earning the bucks for the trip. The best short-cut is the leisure section of any large metropolitan newspaper.

Consult the *Sydney Morning Herald*, the Melbourne *Age* or the Brisbane *Courier Mail* over a lazy Saturday morning's breakfast in bed and in no time at all your head will be reeling with facts, fictions and fantasies. Do not go back to sleep. Instead, follow this rule of thumb: disregard any advertisements which are not bigger than display size. All those piddly little ads of less than five lines are not worth a second look.

Call it unadventurous if you will, but you've expended too much blood and sweat earning that moolah to risk throwing it away on a less than satisfactory deal. In order to embark on a global odyssey such as this (most tickets are valid for a year, after all), you need to place yourself in the hands of someone who really knows what they're doing. Look for established offices in the city or large concerns in the suburbs — never a one-man outfit operating out of a phone booth.

And no matter how enticing they might seem, forget all the small classified ads where somebody offers a ticket which has already been purchased. Those once-in-a-lifetime offers belong in the too-hard basket.

After you've found four or five travel agents with competitive prices for round-the-world tickets, there is nothing else for it but to climb out of bed and meet these wheeler-dealers face to face.

To loosely determine the price of your ticket, choose the month you want to depart: April is shoulder season, May is high while June and July are peak times for travelling to Europe or the States. August is high season, September is back on the shoulder and the months of October and November are off-peak.

In a moderately scientific search for the Sydney travel agent offering the best deal in round-the-world airfares, your correspondent arrived at the doors of Tymtro Travel in Chatswood. Prices ranged from $1669 for April departures to $1871 in the hectic months of June and July. All are dependent on an outward date of travel and one of the main conditions is that you spend a minimum 21 days in Europe.

You are also allowed one stop on the way over and one on the way back, with a first destination either in Asia or the US. Carriers include Qantas and just about every airline going to Europe in conjunction with Continental.

Tymtro offer an even better deal with Air New Zealand to London via the USA, including eight nights' free accommodation in either Los Angeles or Honolulu (equivalent to Holiday Inn standard) and one week's free car hire (based on the minimum of two adults). The price for this global blitz is $1659 until March 31, or $1899 afterwards. Canvassing travel agents in Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane, it was hard to come up with a better deal, especially if you combine your ticket with a Eurail pass or perhaps one of the many bargain deals for internal flights in the States.

The Sydney Travel Centre in Martin Place did produce an interesting alternative. For $1696 during any month of the year you can fly Continental to Los Angeles, make your own way to New York (cheap standby fares are usually available), then fly on from London back to Australia.

However, for many people a round-the-world airline ticket is an invitation to indulge in a smorgasbord of countries, and it needs to be as flexible as possible to allow them to fully explore all the possibilities.

In Melbourne at Reho Travel, South Yarra, the Rolls Royce of discounted round-the-world airfares is a Qantas-TWA combination for $2540 which includes most of the major destinations. One itinerary might be: Melbourne, Bombay, Cairo, Tel Aviv, Athens and then over to the States, where you're allowed 12 flight coupons for internal flights. This is where you can also add a bonus sector with a relatively cheap sidetrip to the Caribbean.

A tad more economical is Reho's fare of $1999, which allows multiple stops on a less lavish scale. This combination is often worked on Malaysian Airlines System, Continental and British Caledonian. It allows you unlimited hops in a global direction. British Caledonian also has an extensive routing system throughout Europe.

Melbourne's Flight Shop at Box Hill has an excellent round-the-world ticket with Philippine Airlines and Sabena — the Belgian airline — for $1890. There are unlimited stops but you must enter and leave via Manila, which is more relaxing than it sounds because there are a number of inexpensive package deals to the Philippines' exotic beach resorts. This ticket also entitles you to four flight coupons from the West Coast to the East Coast of the States on Eastern Airlines, plus a tempting number of European destinations through Sabena.

In Brisbane there are several possibilities for buying a discounted round-the-world air ticket, though most of the real bargains are in Sydney and Melbourne and many Queenslanders find it more profitable to buy in other states. However, at the Queen Street Flight Centre a round-the-world ticket with Continental, Malaysian Airlines and British Caledonian can be snapped up for $1990 in April.

That's a start, anyway. The main thing is to ensure you have enough destinations and enough freedom to keep things interesting until the money runs out. — *Rosalind Reines*

Illustration by Chris Payne

"Let's go back to the future."

"What a Sterling idea."

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Bizarre flirtings with
Satanic ritual and a teenage
suicide haunt the city of Warwick

THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

BY FRANK ROBSON

Publicly, it began one morning in late winter when 27 sheep and goats were found hacked, clubbed and slashed to death in the south-east Queensland city of Warwick. Farmer Joe Brown was worst hit: in a holding yard on his ten-hectare town property, Brown discovered 22 sheep dead and a further 20 horribly injured. New-born lambs had been hoisted by their hind legs and pulverised against fence posts before having their throats opened;

ILLUSTRATION BY YVONNE SUTHERLAND

DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

some animals' eyes were gouged from their heads, while others had broken legs and necks; among the blood-spattered carcases were sheep that had been stabbed up to 15 times.

On that Sunday morning, the manager of the nearby Warwick High School farm found five Angora goats dead and three maimed, their wounds inflicted with the same unbridled ferocity that shocked Brown and rendered his neighbor, Les Ferninand, temporarily speechless. Over preceding months, Joe Brown had lost several other animals, their throats hacked open with such force that the farmer found what seemed like axe cuts in the ground under the carcases. Referring later to these isolated warnings of what was to come, Brown said, "We started to become quite nervous, actually. You say to yourself: 'You're imagining things. It couldn't happen in a country town like this.' Then you look again — and it's happening again, only worse than you dreamed of."

Wendy Anderson and three of her six offspring moved from Brisbane to the Rose and Rodeo city three years ago, settling outside town in a rustic weatherboard house with enough open space to accommodate Wendy's passion for collecting stray animals. Birthplace of the legendary Jackie Howe (of shearing and black singlet fame), Warwick is the heart of a picturesque farming community; divided by the muddy Condamine River, the town straddles the New England Highway and likes to describe itself as "the gateway to Queensland."

Originally from Victoria, Wendy is separated from her husband, Des, who remains in Brisbane. Attracted to the country by the prospect of a healthy, uncomplicated way of life, Wendy encouraged her son Craig, 17, to renovate an old dairy at the back of the property for use as a bunkhouse. Craig shared the sleepout with a family friend, Glenn Eastwell, 18, while his mother — blonde, active and younger in spirit than most middle-aged women — occupied the former farmhouse with daughters Teresa, 15, Colleen, 14, and an assortment of dogs.

Craig returned to live with his father for a while, arriving back about three months before the grisly discoveries at Brown's farm and the school. News of the bloodbath — reminiscent of a night of unholy slaughter at the Adelaide Zoo last year — brought a whiff of real horror to a community whose excitement level normally tends to peak over the annual Tidy Towns competition. For self-avowed animal "freak" Wendy Anderson, the crime was literally sickening.

"It was such a ghastly thing," she would say a few weeks later, "that it never entered anyone's head that locals could have done it. We thought it was some maniac just passing through . . ."

By the following Tuesday (August 12), police were still without leads and the *Warwick Daily News*, apparently not sharing the passing maniac theory, editorialised sternly: "Let's have no nonsense about it being wrong to dob someone in . . . The kind of people who can kill lambs and kid goats by pounding them against fence posts have forfeited any right to loyalty or family protection."

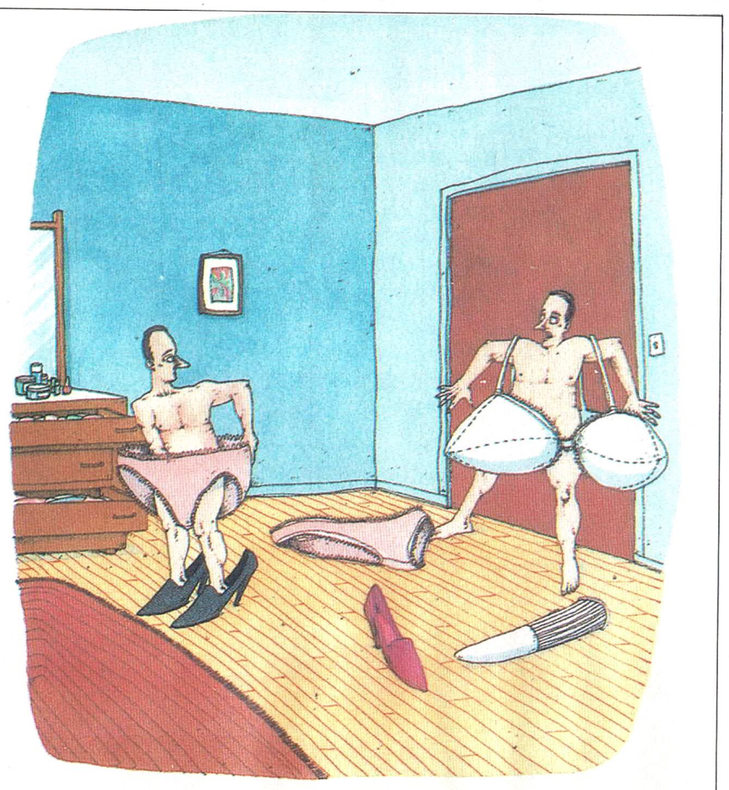
Six weeks before the slaughter, Craig Anderson made a commitment to Christ in the presence of Warwick Assembly of God pastor Antoine Matarasso, a fresh-faced 29-year-old who established his Pentecostal church there two years ago. Like scores of other unemployed kids, Craig and his mate "BJ" (another convert) had become regulars at the church coffee shop in the town's wide and often deserted main street.

Matarasso was impressed by Craig's enthusiasm for church affairs; the thin-faced, wiry youth wanted to take part in everything, walking the seven kilometres from home to attend church meetings, assiduously doing his Bible study exercises and taking the work to the coffee shop, where Matarasso would go through it with him. English-born, Matarasso and his wife lived on a non-religious kibbutz in Israel before joining the swelling Pentecostal movement in Australia in 1981. Warwick is his first congregation, and Matarasso, pointing out how the town of 10,000 souls is attended by no less than 26 different religious denominations, says animatedly, "You better believe that's unusual. This city's got a religious bondage — some churches here have more splits than a banana."

Once a Catholic stronghold, Warwick is now the only place in Australia — according to Matarasso — where Presbyterian and Congregational churches did not merge under the Uniting Church banner in the Seventies. Yet despite the high religious profile, Matarasso reckons only about 1500 of the population are in church on Sundays — an anomaly he finds "really strange."

Being younger and more "in tune" than most traditional churchmen, Matarasso knows a lot of local kids are playing about with the occult. Boredom, he feels, is largely to blame. With little prospect of employment, school-leavers fall into a pattern of under-age boozing, drug experimentation, a horror-video predilection and aimless street prowling. Despite this, Matarasso wasn't prepared for the confession that brought Craig Anderson to see him on Monday, August 11. Craig said he knew who slaughtered the animals . . . he knew because he was with them and had himself killed a goat — but only to put it out of pain after one of the others broke all its legs.

It was a Satanic ritual, Craig told



"Oh my God! She's coming back!"

DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

Matarasso; candles were lit, the Lord's Prayer read backwards and the animals' blood consumed during incantations to the glory of Lucifer. Craig claimed he'd been there only because he was spending the night with one of the others and had not realised what they intended to do until it was too late.

"How can the Lord forgive me?" he pleaded, and Matarasso read passages from Scripture to suggest how forgiveness might be achieved. The next day (Tuesday), Craig returned. Perhaps he'd read that morning's editorial in the *Daily News*, for he told Matarasso his conscience would give him no rest: he wanted to tell police what he knew. Because of the outraged mood in town, the pastor felt he'd better prepare the ground for his young adherent; he phoned a detective friend, who arrived promptly, and they discussed the matter before calling Craig into the room.

Matarasso: "Bob Bennett [the detective] told Craig he couldn't guarantee he wouldn't be prosecuted, but Craig went ahead with his account of what happened. He said he was with John Burdoe and Wayne Cockram [two Warwick teenagers since charged and committed for trial] and that on the Saturday night they'd been drinking and trying to get Craig's sister, Teresa, out of the pub because she was absolutely plastered." Noticing my surprise (because Teresa is 15), Matarasso said, "The publicans don't care because they're making money, and the cops don't care because the kids are off the street. Anyway, Craig told Bennett how he eventually got Teresa and sent her home with somebody.

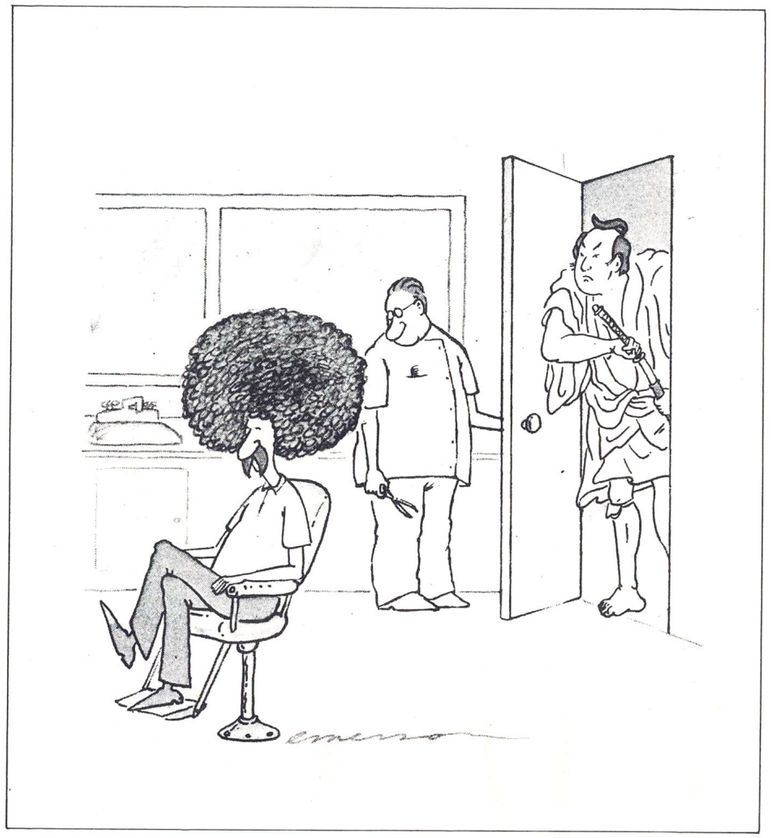
"His plan then was to spend the night at Cockram's place in town, but Cockram had told him they had some things to do first. Craig said Burdoe had a knapsack containing knives and axes. They'd gone to Brown's farm and herded the sheep into a holding yard. According to Craig it was just a senseless slaughter — clubbing and knifing the animals. He said Burdoe got out an occult book and held a seance on the spot. He said they drank the animals' blood and daubed it on their faces. Craig claimed he didn't participate, except when they gave him an axe and told him to do something, and then he put one animal out of its misery. When the killing was finished [at Brown's farm and at the school] they went to Cockram's place."

On Wednesday (August 13) Craig went to Warwick police station, at Bennett's suggestion, and made a statement containing the same information he'd imparted at the pastor's home. From the station he phoned his mother, telling her only that he'd made a statement because he knew who killed the animals. (Wendy Anderson wasn't overly concerned by the call. "Craig was always getting into trouble for stickybeaking," she said later. "I thought he must have been repeating gossip. I told him I'd talk to him when he got home.")

From the police station, Craig went to Matarasso's home, saying detectives had advised him to get out of town for a few days until they'd picked the others up. Matarasso: "He had nowhere to go so I arranged for him to stay with a family in our church who have a farm about 30 minutes drive from Warwick." The pastor says only himself and the four members of his church board — plus of course the host family — knew where Craig would be hidden. He says even the police had only a phone number for contact, which seems unlikely. (Although no doubt it was what the pastor believed.) "I figured I'd better tell the board members in case something went wrong," Matarasso added.

The pastor set out to drive Craig to the farm in his Commodore, stopping en route at the Anderson home so the youth could confess his involvement in the slaughter to his mother.

"He was only in the house a few moments," said Matarasso. "His mother really cracked up at him. He came out so fast he didn't get the clothes and things he intended to collect. Craig was really upset by Wendy's reaction. We went back to town and got him some of my clothes, then I took him to the farm. He was still visibly upset about his mother when I left him. Probably because for once in his life he felt he'd done the right thing, and it hadn't worked out the way he expected."



Recalling that clash with Craig a fortnight later, Wendy Anderson smoked cigarette after cigarette at the kitchen table. "Can you *imagine*?" she said. "Watching that horror unfold on TV and then finding out Craig was involved — involved, I believe, more than he was letting on. I insisted to know how he knew who did it. When he said he was there, I went berserk! He said he didn't do it himself and that he couldn't stop them. I screamed at him: 'You went to two separate places and rounded up all those animals! Are you telling me you couldn't have got away and told someone what was going on?'"

Craig turned and ran from the house; it was the last time his mother saw him.

Next morning (Thursday) she went to the police station to read Craig's statement. "It was just . . . terrible," she said, dropping her head into her hands. "Five typed pages of painting blood on their faces, and tipping it on the Bible . . . of cutting the sheep's throats slowly so they wouldn't lose all their blood at once. There was something about how they'd forgotten their special drinking cup, for the blood, and had to just lick it up. It made you sick to read it all."

By then, Cockram and Burdoe, both 17 — arrested the previous afternoon — had already appeared in the Warwick Magistrate's Court, where Burdoe was remanded

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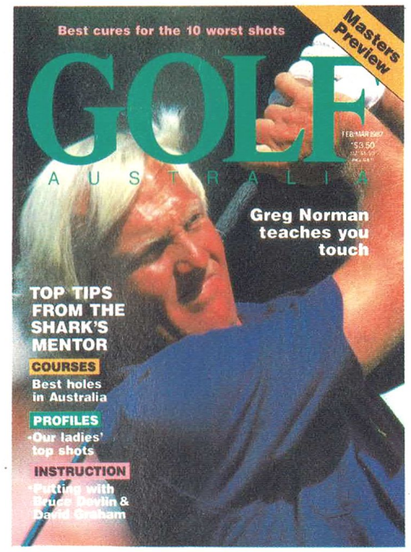

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GOLF AUSTRALIA

DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

in custody and Cockram was remanded on bail; both were scheduled to reappear in the same court on August 20.

Wendy said police told her that day how Craig had been hidden away outside town. "They said they wouldn't tell me where unless I absolutely insisted — that way, if anyone tried to get his whereabouts from me, I couldn't tell." Frightened, Wendy had replied, "You make it sound as though I'm going to be tortured."

Later that day, Pastor Matarasso returned to the farm of his parishioners at a place called Goomburra. He wanted to make sure Craig was settling in, but the youth was out fencing with the farmer's sons and Matarasso came home without seeing him. He phoned the farm on Friday. "Craig seemed okay," he said, "but still upset over the encounter with his mother."

At 6.30am on Saturday, Matarasso got a call from the farmer: Craig Anderson's body had been found at first light hanging from a noose attached to an old tree about 150 metres from the farmhouse.

The pastor paused in his recollection. We were in his study where, before my arrival that evening, Matarasso had been preparing some sort of work schedule on his personal computer; for some reason it occurred to me that he may have used the computer to write Craig's funeral service.

"I told them to call the local police [at Allora]," he continued. "Then I went straight out there and we had to cut him down before the police came because he was in full view of the road.

"It was a big old tree, difficult to climb because the first limb was about four metres up. The rope was tied around that limb and the other end was made into a traditional hangman's noose. The rope belonged to the farm — it was usually on the Land Rover. It might make some people feel better — or Mrs Anderson anyway — to think that someone killed Craig. But I can't see it, and neither can the police. Nobody could have got to him out there."

The Goomburra farmers, telephoned by the pastor's wife, declined my request for a meeting. They would not talk, even anonymously. The family's name and address have not been made public; at Craig's funeral they determinedly avoided the media. Matarasso supplied information he said the farmer had given him: It had rained that Friday and all hands stayed indoors. After dinner (about 7.30pm) the couple of the house took two of their four sons to a Bible study meeting at a private home not far away, leaving Craig and the other son watching TV. About 8.30pm, Craig said he was going for a walk. That was the last time he was seen alive.

"They looked for him unsuccessfully when he didn't return," said Matarasso. "Then had to give up until morning. Craig wasn't under guard there. He was quite free to do whatever he wanted."

Craig was buried at the Warwick Lawn Cemetery on Wednesday, August 20 — the same day that Burdoe and Cockram reappeared in the local court and were further remanded until committal proceedings on September 18. That day's edition of the *Warwick Daily News* carried a front-page headline: NO FOUL PLAY IN YOUTH DEATH: POLICE. But the death of a sole prosecution witness under bizarre circumstances was bound to be the subject of public speculation.

On August 22 the *Daily News* editorialised again, demanding — with at least as much vigor as it used in calling for the rooting out of the slaughterers — "a halt to the rumor, the innuendo and the fear. In the interests of community self-respect, moral fibre and well-being, we say again: 'Stop the gossip' . . . It strikes fear in the hearts of those who don't deserve to be frightened. It reduces a fine community to a level of shame."

> "Among kids who treat things like seances as a bit of fun, there always seems to be an inner circle who take it seriously and are honestly worshipping Satan."

Quoted on the front page of the same edition, Matarasso attacked claims in a Brisbane newspaper that a "teenage devil-worship cult" existed in Warwick. And yet, in his orderly study only a week later, the pastor spoke to me of a global occult resurgence parallelled by a religious resurgence. For example, in 1976 there were 130 Assembly of God churches in Australia — now there are 480. Matarasso added, "Among kids who treat things like seances as a bit of fun, there always seems to be an inner circle who take it seriously and are honestly worshipping Satan, as opposed to worshipping the Lord. I mean, doing it knowingly . . ."

He described a progression (comparable in his terms to the way certain personalities progress from soft drugs to hard) in which some teenagers moved from seances and horror videos to a deeper and more sinister occult preoccupation.

"I personally believe that the more you open yourself up to that sort of thing, the more it takes hold of you," he said. "I think that's what happened to [names local person]." Then he added, "People can become demon possessed. We've seen it, ministering overseas in less advanced cultures — but it happens here too. I think that could have been what happened to . . ., but I certainly don't think Craig was in that state."

Days later, a police officer — discussing what might have made Craig frightened enough to kill himself — suggested the basis of Satanic power seemed to lie solely in a potential victim's belief in that power. "I think what happened to Craig is partially connected to that," he said.

I asked Matarasso what mischief a committed Satan-worshipper was capable of inflicting. "The Bible teaches there is power in Satan," he replied. "Look at Aboriginal witch-doctors and the pointing of the bone — that's one of the black arts."

Was it far-fetched to surmise that Craig may have been influenced in some way? "I think he probably was frightened," said the pastor. "Part of the problem was that it rained that day and he had nothing to do but sit at home and think. Friday night he went out and killed himself."

"Nothing anyone says will ever convince me that Craig took his own life," said Wendy Anderson. Even before detectives came with news of his death, Wendy was confused and frightened by events since her son was taken to the farm. First, Craig's sisters admitted he'd told them of his role in the animal slaughter the day after it was discovered. Colleen and Teresa said Craig was "completely indifferent" about the morality of the killings and was concerned only about getting into trouble. Then Wendy became aware that Teresa was involved in Satanic practices; for the three weeks prior to the slaughter the girl had refused to sleep alone in her bedroom and had pleaded with Wendy to let her go and stay with relatives in Victoria.

After Craig's confession she was even more visibly scared, so Wendy sent her off to the relatives for an indefinite period. Cleaning the girl's room, she found an unmailed letter from Teresa to John Burdoe (then on remand in Brisbane Prison) attacking Craig for "putting them in." At first, Wendy could not accept what she saw. "This whole thing's getting too crazy," she told herself. "Teresa's an animal lover!"

Then she found "spells" and Satanic texts transcribed in Teresa's handwriting . . . She hoped, even then, that it was just childish experimentation, but she couldn't help thinking about the claims that stiletto heel marks had been found at the site of an earlier animal slaying.

When I first spoke with her in late August, Wendy was aware that Matarasso and the police believed her fiery outburst to Craig may have "tipped him over the edge." At that stage she hadn't spoken to the Goomburra farmers and was relying upon

Continued on page 106

1987

PET OF THE YEAR

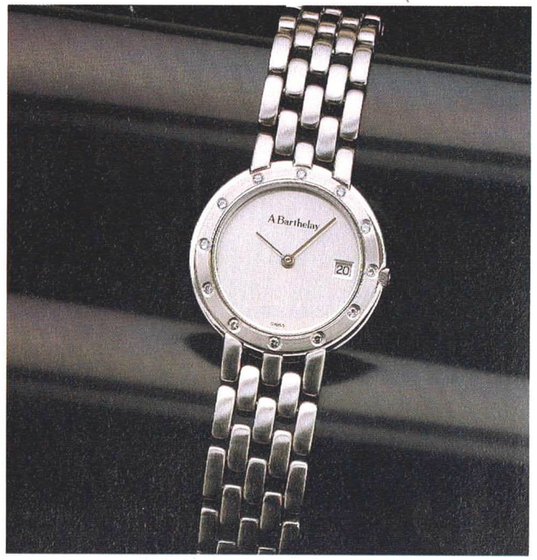
She's sultry, she's impish, she's exotic, she's naughty, she's outrageous — and above all she's sexy. Sydney's Kathleen Azzopardi has got all it takes to be 1987 *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year.

Since she appeared as Pet Of The Month in April last year, 22-year-old Kathleen has really been making herself known. You may have seen her on television — she's brightened up a few rock clips, starred in an R-rated video and made her memorable mark on the youth cult program *Beatbox*, expounding her views on sex, nude modelling and erotica — a subject she majors in.

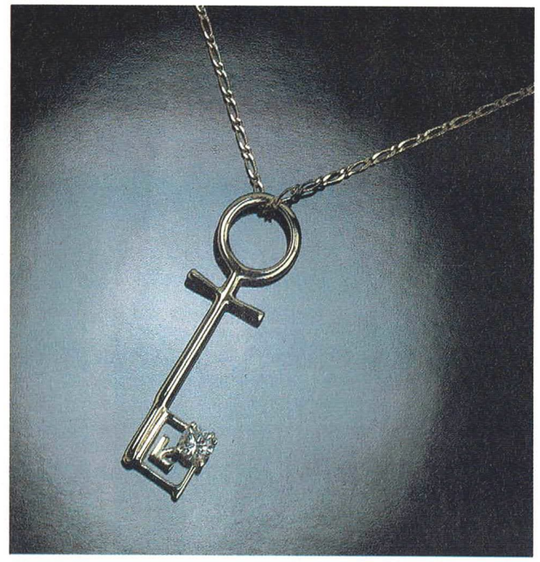
If you have caught Kathleen's act, it's a sure bet that you didn't forget it in a hurry. This is not an easy woman to forget — and Kathleen sometimes goes to outrageous lengths to keep it just so. Her sensual beauty and voluble self-assurance are always remarked upon, but it's her habit of wearing outfits that literally stop traffic that brands her into memory.

As the woman voted the sexiest centrefold in Australia, Kathleen wins the rich array of prizes detailed in the following pages. And don't go away, because there's also a new pictorial of the bewitching Ms Azzopardi after that. With Kathleen as Pet Of The Year, '87 looks like being interesting to say the least. We're fastening our seatbelts.

In terms of economy, reliability, performance and sheer drivability, the Daihatsu Charade is a living legend. Tested on all these qualities in the toughest rally conditions in the world, the Charade has come up trumps every time, smashing endurance and economy records with nonchalant ease and twice being voted most popular car by NRMA members. Kathleen will enjoy all those advantages plus the pulsating power of the turbocharger in the top-of-the-line model, the Charade CXT, which pumps out an extraordinary 50kW from the three-cylinder 993cc engine. When it comes to zip-zapping through the urban sprawl with a minimum of fuss, there is no machine more suited to the job. Kathleen's five-speed turbo Charade, complete with twin rear bucket seats, meshed wheels, AM/FM radio, interior control mirrors, skirts, spoilers and side stripes, all set up and ready to go, is valued at $15,800. Like our Pet of the Year, the Charade CXT has created a class of its own.

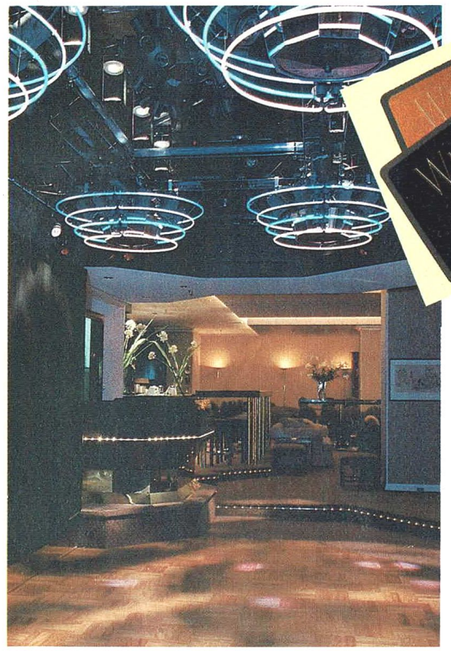


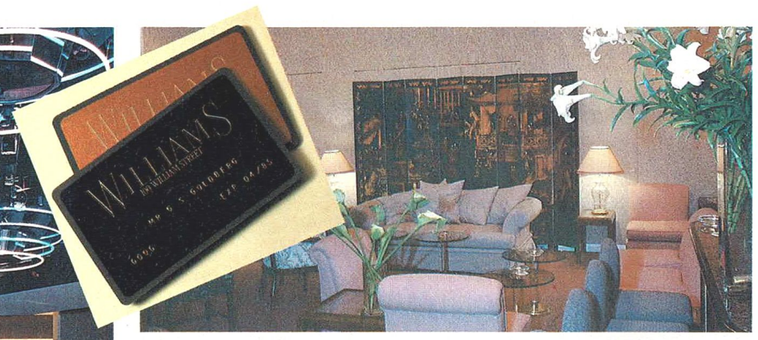
When it comes to selecting a beautiful watch for a beautiful lady, a new-fangled plastic digital number doesn't make the grade. Much more appropriate is this superb Alexis Barthelay watch, presented to Pet '87 by Manzo Park Lane Diamonds and valued at $4000. The epitome of style and elegance, this French-designed Swiss watch, set with 12 diamonds, is water-resistant to ten atmospheres. The slim platinum and steel casing features a scratch resistant sapphire glass face and comes with a two-year worldwide guarantee.



Manzo Park Lane Diamonds, one of Australia's finest jewellery design teams, have handcrafted this beautiful *Penthouse* key exclusively for our Pet of the Year. The key and chain, valued at $5600, are fashioned from solid 18-carat yellow gold and the key is set with a half-carat diamond of superb quality. Manzo Park Lane Diamonds, located under the Sydney Hilton, will also present each of the runners-up in the 1987 Pet of the Year Poll with an exclusive *Penthouse* key and chain in solid nine-carat gold, valued at $400.

Our Pet of the Year and a very fortunate friend will spend a relaxing week at Paradise Centre Luxury Apartments, right on the beach at Surfers Paradise. The Paradise Centre boasts two acres of landscaped gardens, pools, spas and two tennis courts, while the twin towers offer spacious and luxurious fully self-contained air conditioned apartments. A perfect base for exploring the delights of the Gold Coast, with its miles of golden beaches and vast range of entertainments. Noted for her ability to rage on regardless, Kathleen is one girl who'll take full advantage of her holiday prize, which comes courtesy of East-West Airlines and is valued at $2500. For many years East-West have led the way in providing fun-packed holiday destinations. When it comes to frivolous fun, the ritzy Gold Coast has got it all. Bon voyage, Kathleen. . .





Williams, Sydney's most elegant and sophisticated night spot, continues its close association with *Penthouse* by hosting, for the second successive year, the *Penthouse* Pet of the Year Presentation (last year's night was a smashing success) as well as presenting Pet '87 with a prestigious Williams Gold Card. The Gold Card entitles Kathleen to VIP status and first class service all the way, as well as a range of special benefits including free entry for herself and six guests. The Williams prize includes 20 nights free accommodation at the luxurious Boulevard Hotel and is valued at around $4000. Williams has every facility you'd expect of a nightclub that rivals the world's best, including a superb Supper Club. Australia's finest night spot warmly embraces Australia's finest centrefold.

What's the use of cracking the big time if you can't gloat about it over a bottle of bubbly? There's enough sparkling wine in this collection to keep Kathleen afloat throughout her reign as Pet of the Year. Yellowglen, an Australian winemaker exclusively dedicated to the creation of classic sparkling wines a la methode champenoise, has provided Pet '87 with $4000 worth of its finest product — Brut Cremant, Brut Rose, Brut Non-Vintage and Cuvee Victoria Vintage 1984. All of these wines were created by Dominique Landragon, a native of Champagne whose intimate knowledge of the methode champenoise has allowed him to infuse Yellowglen sparkling wines with the magic of champagne. These are elegant, delicate, well-balanced wines which would soothe the most savage of wine critics. For Kathleen it's going to be party time all the time in 1987 . . .

Kathleen can be a star performer on the other side of the lens with the Canon MC ("Micro-Compact") 35 mm autofocus camera. This is the state of the art in 35 mm photography. *Everything* is fully automatic — load, focus, exposure, wind, rewind and flash. Our Pet of the Year will be able to take superb snapshots with just one hand. The perfect camera for a girl with no time to lose, Canon's MC is valued at $500.

The Rayban Classic Colors collection incorporates Rayban's peerless Classic Metal frames with bold, bright colors to create a delicate, finely finished look. Rayban sunglasses feature gold electroplated frames and very effective glass lenses. Pet '87 will look as cool as a cucumber in these superb sunglasses from Bausch & Lomb. Each pair is valued at $176.

There's no such thing as perfection in sound reproduction, but this magnificent Onkyo hi-fi system, valued at $4000, comes about as close as you can get. It would take much more than the space here to describe the level of technology involved in the Onkyo "Integra" system, but a major development is Onkyo's "Real Phase" digital-ready amplifier, which produces sharply focused sound staging and extra definition in the low range — qualities that strikingly enhance musical realism. Allied with Onkyo's superb compact disc player, which features the latest in optical fibre technology, and the best in turntables, cassette decks and speakers, the Onkyo power plant can pump out enough wattage to raise the dead. Put it all together and it looks like the control panel of the star ship *Enterprise*, with futuristic innovations everywhere you care to look. The finest in hi-fi sound for a lady who loves to turn up the volume, proudly presented to our Pet of the Year by Onkyo.

1987 PET OF THE YEAR

Last April Kathleen Azzopardi told us quite brazenly that she aimed to be the best nude model in Australia and, while she's at it, why not the world? Being crowned *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year means that Australian men have voted her the best in the country and, as far as we're concerned, she's the best in the world. So, as Kathleen would say, she undressed for success. "The way I see it," she says, "if you're going to be a model and you've got the body to go with the face, why hide your light under a bushell? I'm an all or nothing person, and if it's the nothing that gets me places, I'll wear it." Well put.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL NOLAN

Penthouse

If Hitler were alive today there'd be a comfortable job waiting for him in talkback radio

RATBAGS OF RADIO

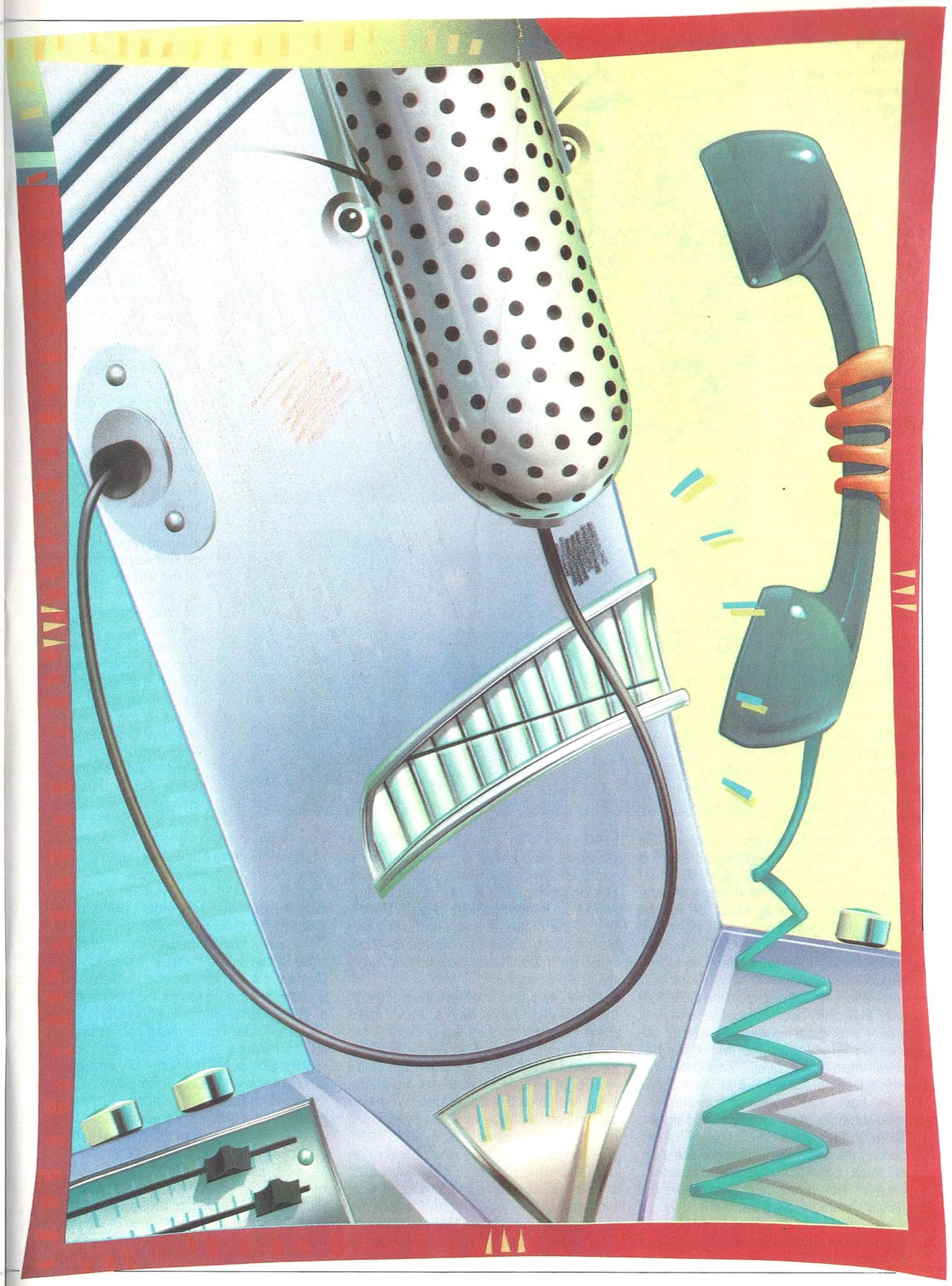
Towards the end of last winter my car developed a minor ailment which was to change the course of my life. The radio reception stuffed up, forcing me back on to the AM band after five years of five-in-a-row post-punk Muzak for the middle class.

Before I could get the thing to a car radio doctor I had become hopelessly hooked on the sheer terror of what is perhaps the most offensive weapon in the horrific armory of modern communications — the monster they call "talkback." Talkback is, of course, a misnomer. Very few people are given the opportunity of talking back to the megalomaniacs whose ill-advised opinions they wish to contradict. More often than not the nervous rejoinder of a frustrated listener is used as a platform from which the ratbags of the radio can force-feed their huge audiences the politics of the far right, the New Right or the Ku Klux Klan.

Talkback radio personalities (to use the word in its broadest sense) in our major cities have divergent opinions on a great many subjects, it is true, but almost to a man and woman they agree that we are taxed too much, that politicians are morons, that the entrepreneurial spirit that can make us great has been all but doused under Hawke's Labor Government, that Keating is a cretin and a communist, that the unemployed could all get jobs if they really wanted them, and that we should all stop

BY PHIL JARRATT

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

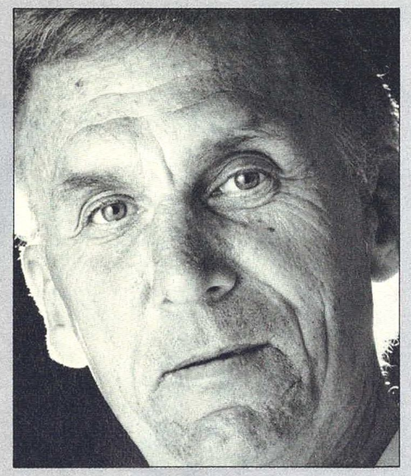


picking on South Africa.

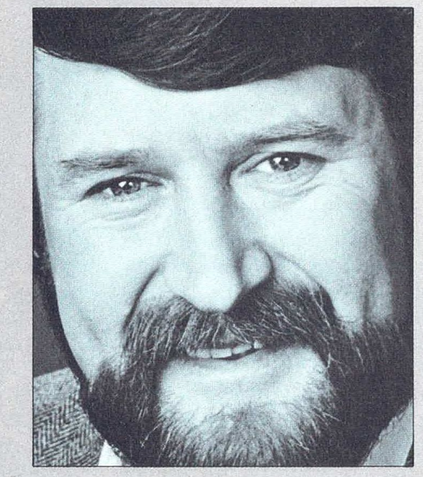
Talkback radio personalities know that they are right and that they have God, if not the ratings, on their side. There is rarely any questioning of their own attitudes and when listeners take issue with them they are met with hostility or condescension or both. If the going gets rough some talkback stars hang up, while others simply turn down the volume on the caller and talk over him. If you are the caller you cannot win. Worse, no-one wants you to. This is because the purpose of talkback radio is not public debate of important issues; it is the reinforcement of the idea that some people have all the answers while the rest of us don't.

After child molesters and investigative journalists, talkback radio personalities must be the easiest people in the world to loathe, and this is why the medium is so addictive. It is wonderful to drive along listening to a load of old cock dribbling from the thin-lipped mouth of a John Laws or an Alan Jones and to feel the hatred and the malice drain harmlessly from you as you sneer and snort and ultimately change the station just as the high priest of bullshit reaches the alleged point of his pompous sermon.

Alan Jones, the rugby coach and former spokesperson for the NSW Employers Federation, who is heard on the CBC Network in Sydney and Melbourne, is my pet hate. I am now a compulsive listener because, to my knowledge, Mr Jones has never made one public utterance with which I could agree. But at least Jones does have well-developed opinions on most subjects. Many talkback stars do not, although they do a damn fine job of disguising their intellectual inadequacies under thick coatings of bluster and bravado. Veteran Sydney blatherer John Laws is a perfect example of a backtalker (well, a person who rides a sailboard is a boardsailor) whose style is considerably greater than his substance. I mean no disrespect to Mr Laws, who is reportedly the highest paid radio announcer in the history of the world and whose daily show is basically a personal endorsement of just about anything from toilet paper to hub caps. But the fact of the matter is that whenever Laws does squeeze some time between product mentions to pontificate his sermons rarely stand up to analysis.



John Laws: "Seems obsessed with the power of the airwaves . . . but worships the status quo."



Derryn Hinch: "Some would say the common thread is ego . . ."

A man who seems almost obsessed with the power of the airwaves, Laws takes great delight in frightening politicians out of Cabinet meetings or brisk working lunches to stand trial by radio. But as an interrogator he is as weak as dishwater. Laws worships the status quo. Whatever is going on in Canberra is fine by him, just as long as the heavies will jump to attention and come running to the phone when he calls. Well, of course they will. Laws' syndicated programs reach a lot of people around the country and every big league politician knows that the Laws interview technique is about as confrontationist as the Dorothy Dix parliamentary question asked from within your own party ranks.

While Laws will tear to shreds a dissenting voice in his audience, he lets the people he regards as his peers (heads of state, deities etc) get away with murder. When Treasurer Paul Keating dropped his now famous clanger about the banana republic on the Laws show last year it was not Laws but other commentators who picked up the issue and ran with it. In fact Laws seemed not to grasp the ramifications of an Australian Treasurer declaring that such a disastrous scenario was imminent. Certainly, if Keating had chosen the Laws program to drop his crystal ball wisdom in front of the widest possible audience without fear of cross-examination, he was not the only Federal Government minister who recognised the value of communicators like Laws in the dissemination of propaganda. Immigration and Ethnic Affairs Minister Chris Hurford found himself with considerable egg on his face when the contents of a letter he allegedly wrote to Adelaide backtalker Jeremy Cordeaux were revealed last year.

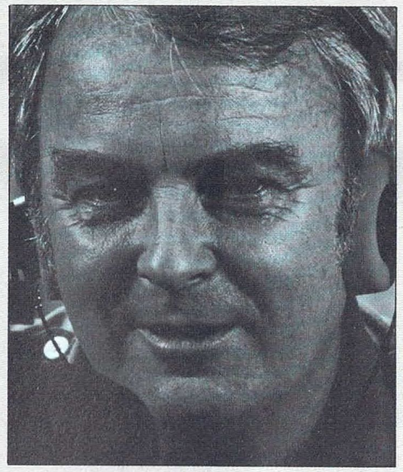
Hurford's letter was a naive and intrinsically stupid request for a quid pro quo, in which he would break political stories on Cordeaux's show in return for regular air time. But while the minister hoped to haul Cordeaux in on his hand line, he was clearly casting his game rod for the black marlin of the wireless. He said in his letter: ". . . I want to make it clear that if I am to break stories I want a quid pro quo, such as a regular time slot in my home city or a larger audience with, say, John Laws."

This obsession with getting your voice heard on the Laws show has in fact tainted the entire process of the political use of broadcasting. In an article in the *Sydney Morning Herald* last December, veteran media critic Harry Robinson quoted Richard Croll, a former broadcaster who now trains politicians in the use of the media: "(Political) press officers are, in general, totally unsophisticated in their use of the media. They always look for the biggest audience. They want to get their man, or woman, on to the John Laws show whether his audience suits or not."

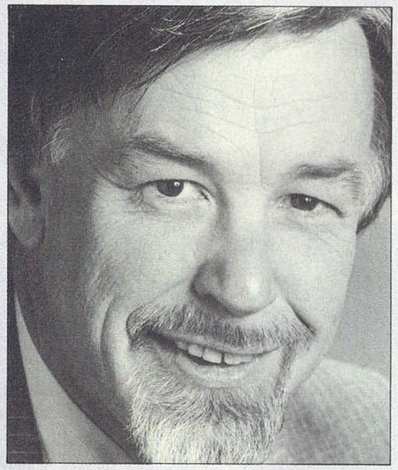
So it is the audiences rather than the star that the pollies want, and being essentially a power groupie, Laws is prepared to loan his audience to political mouthpieces of most persuasions. This despite his clear leaning to the right on most issues.

The reverse situation exists in respect of Alan Jones. The man who would love to be a Liberal prime minister (if only the Liberals would live up to his expectations) would gladly tear shreds off Keating, Hawke or any Labor minister. But the ministers won't talk to him. Keating in particular has refused point blank to be interviewed by Jones on any subject. To Brian White, recently departed general manager of the Sydney/Melbourne CBC Network, this refusal is tantamount to an abrogation of ministerial responsibilities. Says White: "I've long believed that any Cabinet minister who can't play an interviewer off a break shouldn't be in the job. No interviewer, no matter how well he's done his homework, could possibly know more about the portfolio than a good minister."

White, 30 years in talk radio and one of the pioneers of modern talkback, concedes that most of the current heroes of the airwaves tend to be drawn from the broad political spectrum that runs from slightly Right of centre to the rabid far Right. However he sees nothing sinister in that, believing that these things move in cycles. "There aren't too many good Lefties in broadcasting right now, but they'll come back. When I started a talk show on 2GB in 1969 I was considered to be a communist by a great many people. When I revealed and explained my Labor bias during the 1972 election campaign I was said to have contributed to Labor's winning of several marginal seats in Sydney. So it's not as if radio has always been the voice of the Right.



John Tingle: "Has made South Africa his crusade so long he can't be taken seriously."



Mark Day: "On the fence so long that the barbed wire gets up his arse."

"Frankly, as a programmer I don't give a damn what a person's politics are. All I care is that he or she is a great broadcaster."

Among current "greats" of broadcasting White cites John Laws, 2GB's Mike Carlton, 3AW's Derryn Hinch and Alan Jones and Mark Day, each of whom he says has a unique style of convincing the listener that he is sharing in a one-to-one conversation. Says White: "Some would say that the common thread is ego but it is also years of accumulated knowledge. I think there is an age barrier that a broadcaster has to pass through — probably around 35 — before he can be really good. He has to have a very wide general knowledge and an incredible capacity for keeping up to date."

White does not agree that a radio station has a responsibility to its listeners to balance the views of a union-bashing Alan Jones or a Botha apologist like 2GB's John Tingle with the humanist views of, say, Phillip Adams or Jim McClelland. (In fact CBC does run Adams but in a late night slot with a listening potential barely into double figures.)

"I think balance is desirable but it's certainly not a responsibility and it's often hard to achieve because you can't find the right people who have a broad range of interests. There's nothing worse than a broadcaster who keeps harping on about the same subjects, boring the tits off the audience. Over 30 years I've seen a lot of people fail to advance the way they might because they became obsessive about something. It very nearly happened to me during the Bangladesh civil war. Every day for about six months I made some sort of comment about Bangladesh. Eventually an old newspaper mate sent me a headline clipping: TIBER FLOWS WITH BLOOD. In other words, you've gone over the top, this is what you sound like. It brought me back to Earth and I knocked it off."

There are, of course, several examples of backtalkers who have made it big despite (or perhaps because of) their obsessions. As previously mentioned, John Laws seemed obsessed with his ability to access people in power. The station promo line, which I find particularly nauseating, is along the lines of "people who matter speak to John Laws first." Still at Sydney's 2GB, the veteran afternoon babbler John Tingle has made South Africa his crusade to such a degree over recent years that it is difficult to take anything he says seriously any more. This is a pity because Tingle is an old style gent of the wireless, a fellow who believes that your opinion is probably just as important as his and is usually prepared to give it equal time.

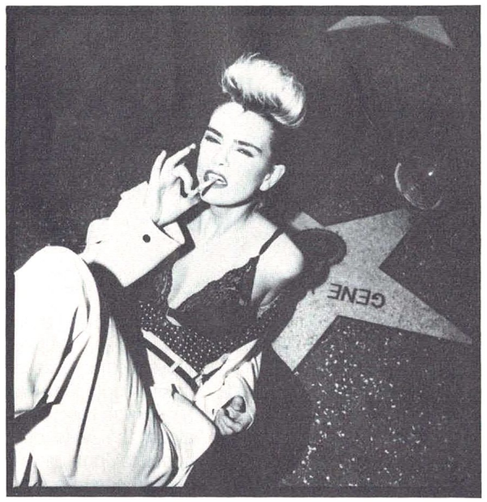
Of course, Tingle is entitled to his view that sanctions are counterproductive (Maggie Thatcher and Alan Jones agree with him) and that President Botha is doing the best he can in a difficult situation not of his own making. But Tingle not only says this just about every day, he periodically drops

Continued on page 120

After luring to bed some of Hollywood's most desirable men, this expert divulges her secrets for seduction.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A STAR

BY CAROLE MALLORY



When I went to my first movie and saw John Derek starring in *The Adventures of Hajji Baba*, I realised I had been born a starfucker. Enveloped by the darkness of the movie house, I felt overwhelmed by a titillating sensation. That night I stained my sheets after having a wet dream in which I surrendered my virginal self to John Derek on hot desert sands while 50 camels watched.

To this day I have not had the sexual pleasures of John Derek, but I have made love to a multitude of male sex symbols. And I can honestly say that the men women dream about I wake up with.

Over the years, these men have included (not in chronological order) Warren Beatty, Rod Stewart, Richard Gere, Matt Dillon, Robert De Niro, Sean Connery, Nicholas Roeg, Brian De Palma, Franco Nero, Bryan Ferry, Robin Gibb, Ilie Natase, Peter Sellers, Marcello Mastroianni, Milos Forman, Peter Firth, Claude Picasso, and Dudley Moore. The list goes on but perhaps we should go back in time to my first sexual encounter, the time I fell for a cover boy and landed him not ten hours later. This was it: I was hooked on making it with the Rich and Famous.

Throughout my high school days, my nickname was Toothpick. I wore braces, padded my bras with Kleenex, and drank heavy cream with every meal. But my resemblance to Olive Oyl ended miraculously when I started University. I sprouted tits! It was my first freshman year, and one autumn morning I picked up the school newspaper, *The Daily Collegian*. On the cover was a photo of halfback Dick Hoak, recently named the most valuable player. I met him that afternoon over a cheeseburger at the local hangout. By evening I had surrendered to his rugged poster-boy body and all-American good looks. I was hooked. My standards were set for a lifetime, and while Dick went off to play for the Pittsburgh Steelers, I went to teach art to junior high school students. However, disillusionment and my hunger for some international entertainment set in. I took to flying the friendly skies as

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MOSHE BRAKA

STAR LOVE

a stewardess.

On my first flight, I threw up while serving dinner, and it felt as if my brain was haemmorhaging. An ambulance met me at JFK, and I was told by the paramedics that I simply did not have the sinuses to fly. Still, I continued to fly and polished my skill as a seductress by dropping meals in the laps of prospective men. My airsickness remained, but I had lost so much weight that I took a medical leave and decided Paris was the city to recover in. As a lark I pursued modelling and after three months, a photographer from French *Vogue* booked me for the Italian collections.

With my portfolio in hand, I returned to New York, quit flying, and became a fulltime model. My sex life had been stagnant while in Europe, but back in New York my luck took a turn for the better when I was invited to a party where my blind date was to be an Arabian prince. The prince acted as if he expected me to be served to him on a silver platter, so I quickly turned my attention toward a charming, struggling American sculptor, Ronald Mallory. Six months later, after reading an article in *Cosmopolitan* on how to get a man by threatening to leave him, I hooked Mallory into marriage.

When Warren Beatty propositioned me, I was on the covers of *Cosmopolitan*, stroking my T-shirt that read STROKE ME, I'LL PURR; *New York* magazine, clad in a skimpy bikini and standing next to an erupting fire hydrant; and *Newsweek*, parading down Fifth Avenue wearing red hot pants and a wide-brim hat. The caption read, "Anything goes." When I met Beatty at an opening of an Upper East Side restaurant, he mentioned that he had seen my various magazine covers and suggested we take a tumble. I reneged, for I was a married woman. He offered a rain check, and said I could call him day or night at the Carlyle.

I wistfully remembered Beatty's proposition, as my marriage was on the rocks. Although Ron Mallory introduced me to the art world, taught me to be chic, and told me what to say and not to say, he also informed me that I was hopeless at oral sex. After feeling like a sexual cripple for too long, I divorced him. My next move was to call Beatty at the Carlyle and with trepidation whisper, "Do you want to fuck?" "I'll be right over," he sternly replied. That night, Warren and I went to Elaine's for dinner, then to the Plaza for coffee and a chat with Robert Altman, and back to my place for dessert. Afterward, afraid I would fall madly in love with him, I thanked him for the fuck and showed him the door.

After Beatty, I moved to Hollywood with the intention of becoming an actress. Testing for the lead in Irving Wallace's *The Fan Club* was excellent publicity for picking up stars but put terrible pressure on my inability to perform in the bedroom. My feelings of oral inadequacy kept stifling me. Let's face it — a good blowjob runs Hollywood. Plagued by a deviated septum, a small mouth, and an ineffectual glottis, my crippled cock-sucking kept me from becoming a star.

Nevertheless, I am now grateful for my humiliating experiences because they forced me to come to grips with giving head. For those of you who identify with my struggle to give a great blowjob, I have outlined the necessary steps below. Gentlemen, pass your copy of *Penthouse* over to your ladies.

Stock up on unripe bananas — the firmer the better. Take an unpeeled banana and place it upright in a tall vase or on top of a candelabra. Slowly moisten the outer skin with saliva until it is very wet and begging to be removed. Now with your teeth, gently peel until the plump fruit is exposed . . . No hands, please! Imagine a striptease, peeling the protective covering of the banana rhythmically to the beat of Bananarama's "Wild Life." Concentrate on using your tongue to make long vertical strokes, followed by horizontal swirls, then a succinct combination of both in time with the music. Think of your last fabulous orgasm. And no guilt! Breath deep through your nose to relax fears of gagging.

> You're making love to him like that actress in his film. Before you paid $7 a throw; this time it's on the house

Today, because of all my wonderful adventures, I thank my ex-husband for badmouthing my oral skills, thereby impressing upon me the importance of a good blowjob. Since 1972, I have been researching how to get ahead at giving head and can now honestly say I am no longer threatened by Linda Lovelace. Due to much practice and hard work, I no longer feel like a failure at oral sex. But this has not been the only key to my success. One has to also be extremely crafty and resourceful when it comes to luring movie stars. In my latest sexual treatise, *How To Pick Up A Movie Star*, I document the specific strategies that I employed on each star. Here is the philosophy that made them happen and crowned me the Queen of Kiss and Tell.

Stars are busy perfecting their craft — they fill their days with acting, dancing, and voice classes. Every minute is accounted for, and they are perpetually occupied — so don't you be. You, the aspiring starfucker, must be available and ready to provide entertainment for the entertainer, jokes for the comedian, attention for the inattentive.

Lure him into your chamber of trust by becoming his confidante, his solace screw and his sexual and spiritual resource centre. Fame can be lonely. You must provide intellectual stimulation — if you ain't got it, get it — as well as an entourage of smart friends and a variety of meaningful interests. Polish up on your skills. I did on writing. Stars love letters.

At last you see him at that party you crashed. You're wearing your shorter-than-short skirt and lower-than-low blouse. He spots you across the room. You go up to him, flatter him, and then talk dirty. Before you know it, he's in your bedroom. Instead of drooling over him on the screen, you're drooling over his cock and making love to him like that actress in his film. He is saying the same things to you. Before you paid $7 a throw; this time it's on the house.

In the morning you get on the phone to brag to your friends. They invite you to parties. Suddenly you are the social success of the season. Your name makes the papers, fashion magazines, TV, *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. At every party you meet a new star and add him to your list.

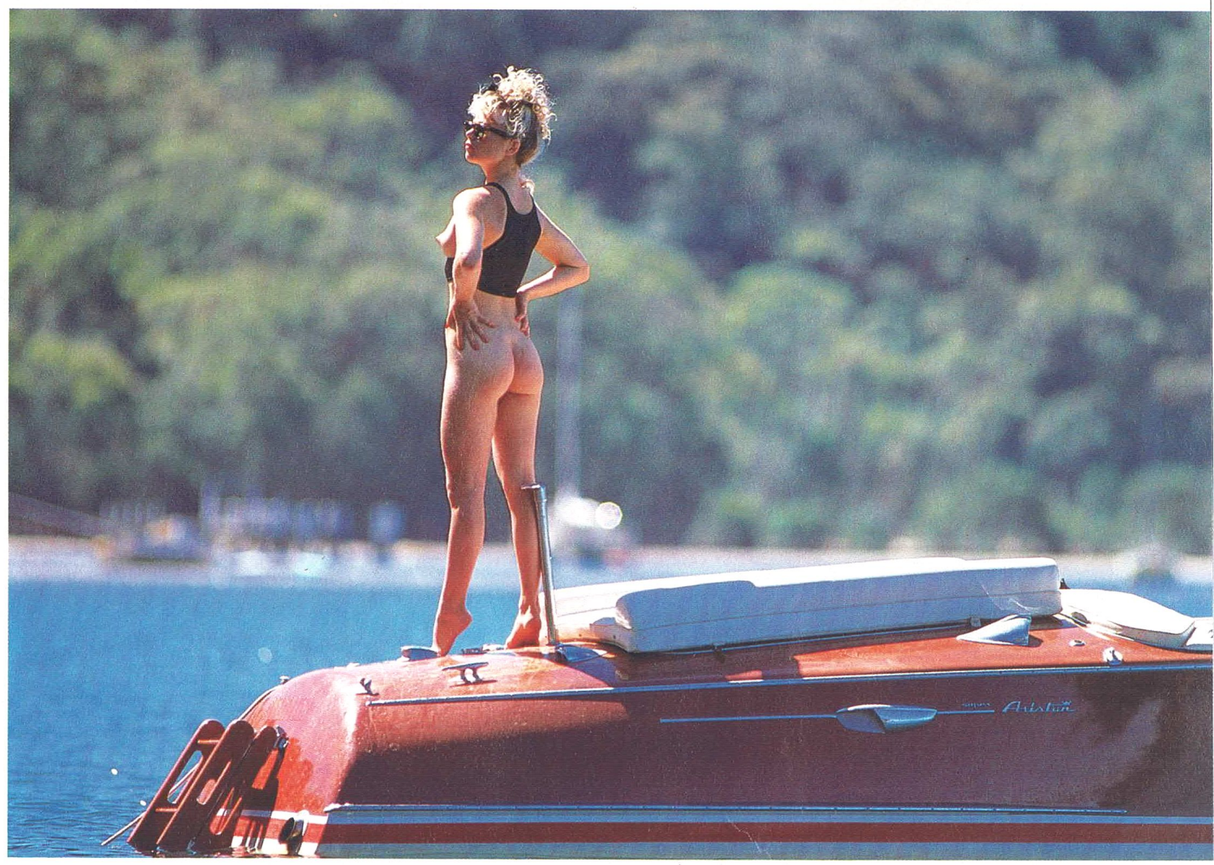
Your knowledge and experiences could put every major Hollywood studio out of business. You know what a star smells like; how he brushes his teeth and uses his knife and fork; what he thinks of his mother; the hardness of his erection and the taste of his come.

But once you've got a star, how do you keep him? First, during lovemaking explore every delicious part of his body. Give. Don't expect to get. Don't anticipate his lovemaking style; rather, stay in the moment. Strip away his fame and glory; leave his tap shoes and talent behind; and, with paramount enthusiasm, go down on the man. Because that's what's under all the hoopla and razzmatazz — just another set of beautiful balls.

Second, when he, who has such a busy schedule, whispers he'd like to stop over because he's going to be in your neighborhood — listen coquettishly. Then firmly say, "What the fuck do you think I am, a hotel?" By being submissive in bed and assertive out of bed you'll confuse him. His ego will drive him back to you with hopes of gaining control. Unpredictability is what stars want to chase, capture and control. (Always allow the first, but never allow the last.)

It is time for your big debut. You've got your lines down pat. The script demands that he call the shots, but that's okay because you cast him in the role long ago. So play out the scenario, enjoy the sweet smell of victory. And remember to always have plenty of luscious, celebrated subjects to audition!

MARIA

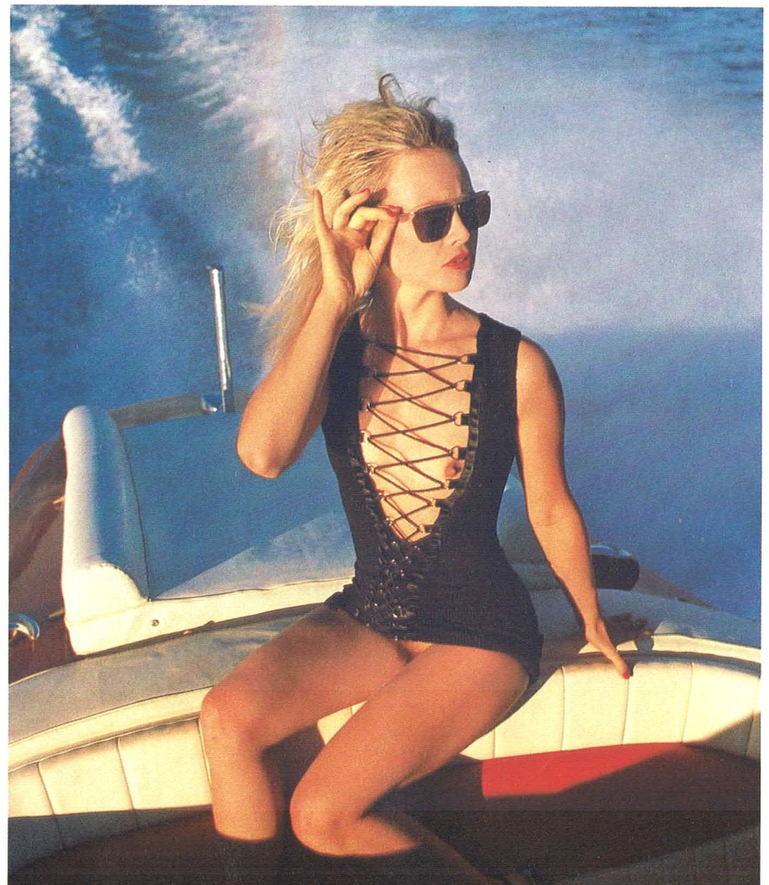


Black Tie Up Dress from Siren, London; Wetsuits and Water Skis by Dolphin Accessories from Zanolli, Queen Victoria Building; Linen Shorts from Irene Michael, Queen Victoria Building; White Body Shirt from Rosie Nice, Paddington; Black and White Bikini from Rosie Nice, Paddington; Tow Rope by Ron Marks.

ENIGMA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

"We're all naked underneath," poses the intriguing Maria Sanson . . . and it takes a moment to remember that she's talking about her tastes in film, explaining why the American style is repugnant to her for its conservatism and shmaltz moral tone . . . *But* there's an exception — there's nothing *too* hard and fast about Maria . . .



"Westerns," she goes on. "I love everything about them and that whole era. The simple life — no mortgages, passports or computers. Just fresh air and raw freedom. But then again, what I really love is the idea of living on the French Riviera."

It's soon very apparent that Maria is quite an enigma. Her favorite things: knitting huge jumpers, feeding ducks in parks, living in leafy suburbs with a Mercedes at hand . . .

The impression is gained that 25-year-old Maria, from Brisbane, might be more at home picking up the kids from kindergarten rather than powering across our waterways. "No, the boat is great," she says — *but* there's a catch. "It's just the sun I don't like. Only tourists sit in the sun."

It will take "a very mature, sophisticated man" to keep this one entertained for any length . . . "Men should be above petty possessiveness. I need my freedom . . . to get out and about."

MISS MARIA SANSON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE DRUG EXPENSIVE

BY DR GEOFFREY E. SMITH

There's a new Australian product that's not on Bob Hawke's list of things to buy . . .

In November 1986, a Task Force of senior officers of the US Drug Enforcement Agency met with members of the Federal Police in Canberra to discuss the source of a new drug which has recently appeared on the American market. The drug — XOK (pronounced "zock") — has been developed and manufactured in Australia and has captured a significant proportion of the top-end of the illicit drug market in Manhattan and Los Angeles.

According to a highly placed source in the Victorian Police Force, XOK was first made about a year ago in Melbourne. It was "designed" specifically to replace cocaine. Lately coke has lost its sparkle in the eyes of the glitterati. First it became a "middle market" drug, and now cocaine is being sold and used in a particularly cheap and destructive form: crack.

The "beautiful people" who once snorted cocaine, those who are extremely image-conscious and elitist, looked for a new experience, and these people were more than

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT MARSHALL

THE DRUG EXPENSIVE

willing to pay for it. Currently XOK is the most expensive and exclusive mind-bending drug on the market. In Melbourne a gram of XOK costs $400; in New York and Los Angeles, it goes for up to $US1000 a gram.

XOK comes in three varieties:

XOK A (acid) — for sniffing or injecting.

XOK B (base) — for smoking.

XOK C (cream) — for direct application to the penis, or as a lubricant in condoms.

Some years ago, the sort of people who used cocaine drove expensive imported cars and lived at fashionable addresses; they despised heroin addicts and no-hopers and saw themselves as high-rollers with important careers in the professions, the entertainment world or business. Today, the price of cocaine has in some cases plummeted, and so has the average income of the users. Cocaine has lost its exclusivity, and since the arrival of crack, it's also lost its appeal to the jet-setters.

But nature abhors a vacuum, and so do drug dealers. A "designed" drug was manufactured to meet the requirements of the beautiful people, and XOK was born.

The Village

Toorak Road, which runs through South Yarra and Toorak Village, sports many of Australia's most fashionable boutiques, exclusive hairdressers and up-market restaurants and cafes. Around and beyond the village, in an area reaching down to the banks of the Yarra and the Kooyong Tennis Club, are quiet streets and tree-lined avenues containing some of the most expensive real estate in the Commonwealth.

There are probably more Rolls-Royces, Lamborghinis and Porsches based in Toorak than in any other similar-sized area in the world. When you make it in Melbourne, you move to Toorak. But only into certain streets — those housing the "nouveaux riches" or the ambitious yuppies. Parts of Toorak still remain the preserve of old Melbourne families and money.

Cocaine arrived in Toorak in the early Seventies. At first people tended to retire to the bathroom or some other quiet place to snort the drug. Then at intimate dinner parties it became the custom for a guest to produce a gram or so as a gift to the table. Part of the ritual of cocaine-snorting is the cutting of the small crystals into a fine powder. In Toorak this was done with a gold American Express card, and the sniffing done not through a straw but via a rolled up $50 bill (or even better, a US $1000 note).

Less than five years ago, "freebasing" coke was perceived as fun and considered quite daring, as there was always the chance that the ether used in the process might ignite and send the lot up in flames.

Today it is common knowledge that ether is not necessary to make base cocaine. It can be done in any kitchen simply by mixing the coke with common baking soda and water. A paste is formed of at least 75 percent cocaine. When the paste hardens, it is cut into chips and smoked, usually in a water pipe.

Once freebasing was exclusive and costly; today crack — the equivalent of freebase coke — sells for as little as $15 a dose. In New York, kids from the ghetto queue up outside "crack houses" like movie fans outside a theatre, and "Trak Trendies" aren't interested any more in something as common as crack.

Designing XOK

Each society accepts certain drugs and condemns others. In Australia, the US and most of Western Europe, the national licit drugs are caffeine, nicotine and alcohol. In the Middle East, cannabis may be added to the list of licit drugs, while alcohol is forbidden. Among certain American Indian tribes, peyote — an hallucinogen — may be used legally for religious purposes.

> The small amount of cream cost him $100. But he claimed it was worth the staggering price.

Paradoxically cocaine, for so long the glamor drug of the Western world, was first used by manual workers in the Andes Mountains of South America to allay hunger and to enhance the ability to perform arduous work at high altitudes.

Coca leaves (the source of cocaine) were first imported into Europe in 1580. Cocaine was isolated as the active ingredient in 1860. Sigmund Freud became fascinated with the effects of cocaine and prescribed it for many of his patients. A colleague of Freud's, Karl Koller, is credited with first using the drug as a surface anaesthetic for eye surgery, a use that prevails today.

Cocaine, like amphetamine and caffeine, is a stimulant. In fact, cocaine can be regarded as a highly potent amphetamine ("superspeed") with all the effects of caffeine magnified. As is often the case with social drugs, a pattern of stimulant use developed in which the drug was believed to enhance sexual pleasure. And a better case can be made for stimulants in this application than for other agents, such as heroin.

Penthouse interviewed 22 Trak Trendies who had previously used cocaine — 12 males and ten women. All of them claimed that sexual intercourse was markedly prolonged and orgasm enhanced following the use of cocaine.

It's not difficult to see how a drug designer might proceed if he wished to create a drug exclusively for Trak Trendies and their cousins around the globe. It would need to be a stimulant, it would have to be expensive and therefore exclusive, and primarily it should be thought capable of increasing sexual pleasure.

But how does someone go about designing such a drug?

In 1979, in the respected scientific journal *Life Sciences*, a team of researchers from the Yale University School of Medicine published a paper entitled: *Cocaine And Lidocaine Have Similar Psychological Effects After Intranasal Application*. Lidocaine is the trade name of a synthetic local anaesthetic widely used in medicine and dentistry. Outside America, Lidocaine is known as Lignocaine or *Xylocaine*. Cocaine was widely used in medicine as a local anaesthetic until about 40 years ago, but it always had to be used skimpily and with caution; as a result, a range of synthetic local anaesthetics were eventually developed. These mimicked cocaine's anaesthetic properties but didn't induce euphoria. In other words they were designed to simulate one action of cocaine but avoid that drug's potential for misuse. Nevertheless, there is some evidence that some synthetic local anaesthetics are psychoactive, and the Yale researchers set out to see whether cocaine users could get a kick from lidocaine.

The results of the study showed that lidocaine could indeed produce highs similar to those induced by cocaine. None of the test subjects could tell the difference between the effects of cocaine and lidocaine. It seems likely, therefore, that XOK is very similar in chemical structure to the local anaesthetic your dentist uses every time he fills or extracts a tooth.

XOK Sucking

Chapel Street, like Toorak, is in the city of Prahran. Since the turn of the century Chapel Street has been a major retailing centre and it is a jumble of contrasts. Continental restaurants, greengrocers, butchers, delicatessens and antique shops rub shoulders with boutiques, discos and nightclubs. The Jam Factory, with its 55 shops and five restaurants, is in Chapel Street near Toorak Road. Alongside the Jam Factory in Garden Street is the head office of Elders-IXL; further along the street is a small but exclusive brothel. At least it used to be a brothel; six months ago it closed.

The most novel variation of XOK is XOK cream. The Victorian Police first heard about this substance when they interviewed a former patron of the Garden Street Brothel. Parts of the interview make intriguing reading:

"Christ, it was fantastic. I was shown how you smear it inside a condom. Then, just slip in on. At first there's a warm feeling. Nothing unpleasant, just a warmness, then a tingling sensation. When that goes, you're hard. Really hard. And it lasts for hours. Sometimes I thought I'd never come. I could just go on and on."

Apparently, the interviewee used only XOK cream, although he was offered XOK powder to sniff. The small amount of cream, however, cost him $100. But he claimed it was worth the staggering price: "I must have kept going for at least two hours. And I did things I'd only ever dreamt about."

David is a merchant banker in his early thirties and a resident of Toorak. He's married with two young children and has used XOK for about six months. He agreed to talk to *Penthouse* about his experiences.

"First off, let me say it's more than just a drug," said David. "It's a cult. Not many people have even heard of XOK, let alone used it. Here in Melbourne there wouldn't be more than about 500 people who have tried it. We think of ourselves as a pretty exclusive set. To start with there is the price. That's out of most people's range. Then, there's the supplier. As far as I know there is only one source. Then, we all know each other and we have done since we were children."

"Is XOK available in Sydney?" I asked.

David shrugged. "Perhaps. I'm not really sure."

"Did you know that XOK has reached America?"

"I had heard," David admitted. "But you would only find it in one or two places."

"Like Manhattan and Los Angeles?" I suggested.

David nodded and continued: "I sent some to a colleague in a birthday card not long ago. I know he enjoyed it. Perhaps he's introduced it to some of his friends. I think you would find there are a few people in London using XOK. Cocaine's got such a dirty reputation now."

"Why?" I asked.

"Partly because of crack, partly because of John Belushi's death, partly because of the imprisonment of Stacey Keach, partly because of the John DeLorean trial, and chiefly because *everyone's* now using cocaine."

"Do you know who makes XOK?"

"I'm sure I could work it out if I thought about it, but honestly I'm not really concerned," he answered.

"How much would you spend on XOK in a year?"

"I'm guessing, but it would be around $25,000 to $30,000."

"And is it worth it?"

"Yes. It really is. I like fine champagne, good food, and the best cigars. I use all of them in moderation. XOK gives me something the others don't. I don't abuse it, but it makes a small part of my life more interesting."

"Is that the sexual side?"

"Yes, that's true."

"Aren't you afraid of becoming addicted?"

"I honestly don't think that XOK is a drug of addiction. I know people used to say that about cocaine — now they argue whether it is or it isn't. I believe it depends to a great extent on the user as to whether a particular drug is addictive or not. I used to use cocaine, but if I had none in the house it wouldn't worry me. It's the same with XOK. At certain dinner parties or on certain nights in the bedroom at home, I know that XOK does me good. I'm the best judge of what I need and what I enjoy. I'm not sure whether XOK is illegal or not, and I'm not interested. If I want it I'll use it."

According to anti-drug agents in both Australia and the US, XOK is neither a legal nor an illegal drug. In fact, authorities in both countries seem to be doing their best to pretend that XOK doesn't exist.

It seems to be a "designed" drug, yet it is obviously very similar to a group of synthetic local anaesthetics widely used by doctors and dentists. XOK paste or cream may work simply as a local anaesthetic by numbing the penis; on the other hand, it could be absorbed through the skin of the penis and act on the central nervous system.

"Suppose," I asked David, "XOK has some so far unrecognised, but dangerous, long-term side effects... Doesn't that aspect concern you?"

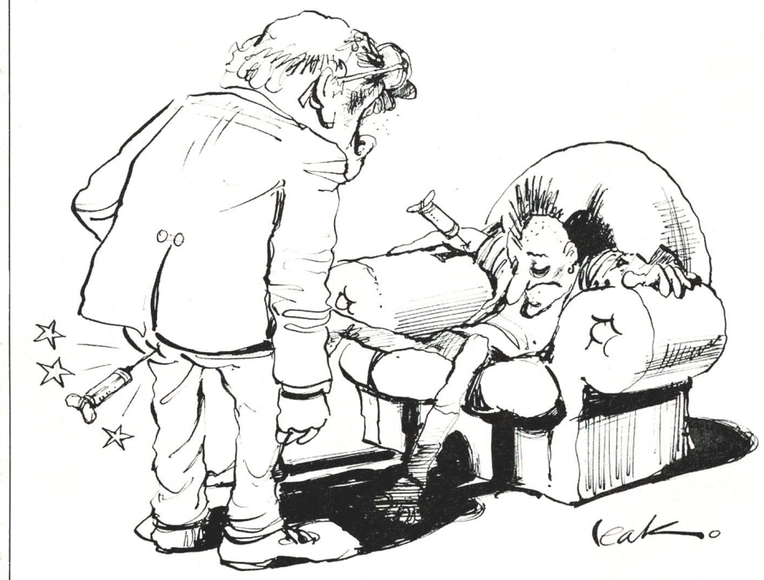
David laughed. "Side-effects worse than those known to be associated with alcohol and cigarettes?" he asked. "Look, I don't want to sound like a plum, but throughout history man has sought out drugs which can alter his sense of perception, or dull the senses — perhaps to escape reality. Both you and I smoke. I do it in moderation — you're a chain-smoker. And I'd guess that you drink rather more than me. Not to excess perhaps, but almost certainly more than is good for you. You've had some medical training, so you know what alcohol and cigarette smoking can do, yet you still drink and smoke. Is XOK any different?"

"I don't know," I admitted.

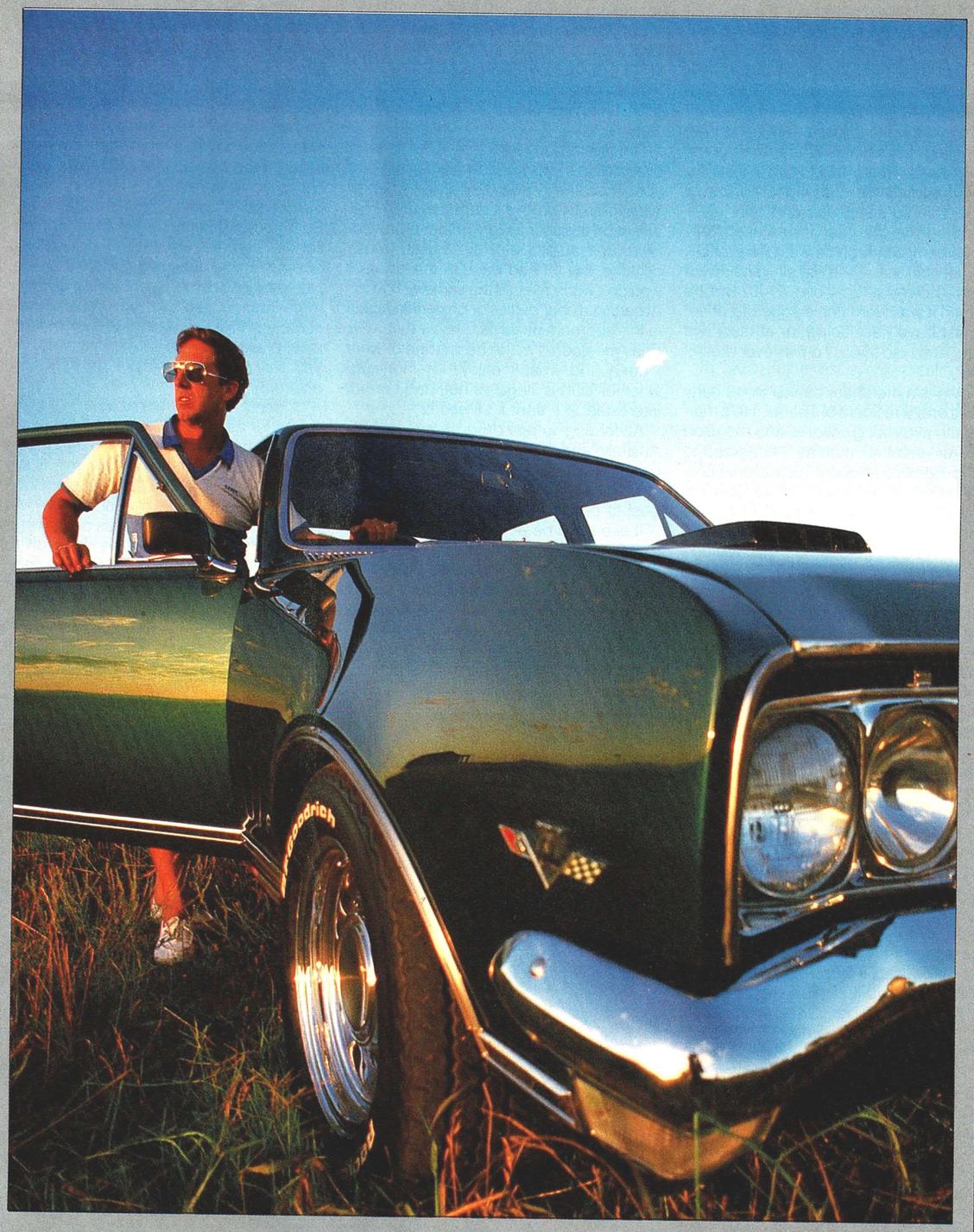
"As far as I'm concerned," David continued, "the major social cost of relegating any substance to the illicit category is the criminal activity that usually results, since suppliers are lured into illegal traffic by the opportunity to make enormous profits while dependent users often have to resort to stealing, or prostitution, to support their habits. I enjoy XOK, and I can afford it."

"Then it's just a rich man's turn-on?" I suggested.

Continued on page 104



Damn it son! If you must play darts, kindly refrain from leaving them on the couch!



Darrell Smith and $35,000 worth of HG Kingswood: "This hobby has got outta control."

When it comes to custom street machines, the beauty is in the eye of the beholder and the grunt is under the bonnet **BY PETER McKAY**

CAR WORSHIP

There's a bloke in Sydney who keeps his precious motor car chained to the concrete floor of his garage when it's not in use. The car is not a Lamborghini Countach, nor a Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost, nor even a Porsche 356. No, the tethered treasure is a not-so-exotic HG Holden Kingswood.

This is no hack Kingswood; it's had seven years of obsessive, unrelenting attention. And along the way it's soaked up just about all of owner Darrell Smith's spare cash.

Lurking beneath the lustrously-painted bonnet is 15 grand's worth of Chevy V8 wonder. All chrome plate and polished aluminium and highlighted in red and blue, it is simply immaculate. Not a speck of dust or a blob of oil anywhere. And inside that V8, which runs on a potent brew of racing fuel and straight methylated spirits, are all the high-priced performance goodies imaginable — certainly enough to conjure up about 500 horsepower. That's more grunt than Brockie's racing Commodore.

Raging horsepower is just one of the demands of the strange breed of mismatched fanatics drawn together by a common cause. The sparkling objects of their attentions are called, loosely, "street machines."

PHOTO BY MIKI KOMATSU

By broad definition, a street machine is a post-'48 automobile which is undergoing or has undergone a usually radical customising program. Sometimes, a much-modified shell is all that the manufacturer would recognise. The remainder of the auto is a cocktail of componentry drawn from a thousand different sources. A street machine may also be a classic auto that's been carefully restored, but such owners are very much in the minority and viewed as arch-conservatives by the chrome plate and purple velour set.

Customisers follow a credo of total commitment. Let the imagination run wild. Take it to the limit, and keep going. The outcome varies according to taste. Cars can encompass the weird and the wonderful, the glorious and the ghastly, the fast and the foppish, the incomprehensible and the indescribable. Elegance and style, let it be said, are not necessarily de rigueur.

Owners use their cars for a variety of reasons: as show cars on the trophy trail, for drag racing, or for gentle cruising around the suburbs. Some, few in fact, do duty as family transport.

Back to Darrell's manacled Kingswood . . . The upholstery is hardly stock vinyl HG Holden. Imported deer hide — $4500 worth — now covers the door trims and seats. The headlining is the same black woollen cloth that Porsche uses in its Carrera.

Custom touches abound right throughout the Kingswood. It has electric windows, an ear-pounding Eurovox sound system, Bathurst Monaro instrument panel, Caprice hazard blinkers, door lights and three-way lamp. The aficionados go ape over all that kind of individualised treatment. The curious observers merely ask, "Why bother?"

Underneath there's a big Ford diff, disc brakes (the original Kingo had drums all round, remember?) and tricked-up springs and shockers.

The paintwork looks like it's had about 20 coats, which it probably has. Darrell applied 'em all himself, on a body shell he sanded back to the bare metal. In all, 96 litres of paint were applied . . . surely enough to respray the Opera House.

"My Holden is a true street machine," says Darrell. "It's used for racing at the drags, for showing, and as a family car. Most other cars are bullshit cars. They're only driven a few miles to car shows and home again."

Darrell is 38, and married for 20 years. There are five kids and a wife who supports "this hobby which has got outta control." They live out in the western suburbs. He values his version of the archetypal Aussie sedan at close to $35,000. That's about $34,000 above the going market rate.

Even with a burglar alarm and electronic central locking, securing an insurance policy for a Kingswood with a claimed value of 35 grand was a painful task. Lloyds of London finally accepted Darrell's money. The policy is conditional on his

> Cars from Europe or Japan get the raspberry. Big iron is king, mate.

beast being chained down to thwart those after-hours shoppers who don't wait around for a receipt.

It could be said that Darrel has overcapitalised on his motoring investment. If he were to sell his Kingswood tomorrow, he would drop a packet. Darrell's response: "Who's selling?"

HOOKED ON HORSEPOWER

No-one has really sussed out the magnitude of the street machine market. Everyone agrees it's a monster, and it's showing no signs of running out of gas. The biggest-selling auto magazine in Australia is *Street Machine*. And rival publications of that genre, of which there are two, are doing nicely thank you.

And yet the Australian motor industry hasn't quite come to grips with the street machine phenomenon. It has no idea how to tackle a huge group of power-crazed primates given over to V8 worship and a love of old objects, reworked so they're bright and shiny and go like the hammers.

The way-out custom crew favors Fords (Falcons), Holdens (all models and particularly Toranas and Monaros) and Yank stuff ('55–'57 Chevys, Impalas, Camaros). Chryslers are borderline. These boys call them "wogmobiles."

The rarer, pricier muscle machines — Mustangs, genuine Torana A9Xs, Thunderbirds, Corvettes, Falcon GTs — are the hot items for restoration. Occasionally there's a good late-Fifties Caddy, all chromium plate and fins and all.

The local car companies figure — rightly or wrongly — that most of the street machine set are lost in a time warp and very few among them buy new cars anyway. And then only V8s . . .

There's another theory, too, that the street machine movement is burgeoning due to the industry's inability to give this section of the motoring public what it demands.

Ford Australia elbowed its V8 engine in 1982 amidst a roar of disapproval from consumers. Holden talked about flicking its 5.0-litre eight but ultimately retained it, perhaps influenced by the ruckus raised in the wake of a short but intensive Save The V8 campaign waged in '84 by street machine magazines.

The V8 is a big security blanket. Lazy, strong, uncomplicated. Most street machiners are suspicious of anything innovative or high-tech . . . twin camshafts or multi-valves. However, supercharging is okay, and they've come to accept fuel injection. Turbocharging is slowly making an impression.

Cars from Europe (particularly those poncy Volvos) or Japan (Jap crap's made outta milk bottle tops, eh, Kev?) get the big raspberry. Big iron is king, mate.

There have been some clever and tasteful custom and hot-up jobs done with such diverse vehicles as a Morris Minor ute, Celica, Vee Dub Beetle and Alfa Romeo GTV 1600. Some so-brave souls even occasionally modify Volvos, jamming a small-block Chevy into the engine bay in a desperate but inevitably unsuccessful ploy to gain acceptance.

Judges at street machine shows demonstrate scant respect for any deviation from the traditional ways. Trophies tend to go to V8s, and Holdens or Fords.

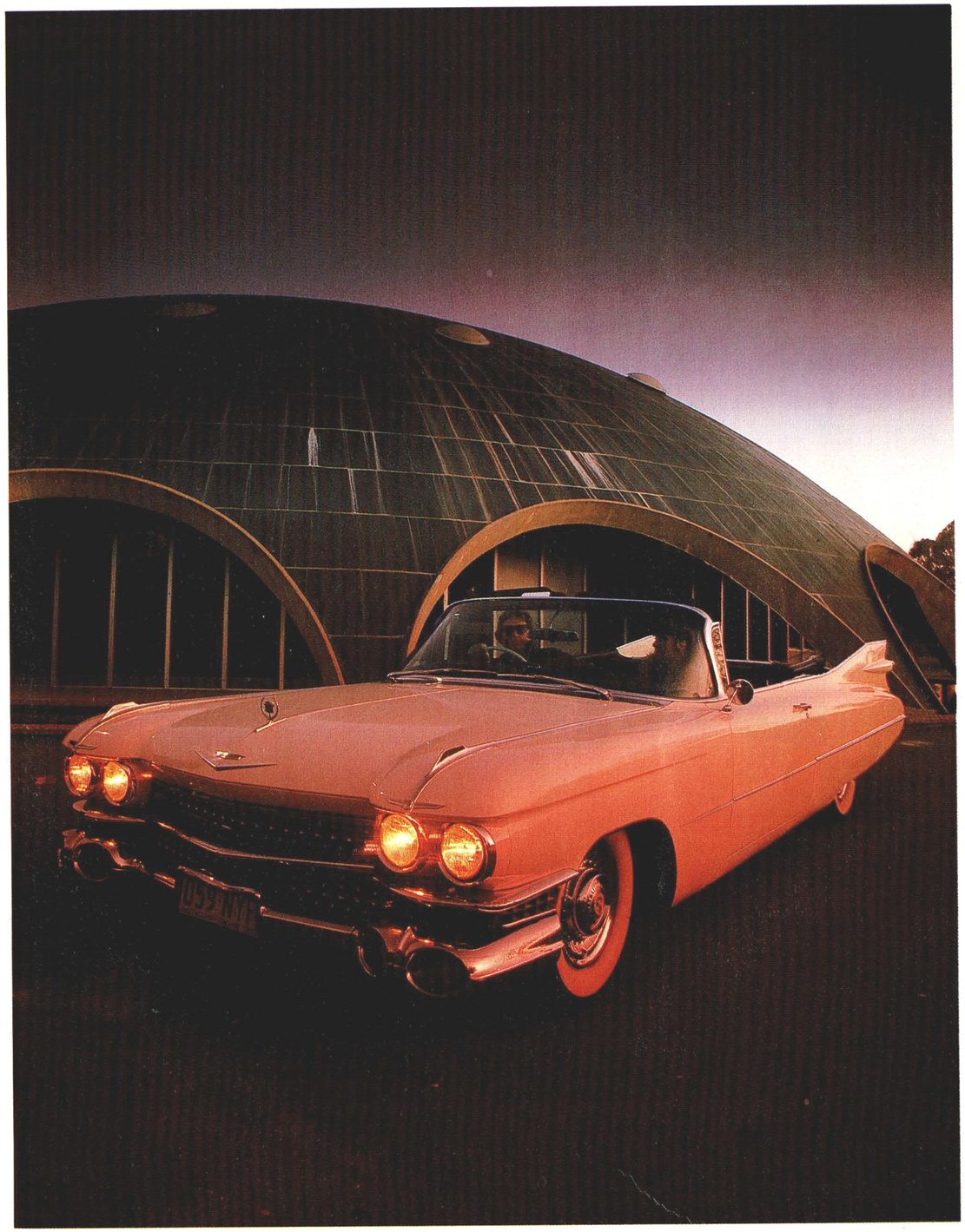
HOG HEAVEN

Mecca for the muscle car mob is an insane, brassy, noisy expo known as the "Nats" — the Street Machine Nationals. Hog heaven for the horsepower heavies. This biennial ritual is an orgy of rumbling exhausts, tyre squeal, smoke haze and showstopping motor cars. To the outsider the madhouse affair appears to be little more than an excuse for a giant three-day piss-up.

Last Easter an estimated 50,000 cult followers burbled into Canberra aboard an assortment of crazy wheels. They were there to pay homage to Detroit. And to Fosters.

Of course, not everyone present did their best to keep Messrs John Elliott and Peter Bartels in clover. Many came intent on winning trophies for the mantel. The Nats is the biggest street machine show in the land. And a total of 1300 of the smartest, or most outlandish, custom and resto jobs chased the glory. These are the deadly serious street machine people. No booze, no making whoopee until afterwards.

The big trophy winner at the Nationals was a quiet couple from Queensland, Rob and Jan Beauchamp. Their gleaming



The '59 Cadillac of the bop-crazy Vandenbergs, Rudi and Mazzy: "A fashion statement."

Photos by Peter Bateman/Street Machine Magazine

Photo by Rob Little/Street Machine Magazine

Gary Satara and his grunting Ford Falcon V8, complete with stack through the bonnet: "Cops don't like 'em."

maroon 1976 LX Torana V8 motored away with the plum Top Street Machine Overall award. It was a victory for the real people; Rob drives his car to work and races it at the strip. It just happens that he is a fanatic about presentation too.

While the show folk were busy with polish and elbow grease at the National Exhibition Centre, the party boys juiced up and headed for Canberra's few hot spots. Mostly it was just good fun. Some went overboard, naturally. Meatheads amused themselves by chopping up a bowser hose at a service station. Others livened up traffic movement by laying down a few litres of oil on key corners. More than one Nats visitor left his calling card on the bitumen out the front of Parliament House . . . two neat strips of rubber. Sidesplitting stuff.

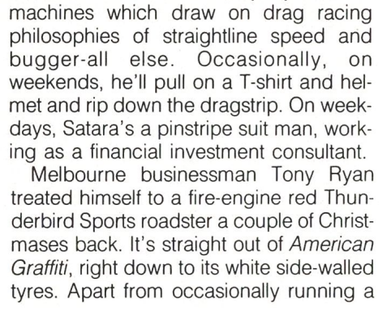
The street is often the only option open to the car-crazy young. For many years in Sydney, the legendary "Brickies" — the deserted strip of bitumen near the Homebush brickpit — was the Saturday Night Special for the street racers who couldn't make it to the Castlereagh Dragway. Now Castlereagh has gone and, unbelievably, authorities are resisting efforts by owners of Oran Park Raceway to conduct drag racing. Reluctantly, as options dry up, the young bucks in hot cars are doing more dragging on public roads . . .

At the Nats, there was always the official Burnout Competition for those who preferred to do their animal acts with the consent of the authorities. The idea here is to keep the rear wheels smoking longer than the next guy. Winner was Marty Brennan, a bright-eyed young petrolhead from Bairnsdale, Victoria, driving a blemish-free souped-up 350 cube HQ Holden ute completed just two days before. He borrowed the petrol money to make the trip to Canberra. Shredding rubber all the way, and with several thousand spectators screaming their approval, Marty executed a couple of neat 360-degree loops en route to the trophy.

Marty's a freshman on the street machine scene. Pat Fahey isn't. Pat's '54 FJ Holden hearse has been doing the show circuit for two decades. The familiar black 350 Chev-powered Holden with its macabre murals doesn't win much these days but, like an old carny tent fighter that's copped too many around the head, Pat keeps turning up at the important shows. They reckon he likes the company.

At last count Blow Job, a red supercharged HQ Holden in Melbourne, had picked up no fewer than 27 canaries — yellow unroadworthy stickers, or defect notices. For what? "Usually obscured vision, too loud, too low and rubber too fat," says owner Mick Curren, not without pride. Canaries, you see, are badges of honor among the streeter brigade, even though they cost money. The main problem with Blow Job, and with other supercharged road runners, is the big stack poking up through the bonnet. Cops don't like 'em.

> The majority of street machines draw on drag racing philosophies of straightline speed and bugger-all else.



They reckon it obstructs the driver's view.

Superchargers, though, are the ace fashion item of the moment. Flavor of the Month. Still, the smart cookies point out that many of the street cars with blowers are pretenders; that they often don't really go all that hard.

Also big is the Pro Street look . . . tall, fat rear tyres and wheels, skinny fronts. Just like the drag racing machines. Oh, yeah, but how do they go around corners? Like shit, that's how. Fashion doesn't always make a power of sense. That's why it changes every six months.

CLASSIC CARS

But out there in the unreal world of mega-horsepower and mirror finishes are plenty of classy acts to gladden the heart and restore faith in the street machine ethic.

Gary Satara has a grunting dark blue Ford Falcon V8 which goes like an Exocet and yet still looks sinister and sharp. Satara's proud that his car — named Overkill — actually stops and handles like a Bathurst car, unlike the majority of street machines which draw on drag racing philosophies of straightline speed and bugger-all else. Occasionally, on weekends, he'll pull on a T-shirt and helmet and rip down the dragstrip. On weekdays, Satara's a pinstripe suit man, working as a financial investment consultant.

Melbourne businessman Tony Ryan treated himself to a fire-engine red Thunderbird Sports roadster a couple of Christmases back. It's straight out of *American Graffiti*, right down to its white side-walled tyres. Apart from occasionally running a polishing cloth across the big '62 Ford's rakish flanks, Ryan's clearly not keen to get involved in the home mechanic routine. He adopts a hands-off philosophy. Neither is he interested in the street machine camaraderie or in bolting on a shiny supercharger and seeing off the lads at the traffic lights.

Ryan has owned some swift cars in his time but now, with the police winning the war, he's waved the white flag. The T-Bird is his concession to an easier pace. "Let's be realistic. It's impossible to go for an old-fashioned blast without getting monstered by somebody wearing a badge or uniform. In any case, the T-Bird handles like a ship full of water."

Ryan, happily single, reckons getting the long, lean soft-top cruiser was a clever move: "Mate, it's like trawling with an illegal net; the birds just jump into the car."

In more ways than one, Ryan and another Melbourne business flyer, Robert Harding, are the antithesis of our man Darrell and his self-built Kingswood. Darrell's is a labor of love. He does all the work on his car; Ryan and Harding do SFA apart from signing cheques.

Harding's faultless show-winning '56 Thunderbird has been restored to cost-no-object original condition. He barely blinked when he copped a bill for a replacement carburettor from Larry's Thunderbird Parts in the United States: $7000. The big yellow Bird is now valued at $60,000.

The weird thing is that busy Harding rarely see or drives his plaything: engineer and car restorer Robert Seymour is the official minder. Harding has never attended street machine shows, and probably never will. But he is tickled pink when his Thunderbird wins trophies.

Canberra lady Mazzy Vandenberg's fairy-floss pink flip top '59 Cadillac certainly brightens a dreary national capital. Mazzy and lawyer husband Rudi are bop-crazy children of the rock 'n' rollin' Fifties. Apart from the car, their household is chockablock with evocative fashion statements from 30 years ago.

They've got the right clobber in the wardrobe, a jar of Brylcream in the bathroom cabinet, and an original Rockola jukebox full of the lively sounds of Gene Vincent, Fats Domino and Eddie Cochran. They even named their second son Duane, for the guitarman who plucked his way into the Top 10 with "Rebel Rouser" and "Forty Miles Of Bad Road."

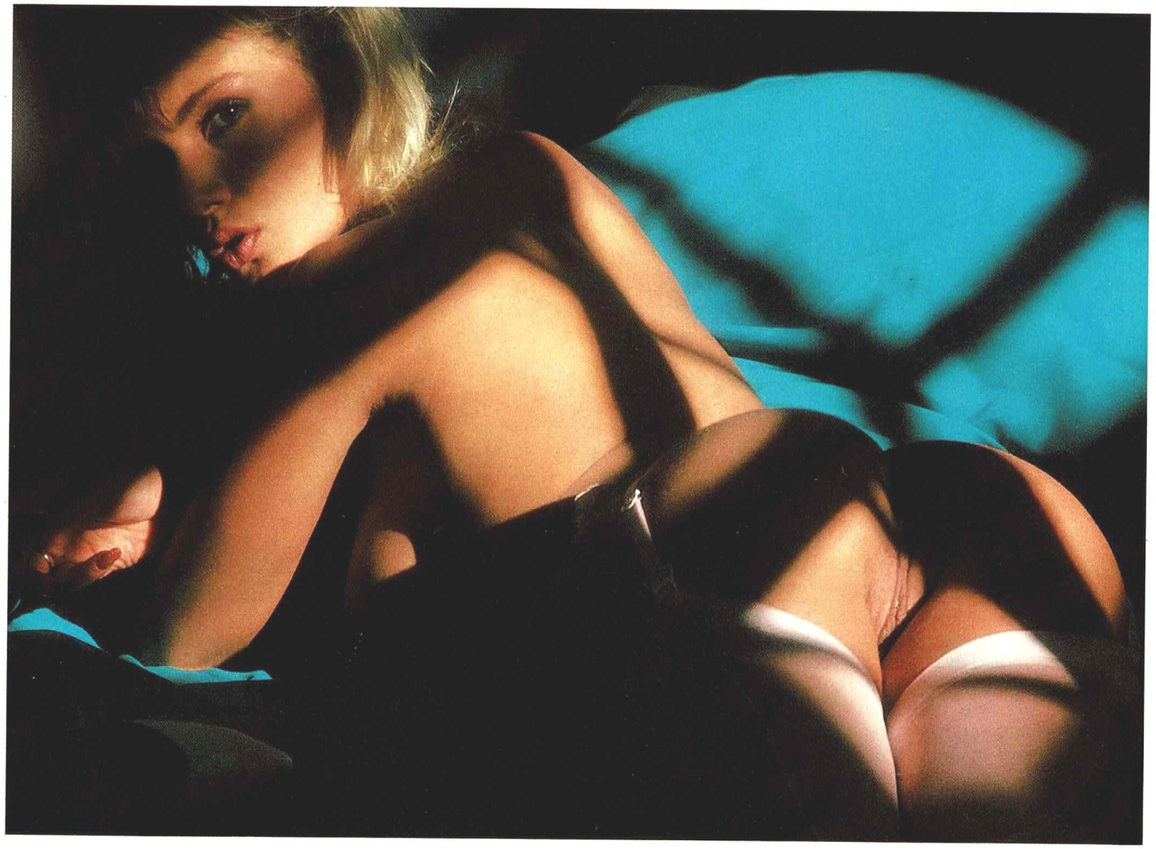
Many a glorious weekend, Mazzy and Rudi crawl into their period costumes, fire up the 390 cube V8 in the Caddy and head off for a crazy, lazy cruise through the suburbs. The rock 'n' roll revival show takes to the road with a *wopboppaloo-op*.

Like Darrell from across the border in Kingswood Country, Mazzy claims she'll never sell the Caddy: "I owe it to the next generation of kids. Otherwise they'll never know what real cars look like and how they go."

YOU OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

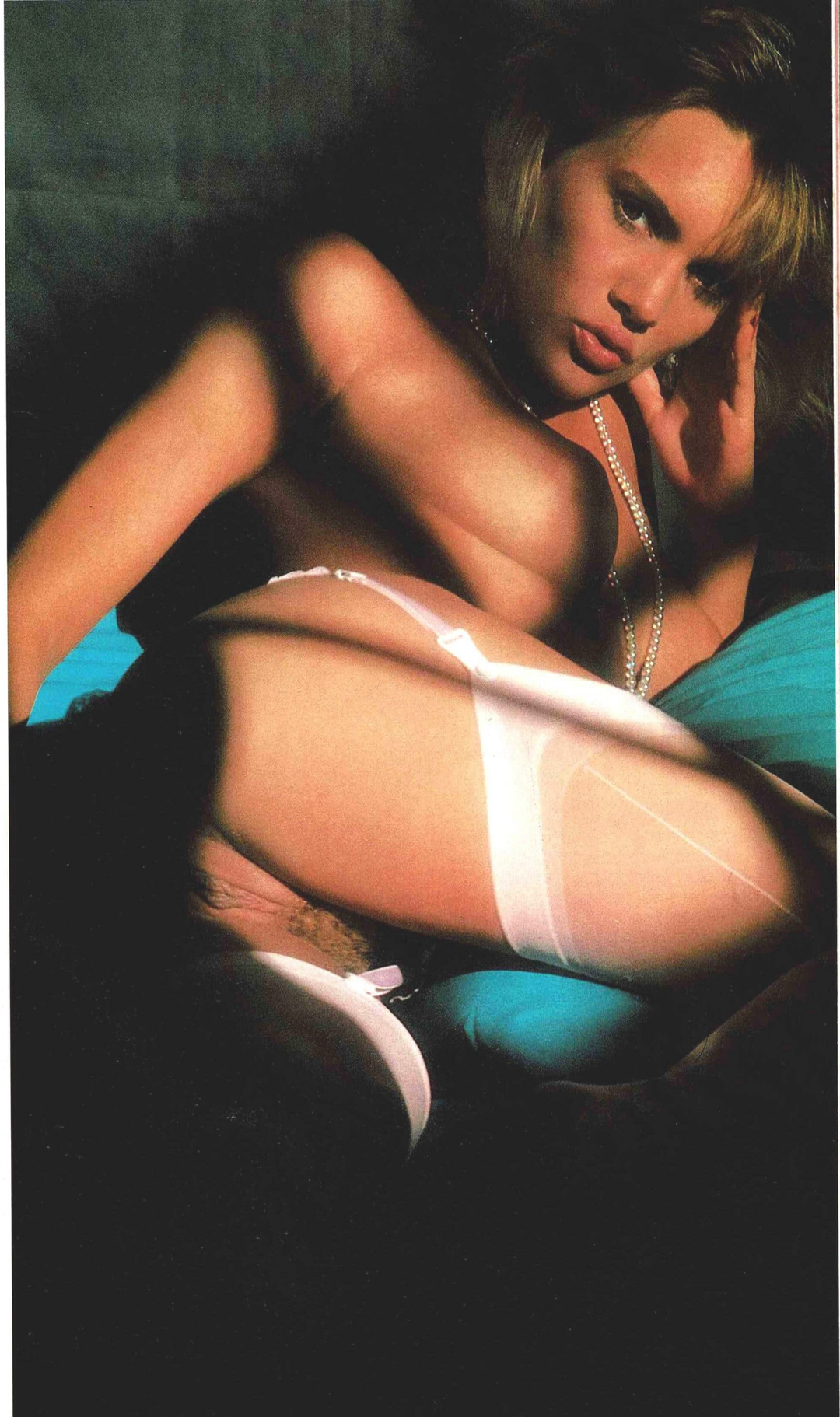
Breaking the ice when interviewing Lee Ann Barker we suggested that she looked a little like Kim Basinger in *9½ Weeks*, the film in which a beautiful young woman has a torrid affair with a mysterious and sexually dominant man. The effect was something like detonating a tonne of gelignite under a frozen duck pond.



"*9½ Weeks*! That's my favorite film of the past year. I should have starred in it," says the pouting 19-year-old. "But let me tell you that if I had it would have been a different story altogether. Man, I could give that Kim Basinger a few lessons! When it comes to dealing with men, I'd have her for breakfast.

"You see, I've grown up in an era where women have been encouraged to ask for what they want sexually and to actively guide their partners," she says with a defiant toss of blonde. "From there, it's not such a big step to enslaving a man sexually — as the man enslaves the woman in *9½ Weeks*.

"The more I think about it, the more I reckon that it's time a movie like that was made. I'd have to star. Give me some stiletto heels, a length of rope, Mel Gibson and a jar of honey and I'll give you a movie that'll make attendances at *Crocodile Dundee* look like the studio audience at a taping of the epilogue." We'll look for it in the coming attractions.



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

"Everyone else seems more interested in my past than I am. I'm not a hair gel or clothes person. I want to present music, not image."

JOHN FARNHAM

BY GLENN A. BAKER

There are few second chances in Australian entertainment, particularly for those performers seen to be "teen idols." John Farnham, born in Essex, England and raised in Melbourne from age ten, became an idol of epic proportions in 1967 when he topped the charts with the novelty ditty "Sadie The Cleaning Lady", which earned him a triple gold record.

Official "King of Pop" from 1969 to 1973, personable, enthusiastic Farnham was regularly on the charts until 1974, when the likes of Daryl Braithwaite, John Paul Young and Shirley Strachan displaced him as the premier teen figure. After his fevered pop popularity of the late Sixties, he turned his hand to a remarkable array of activities, including lead roles in stage productions of *Charlie Girl, Pippin* and the pantomime *Dick Whittington*, the hosting of television shows *Opportunity Knocks, Bobby Dazzler*, *Survival* and *Farnham And Byrne*, and the capturing of a major award at the World Popular Song Festival in Tokyo. In 1972 he was crowned King of Moomba.

Yet, as each achievement cemented him more firmly as a household name in Australia, it took him further away from the more competitive youth market, where he was increasingly seen as something of an anachronism with his albums of show tunes, tonight show spots and Mo awards. In 1980, with the management assistance of the astute Glenn Wheatley, he began to climb back to the rock mainstream.

INTERVIEW

Certainly his inherent excellence as a vocalist was never called into question, even by those who could find no common ground with his repertoire or surroundings.

Off to an impressive start with the quality album *Uncovered* and the top ten hit "Help", Farnham consented to replace Glenn Shorrock as lead singer of the Little River Band, a move that effectively placed his return to prominence on ice. Almost five years later, after only moderate success, John took up where he had left off with "Help" and the whole country unexpectedly opened up to him with the most extraordinary outpouring of tangible affection and loyalty ever witnessed in Australian music.

Within a month of release, Farnham's perfectly titled "You're The Voice" single was at number one. When the album *Whispering Jack* also reached the top spot, Farnham lorded over both charts for five weeks. While the material was undeniably strong and surprisingly contemporary, the reaction to it had a rare significance. For perhaps the first time, the usually insecure Australian music scene had unconditionally embraced one of its own pioneers — a man impossible to dislike who had refused to deny his origins in return for international acceptance. It proved to be a coming of age on both sides.

Caught by *Penthouse* during the peak of his chart blitzkreig, the 37-year-old singer and accomplished entertainer was in a state of euphoria exceptional even for him and his irrepressible personality. With an absence of regrets, recriminations and rationalisations rare for a rock performer, Farnham spoke freely about his two decades of varied success in this demanding and often ungrateful industry.

Penthouse: There was an unspoken feeling in the industry that if the *Whispering Jack* album didn't work for you, it would be back to pantomimes and Royal Command performances. Did you see it that way?

Farnham: I was aware of the fact that this was an important album, but if it hadn't worked, I would have just made another. That's my nature. I would have copped it sweet and said that's as good as I get, for now. So if it's not good enough, you'll have to wait for the next one.

Penthouse: Was there a conscious decision to find a new audience — to reach younger and perhaps more demanding record buyers?

Farnham: People keep asking me who I aimed the record at. I didn't aim it at America particularly, although I believe that if you're playing darts and not aiming at the bullseye you're a fool. I mean one half of a percent of that market is a million people! I just set out to make the very best record I could with the ten best songs I could find in 1986. That was all I could do. Ross Fraser, my producer, and I spent a month on the pre-production alone. I wanted this to be right, to be the best album I'd ever made. I think it is. I don't cringe when I hear it. And the support has been fantastic, unbelievable. So many things have happened precisely the same as in 1967. Just little things that nobody would notice but me. It's weird! I keep waiting for the bubble to burst.

Penthouse: The most striking thing about your new sound is the ease with which you have adapted to state-of-the-art audio technology.

Farnham: I was very aware of that stuff. The album was basically machine-made. All the drums are by machines and the bass is 99 percent a DX7. The thing with me is that I don't really play anything very well, so those machines for me are fantastic. I mean, I'm in every beat of every bar. I was standing there programming it. Or if it was being programmed by David or Ross I was right there, driving them absolutely crazy. And if I didn't like a particular thing, I could physically change it. In a normal situation it would take me half an hour to explain to a musician what I wanted to hear. The technology is fantastic. Once I would never have a gas barbecue or a plastic Christmas tree but dem's the times and you've got to move on. I've got the best of both worlds. It was difficult for me to contribute musically to Little River Band, though I wanted to. The ideas came so thick and fast that I didn't have time to get very involved in the creative process.

Penthouse: Buyers of *Whispering Jack* seem to be impressed by the high quality of the songs, many of which are by Australian writers, such as Ross Wilson and Sam See. How did you go about assembling them?

Farnham: Obviously hit records weren't being offered to me because I wasn't selling any records at the time. We sent out everywhere for songs and seemed to go through about 2000 of them. Australian songs were generally the best of the bunch, honestly. Mostly we were sent American formula songs. You can hear the commerciality in them but no soul or longevity. We had two apple boxes, marked "no" and "maybe", and spent months going through everything that was presented before we had the ten to work with. I couldn't listen to a few bars of a song and throw it in the "no" box, I had to listen to them in their entirety and at least give the writers that chance. We went for some fairly different things. The ones we used were the ones that smacked us in the face. Like the beautiful Mondo Rock song, "A Touch Of Paradise."

Penthouse: I gather you were smacked something fierce by "You're The Voice?"

Farnham: Yeah, it came through from a publisher pretty late but as soon as I heard it, I felt as if it had been written just for me. It was such a good song and I could hear immediately how to sing it. I'm not too deep and dark but maybe the song represented a darker side of me. I can see why it reached so many people. It's a fairly heavy track in its way. I think it says everyone has a voice, everyone is the master of their own destiny, and if you're being hit around the face with a brick and don't have the nous to stay "stop that", you're a fool.

Penthouse: You wrote only one song on the album and contributed to another. It seems fair to classify you as a quality "interpreter", not unlike Cliff Richard, Linda Ronstadt or even Elvis Presley, rather than a song creator.

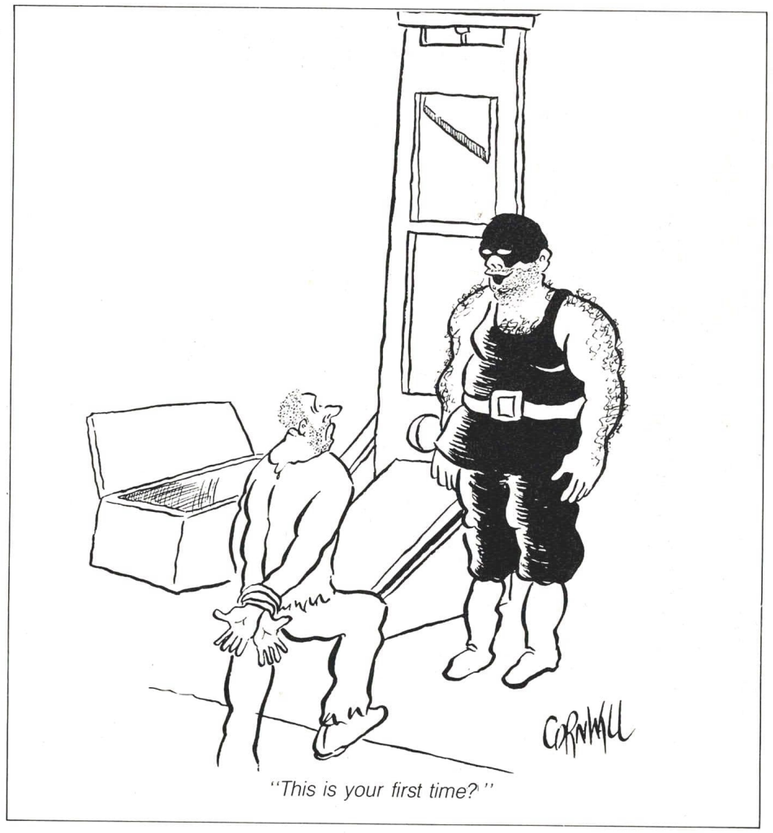
Farnham: I guess so. You see, writing is like pulling teeth for me. I find it really hard. I still try but I'm not foolish enough to limit myself to what I can do. I personally think that Little River Band made the mistake of restricting itself to what we wrote, because there's a world of songwriters out there to choose from. Sam See once said to me, "You'll never write a good song, Farnham, because you're always happy, you're never depressed." Sometimes I've thought I really should be suffering — what's wrong? And I never felt credible because of it. Serious! I'm not suffering. This is too much bloody fun.

Penthouse: The vocal work on "You're The Voice" is very intense. Was it a difficult song to sing?

Farnham: Not difficult to sing but difficult to sing right. As it turned out, for the nine weeks we were in the studio I only sang for about five days, which was ridiculous. I did a final vocal on "You're The Voice" and we sat there for three days mixing it, trying to make it fit into the track. But it just wouldn't fit — because the track is pretty big. I'd go up to Ross and ask, "Is the vocal any good?" and he'd say, "No worries, terrrific." Anyway, after about four hours mixing one night it still wasn't right so I gritted my teeth and I was ready for a fight, for a punch-up. Because after three days of worrying about it I decided I just didn't like the vocal and I thought I was going to get some opposition. So I said, "I think this vocal's a turd and I wanna do it again!" And they said okay. I did it in about an hour and it fitted in perfectly.

Penthouse: Completely unexpected but remarkably effective are the bagpipes in the song. Whose idea was that?

Farnham: Mine. The day Ross played me the demo tape — we were in my garage doing pre-production — I turned to him and said, "It's got to have a bagpipe solo, it belongs in this song." He looked up, stuck his lip out, did his Johnny Rotten at me and went "Huuuuh?" I said, *"Pleeeeese."* It's real, although the player was the only person we forgot to credit on the cover. On stage we've got the sound programmed into the Fairlight [synthesiser] but often we'll get a pipe to come up and play with us, which is usually amazing.



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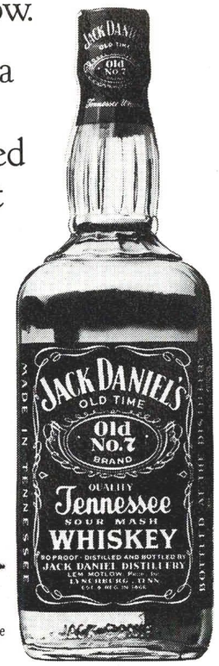

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INTERVIEW

Penthouse: Having not released anything under your own name for about six years, was there a certain amount of apprehension about facing the public as John Farnham again?

Farnham: The hardest thing to do is take the paintbrush off the picture and let it dry. I came out of that studio and went through the floor, went completely inside. It was a reaction to spending all that time and energy. I was a pain in the arse. I drove my wife up the wall — when I saw her. It's very hard, when you've put your soul into something, not knowing whether it's going to be praised or abused. So yeah, the apprehension is enormous. It's like having your guts rolled out on a two-inch tape and giving it to people to cut in half.

Penthouse: It's puzzling that you seemed to take upon yourself a lot of the blame for the relative failure of Little River Band during the four years or so you were with them. How do you view your LRB tenure?

Farnham: I honestly believe that they are one of the best bands in the world. They're unbelievable players who can get up before any crowd in the world and blow them away. It was a joy to sing with them. The problem was tranferring that to record and we really didn't have a major hit while I was with them. Familiarity bred contempt. We just didn't excite people, didn't capture their imagination, and my belief is that you have to make a record they just can't ignore. I gave 110 percent to them while I was there. I put myself under a lot of pressure because, rightly or wrongly, I felt a great responsibility. I was the one in the most light; people expected a lot of me after I replaced Glenn Shorrock, and I expected a lot of myself. So I thought seriously about it and decided that if I was going to put myself under that sort of pressure, it might as well be for something for which I was totally responsible.

Penthouse: You once said it took you 30 seconds to decide to join LRB. Did it take you longer to decide to quit?

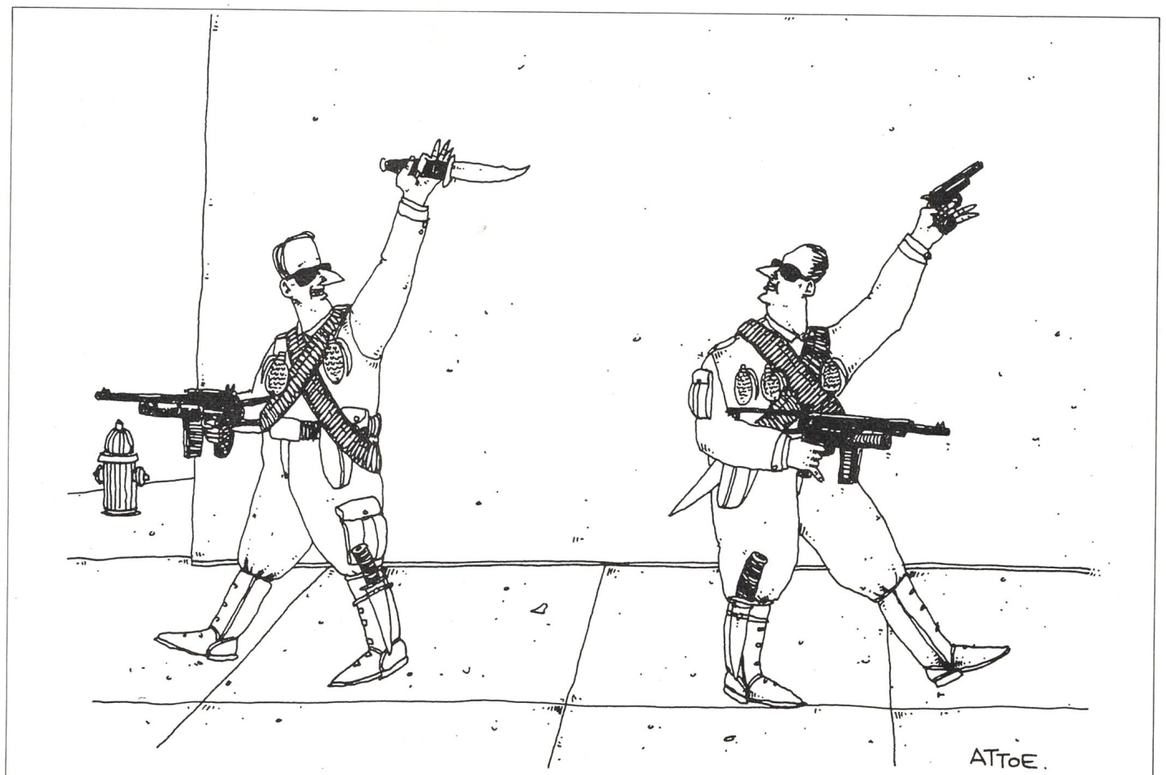
Farnham: Much, much longer. It got to the stage when I had to admit to myself that the LRB thing wasn't working. The complete disinterest with which the last album was received was devastating. Also, I had quite a bit of trouble with some of the material on the *No Reins* album. That was becoming increasingly difficult for me. Then I got a hint of what life might be like without the band. LRB did a small tour around the country, a major cities thing. That was fine — good houses. Then I went out on a quick two-week Christmas tour around the pubs and doubled all the crowds, on my own. That really sat me down and made me think. I had wanted to do another album since *Uncovered* in 1980, but I didn't want to do either the record or LRB half-arsed, so I held off.

Penthouse: It must have been a little disheartening being constantly mistaken for Glenn Shorrock in America?

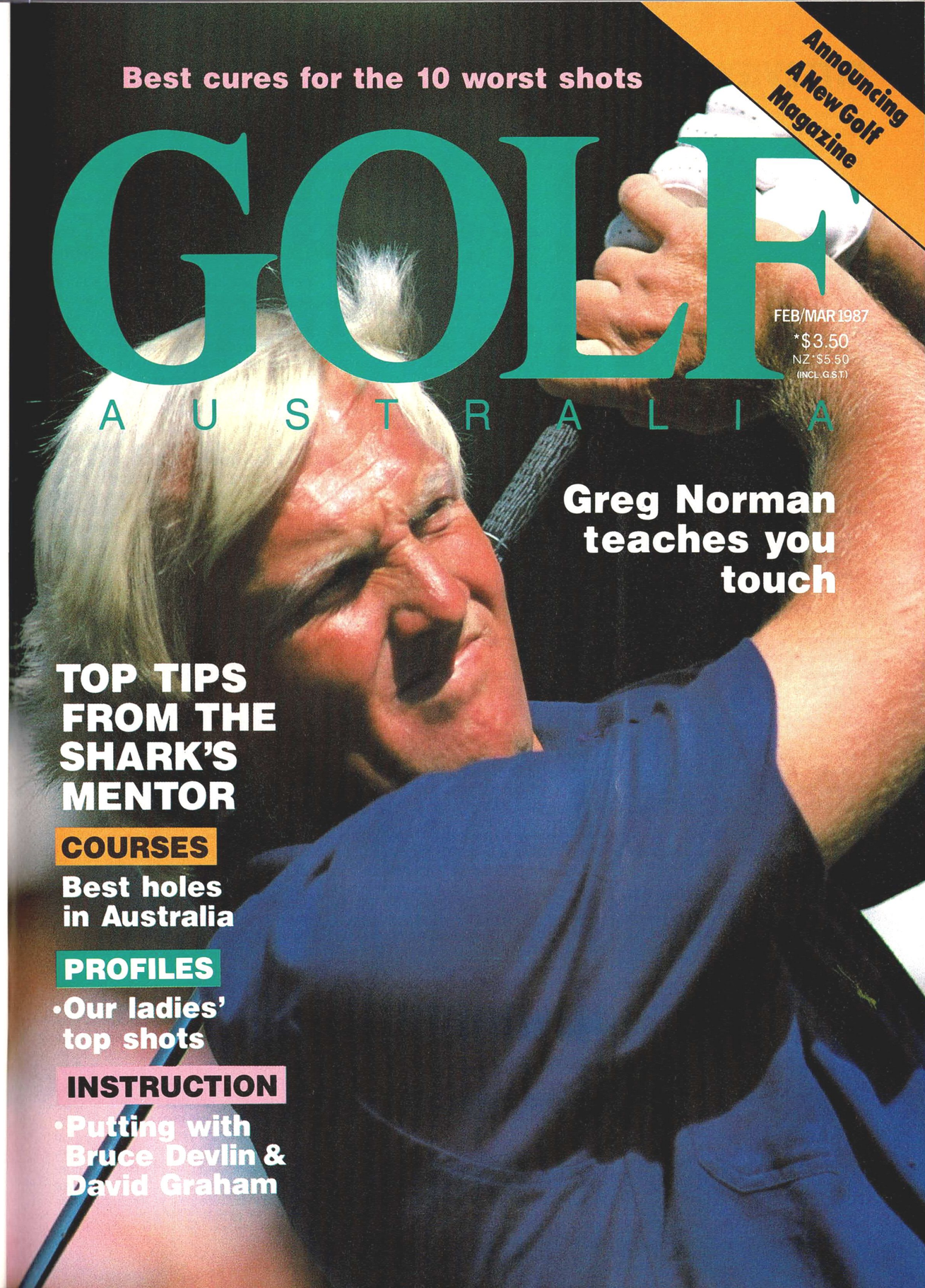
Farnham: Happened all the time. People would come up and say, "Great show, Glenn", "Good to see you again, Glenn" and I'd just stand there and grin. But it didn't worry me at all. Some people noticed the change, others didn't, some fans stayed away, some people came. We were faceless. Even then, we'd come off stage and people would say, hey I didn't know you guys did this song or that song. Like, they didn't relate "Reminiscing" to "Night Owls" or "Long Way There" with "Cool Change." But look, it taught me a great deal. It matured me a lot musically and exposed me internationally. I got a lot of benefit out of doing that because there were no preconceptions about me at all outside of this country, which was a great advantage. There was no bitterness in the band when I left, they knew it had to happen. When my single hit number one, Graham Goble rang and congratulated me heartily, which was nice.

Penthouse: I gather you left LRB some months before it was publicly known?

Farnham: No, it wasn't announced until the bloody single came out. Wheatley handed me this press schedule about two inches thick and I said, "Hang on, somebody's gonna ask me about LRB and I'm not going to hedge. The first person who asks me I'm gonna tell them." It turned out



"Don't do anything I wouldn't do."



to be this woman from the *Melbourne Sun*, who asked, "Is this general knowledge?" I said no and she went a bit pale and asked, "Well, who have you told then?" When I said "you" she almost fainted!

Penthouse: You have a number of notable admirers, including Stevie Wonder and super-producer Quincy Jones. How did that develop?

Farnham: I toured Australia with Stevie and he was a dream, so giving as a person. I've never met Quincy actually. I did a song for a Neil Simon film, *The Slugger's Wife*, that Quincy co-produced. I went over to Los Angeles and did it and Cliff Mangus & Glen Ballard, who produced the track, played it to Quincy and I got this lovely telegram from him, full of compliments. I think he wanted to work with me but was real busy and couldn't do anything for two years — had a Michael Jackson album to make or something. Ian Meldrum told me a story which I loved. He was in Los Angeles having lunch with [Australian film director] Russell Mulcahy and Quincy recognised him from the *We Are The World* session and came over. The first thing he said was "What's happening with John Farnham?" Meldrum flew home the next day and rang me as soon as he got off the plane! The fear I have with something like that is that, as much as I admire the guy, it could have ended up as a "Quincy Jones Presents!" album rather than mine. It would be hard to get through all that.

Penthouse: I always thought that you had a great chance for American success with your 1980 version of "Help", which you rendered the way that John Lennon once said he would have liked to. Unfortunately, Tina Turner stole a bit of your thunder with her fairly similar treatment, which some suggest was "borrowed" from your hit.

Farnham: You only have to listen to it. EMI wanted to release my record in England not long after it was a hit here, but it wasn't long after Lennon got shot and I wouldn't have coped well with being accused of jumping on the bandwagon.

Penthouse: You are unquestionably admired in Australian music. How important to you is the respect and admiration of your peers?

Farnham: It's important, sure, but not the be-all and end-all. I'm flattered that people in the business think I can sing but it's not *the* most important thing in the world to me. I don't do it for musicians, I do it for me and anybody else who is interested.

Penthouse: You seem to be saddled with a certain public image that grew out of "Sadie The Cleaning Lady." Do you see that as an advantage at all?

Farnham: I know the image thing is very important to other people but it doesn't mean very much to me. I certainly don't think about it. Everyone else seems more interested in my past than I am. When I started I was young, I looked like I was about five years old. I had blond hair, blue eyes and didn't spit, so they said I was Mr Clean and everybody wanted me for a son. That's fine, that's how I am perceived, still. It's probably correct, I don't know. I've never tried to portray anything in particular. I'm not a hair gel or clothes person, I want to present music, not image. "Sadie" is no burden at all, it's the reason I'm here. It's part of what I did and I'm not ashamed of it. There are things I've done that I would rather not have to live with, like "Mr Whippy", but no regrets. If the new album happens in America there's no way that "Sadie" won't surface, but that doesn't bother me.

Penthouse: It's interesting that Sadie is cited in your official biography as the beginning of your professional activity. But in fact your widely-heard "Susan Jones" Ansett jingle came first, did it not?

Farnham: It did. I was singing with a suburban band called Strings Unlimited, which had no violins or anything, just three guitars and a Farfisa organ. I'd climb out of my plumber's overalls and get on stage with them; it was a lot of fun. Sometime in 1967, (singer/songwriter) Hans Poulson came up after a gig and asked me if I was interested in doing a commercial. (Producer) David McKay rang the next day, called me in and said, "How much do you want?" I said, "I dunno, how much do I get?" So they gave me 40 bucks and I sang "Susan Jones" through my nose. Out of that came my recording contract with EMI.

Penthouse: After your amazing chart debut with "Sadie", the hits seemed to keep flowing fairly fast. "Friday Kind Of Monday" made top ten a couple of months later without too much trouble.

Farnham: David McKay brought that song to me and said he wanted to do it as a sort of vocal group with Little Pattie, me and a couple of other people. I sang it and loved it so much that I pleaded to be able to have it for a single. He let me, which was great. I remember a hit I had in the Seventies, "Acapulco Sun", which was originally all about dope and called "Acapulco Gold." EMI wouldn't let that through so we had to change it.

Penthouse: Given that you have been performing in this country for more than 20 years, how are you able to maintain that constant effervescence? I mean, doesn't it *ever* wear thin?

Farnham: I think I understand it a little bit. When people come up and say I like what you do or I don't like what you do, it's a reaction at least, it's not indifference. That's okay, I can put up with that. But I'm forever having the crew ask me, "Don't you ever say piss off?" If they're interested enough to want to spend a little time, and then I'll spend some time with them. I enjoy what I do and I'm lucky that I've been allowed to do it for such a long time. I hate being away from home but I love being on the road, I love working. Although, to be honest, for a long time I never really worked at what I did. I left plumbing two days before "Sadie" was released. There have been quiet years as well when I didn't do much at all. The first time I ever worked at anything seriously was the *Uncovered* album. But I still wasn't there from the mix. Then when I joined LRB we worked very solidly on the album, from dawn to dusk. Now I feel much more a part of what I do, a little more credible.

Penthouse: And, it would seem, a lot more comfortable?

Farnham: The people I'm working with now understand me and know what I can and can't do and that's just bloody lovely. When I did the *Uncovered* sessions I was singing at the top of my range all the way through. All those songs were too high but people would say, "We've got this song with a nine octave range, let's give it to Farnham." Or, "Let's put the key up, see if he can hit the D." It's flattering in its way but it gets a bit boring.

Penthouse: Almost every notable Australian creative talent has felt compelled to try to become established internationally. Yet, until LRB, you didn't seem to have any real interest in that area.

Farnham: I like it here. I feel totally Australian. All my family is here, this is where I live. Leaving was not something I really thought about. I don't want to go to America to live, though if I really thought about it, I should. My accountant probably thinks it's a great idea. But it's not as straightforward as everybody thinks it is. You know, I still get really nervous before I go on, I really get toey, and people just can't believe that. Every single night, I say why the shit do I do this to myself? People are running around saying, "Oh America is gonna be so easy for you, Australia's the flavor of the month and they love *Crocodile Dundee*" and all this sort of thing. But if it

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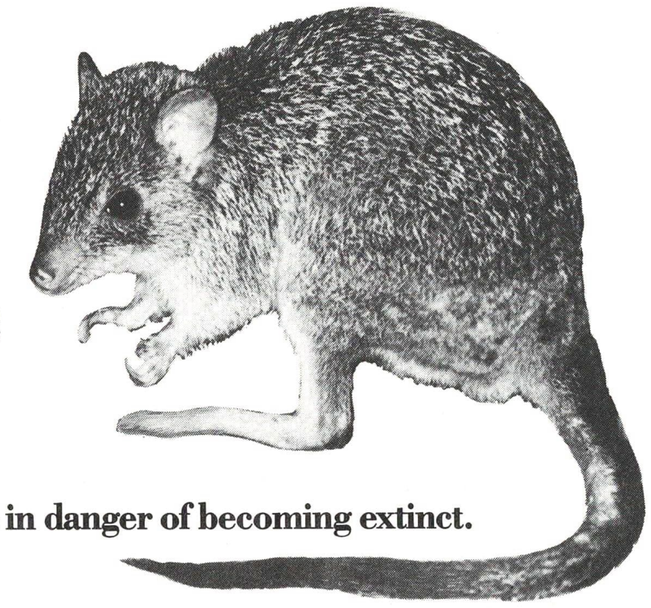

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INTERVIEW

doesn't work they'll say, "Hey the bastard's no good." I would love huge American success and I'll give it everything I've got but, to be honest, it's not going to break my heart if it doesn't happen.

Penthouse: Your heavily publicised marriage to Jillian Billman in 1973 has lasted considerably longer than a lot of other showbusiness unions and I would imagine that it has played a significant part in the stability of your career.

Farnham: The bride's fantastic. She and Robbie mean more to me than everything. They both know that and it's very important to us. That's what holds it all together. It sounds like a song but if she needs me she knows I'm going to be there. Robbie goes to school next year and that is going to be a hard thing because I don't want to uproot him from school so I'll have to work my schedule around that. I'm not looking forward to that day. I'm pretty emotional anyway but it will be real hard for me because I hated school and if the little bugger goes through anything like I did . . .

Penthouse: How did the album title *Whispering Jack* come about?

Farnham: I was in a black jazz club in Los Angeles with a friend of mine who turns into megamouth when she's had a couple of bottles of red wine. She knew the DJ, a South African who sounded like Isaac Hayes when he was on stage and Tony Greig when he wasn't — very strange. She got into his ear and the next minute this guy was up on stage saying, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we have this really famous singer from Australia here tonight, please give him a big hand, Jack Phantom!" He must have misunderstood her accent. The Whispering part came from the first Farnham Band thing when we used to carry cassette players around and narrate things. I narrated breakfast one morning as Whispering Jack and it stuck. The crew have always called me Jack, always.

Penthouse: It's a nice touch to have Greg Macainsh from Skyhooks on your video and in your live band. How did that relationship come about?

Farnham: I liked and admired the guy but didn't know him very well. I'd only met him three or four times. But when we did the clip I came up with the idea of having some recognisable faces because I didn't want to appear to be preaching to people. I wanted to get the point of the song across but also make it relatable to everybody. So I got Jackie Weaver and Derryn Hinch and Greg. Then when we were doing the clip I had this flash about asking him to go out on the road with me. He nearly died, he took two steps back and said, "Ooh no, I don't think . . . I couldn't really." But I said don't decide now, take the album home and think about it. Two days later he rang me and said yeah. He's a funny bugger though. He said to me the other day when the record went platinum, "Hey, I thought this was going to be a low key thing!"

Penthouse: The three Sydney Entertainment shows you did supporting Whitney Houston just as the single and album made national number one were seen as a major, fortuitous triumph by about everyone in the city except one reviewer from a morning paper, who described it as an example of the "culture cringe." I believe that upset you?

Farnham: Oh, that jerk. We were asked to do the shows before the hit happened, and I *was* apprehensive. Wheatley thought it was a good idea and I'm prepared to be guided by the people I trust. The easiest thing in the world would have been to pull out and go do my own shows but I honored my commitment and that arsehole really pissed me off with that review. But it didn't matter because the staff were saying that it was the fullest they'd ever seen the place before intermission. I was blown away. It worked, the crowd was unbelievable. They were really there. It was bloody beautiful. I loved every second of it, I could have stayed up there for days. I try not to milk crowds too much because people do get sick of clapping. Like being at the ballet and they come out for 15 encores. But I milked them a bit in Sydney — I couldn't resist. When it happened in the old days I was too busy to really enjoy it. Now I can savor it. ○—

THE DRUG EXPENSIVE

Continued from page 77

"And some rich women enjoy it too," smiled David.

XOK — The Flavor Of The Month

We've been told often that Australia is the flavor of the month in America. First the America's Cup, then *Crocodile Dundee* — and now, apparently, XOK. When I started my interview with Thomas, a long-serving member of the US Drug Enforcement Agency, he was very po-faced and serious. Gradually he began to loosen up and admitted to being intrigued by the idea that an Australian-designed drug could break into the American market.

"You know," he began, "it's been part of my job for some time to keep an eye on the Australian drug scene. In Australia, up until the mid-Sixties, drugs were used chiefly by a handful of writers, artists, jazz musicians and prostitutes, together with a section of the Chinese communities in Sydney and Melbourne. Your authorities took little interest in the situation and didn't see it as a problem. All that changed when our boys began operating in Laos, Thailand the Vietnam, and spending their R and Rs in Sydney. Within four years you had a real heroin problem here."

"Nugan Hand?" I suggested.

"And others. I met those boys in Chiang Mai, by the way. We had offices in the same building."

"And what do you make of XOK?" asked.

"Very interesting. Frankly, and off the record, I'm impressed. Not with the drug. I'm not fond of any drug. But with the way it's being marketed. Very limited circulation. Very exclusive clientele. As far as we can see, no Mafia link-ups, and that's pretty unique to start with. As for the drug itself, it's got our boys back in the States baffled. In fact, they can't make up their minds whether or not it's a con. It's been designed all right, and it's very like Lidocaine. It's very pure and it's unlikely to have any serious side-effects. Unlike some of the rubbish that's coming out of California. The people who use it can afford it, and they should be able to look after themselves. We don't know what to do about it yet. We'll see how things develop."

"Have you any idea who is making it?"

"Your Federal Police think they know. I don't know what they intend doing about it. There would have to be an amendment to a law, apparently, making it an illegal drug. And according to our chemists it's not difficult to make a slight change to the structural formula. Then it's a new drug, and you would need another amendment."

"What about the XOK cream?"

"Yes. That's a brilliant idea. I'm surprised someone hasn't patented it. Have you tried it? It seems to work all right."

I shook my head.

"Of course the problem here is that it can't be contained. It's only a matter of time before other people start making XOK and marketing it on much wider scale. Then we'll have problems. And we'll have to do something about it."

If one merchant banker in Toorak spends $25,000 a year on XOK, and there are around 500 people in his "set" with similar habits, then an estimated market for XOK in Melbourne could be about $12 million a year. Let's say it's five times this amount in the States and about the same in London as in Melbourne. That suggests a global market for XOK sales of about $90 million a year. That's chicken-feed when compared to the billions of dollars involved in the heroin and cocaine trade. Nevertheless, it's a lot of money particularly since a synthetic local anaesthetic such as lidocaine could be manufactured in a relatively simple laboratory for around $1 a gram.

> A synthetic local anaesthetic could be manufactured in a relatively simple laboratory for $1 a gram.

Police forces and drug enforcement agencies, both here and in America, have enough problems dealing with the orthodox illicit drug trade; they are apparently loath to spend precious time and money going after the makers, sellers and users of XOK. In addition, they know that there are a number of legal problems to be sorted out before successful prosecutions involving XOK can be launched. Even then, XOK users could afford the best legal brains in the country.

XOK It And See

It's not likely that I'll ever be qualified to join the XOK set, for a variety of reasons — all of which concern money, or rather the lack of it. However, I did get hold of a sample of XOK some time ago and, in the interests of science (of course), I've tested it. Let me say straight away that given the choice between one gram of XOK and 200 packets of Rothmans, I'd choose the latter every time.

The experimental study of illicit drugs is difficult for both legal and scientific reasons. The most useful animal model so far developed is the self-administration technique in monkeys. An intravenous catheter is placed in the monkey's arm and a measured dose of the drug under study is administered every time the monkey presses the lever. The theory is that the more the monkey presses the lever, the more it is enjoying the drug. Most addictive drugs can be detected in this way, but the method is both complex and costly. Interestingly, the drug most monkeys prefer is nicotine.

Anyway, I didn't test XOK on monkeys, I tried it on myself. Remember, though, that the effects of a drug are influenced by the psychological make-up of the user and the setting in which the drug is taken. In other words, in the clinical atmosphere of a laboratory a drug may not have the same effects as it would in other settings.

When I crushed and "snorted" a measured dose of XOK weighing 50 milligrams, I experienced precisely nothing. With a similar dose of high quality cocaine I would have expected at least a moderate high. On the other hand, with a dose of 100 milligrams of XOK, taken intranasally, I did experience a satisfactory high lasting about half an hour. Such a dosage level with cocaine might be considered excessive.

I did not, and would not, inject XOK. There are a number of reports in the medical literature which show that excessive amounts of intravenous local anaesthetics can have highly dangerous consequences including seizures and convulsions.

When I smoked XOK base it failed to produce any effects at all. No euphoria, no nothing. Certainly nothing like the reported effects likely to be expected from a dose of crack.

I also tested XOK cream. This time I could record an effect as was promised. But these effects are not unique. Many doctors and dentists — and presumably other people in the know — have for years used local anaesthetic creams to improve their sexual performance. XOK cream works about as well as the readily available Xylocaine Ointment manufactured by Astra Pharmaceuticals Pty Ltd and available in most pharmacies.

My very limited investigation of XOK suggests that it is a synthetic local anaesthetic closely related to Lidocaine (or Xylocaine). For *some* people sniffing XOK may produce highs similar to those received from cocaine. Using XOK cream will be likely to improve sexual performance. As far as health side-effects go, at least it may be said that at present the drug comes in a very pure form.

Is XOK worth $400 a gram? Well, what do you think? If you're a Trak Trendy with a rich Daddy, perhaps it is. My own view is that for the bulk of us, there are an infinite number of more interesting, amusing and constructive ways to spend a week's pay packet. A gram of XOK would have to rank somewhere near the bottom of the barrel. ○

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DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

Continued from page 38

second-hand accounts of Craig's state of mind just before his death. In fact, she says it was only after his death that she discovered Craig was on a private farm — free to come and go as he pleased — and not under some form of official police protection. Despite this confusion, and her belief that enough people knew of Craig's whereabouts for him to be anything but safe, there are other reasons for Wendy's insistence that it wasn't suicide.

"Craig lacked courage," she told me. "A relative of ours, who knew Craig really well, reckoned there was no way he'd have killed himself because he was the biggest coward around. He was nearly 18, but when the boys in the bunkhouse had a bit of a scrap, Craig would come running to me in tears. He would never stick up for himself. As for the idea that I forced him over the edge — that doesn't make sense.

"We often had arguments, sometimes pretty fierce ones, but Craig didn't sulk or sink into deep depressions. I'm absolutely convinced that when he left the farmhouse that night, it would have been to run away — not to hang himself. He hated being cooped up. If I wouldn't take him into town at any stage, he'd walk in. And because of the rain that Friday, he'd been cooped up all day."

Wendy remembered something else.

"That hangman's noose he's supposed to have made — the police told me it was perfectly constructed. Well, Craig couldn't even tie a farm gate properly. He was hopeless with knots! I don't blame the police for believing it was suicide, because there's no real evidence to the contrary. But I know — *I know* — Craig wouldn't have done it."

Then how did it happen?

Wendy sought another smoke, her hands shaking.

"I don't know," she said flatly. "It's been going over and over in my mind. There was something else involved, but I don't know what. Look at me! I'm a nervous wreck — but I don't know what's causing it. I just know that nothing's right."

Almost a month later, when I phoned her from Brisbane, Wendy said she'd been visited by the wife of the Goomburra farmer. "She was upset and crying. She said they'd never have gone out that night if there'd been any reason for concern over Craig. But before they went out, Craig was helping her make pikelets. He was laughing and joking as usual — he told them how I used to be a champion swimmer and diver at school. He helped with the dishes. He was happy."

There was another detail: only one of the family's sons had remained at home with Craig. He is 13 — and according to Wendy's visitor, Craig did not announce he was going for a walk at about 8.30pm, as Wendy (and I) had been previously informed. Wendy: "She said the boy, who'd been watching TV, didn't even notice Craig was missing until 9.30pm when he was preparing for bed. Craig could have been outside for a long time by then."

"HURTING?" runs a sign on the window of the Assembly of God coffee shop. "GOD CARES — AND SO DO WE." On an interior wall a mural painted by one of the kids depicts a radiant Christ looking down on his followers from (by grim coincidence) an old, twisted tree. It was in here that Craig and his best mate "BJ" — a young drifter who arrived in Warwick a year ago — passed much of their time. BJ began attending Matarasso's church at about the same time Craig did.

"We were both sinners," BJ told me. "He'd tell me what he'd done and I'd tell him what I'd done. We'd have a chuckle about it, and then we'd pray, you know? He was a good bloke, a good mate — the first decent bloke I met here. Even now I dream about him and he's always smiling and happy — that was him. In the coffee shop, we'd wrestle around on the floor . . . always just him and me, joking around and laughing. I was sitting at home on Saturday morning when someone came and told me Craig was found dead. I just kept asking myself: *Why?* I didn't know what to do. I went to the kitchen and picked up a knife and stood there hitting it into the palm of me hand. I was thinking about doing something to meself, yeah. But now I know I'll see Craig again and I'm looking forward to that. See, I didn't know anything about Satanism or the occult. I thought it was just in movies, sorta made up. But it wasn't."

Wilson: "What sort of rituals are there?" Burdoe: "You know, sacrifices and that." Wilson: "Fair dinkum?" Burdoe: "Yeah, I even drank the blood of the sheep."

On September 18, John Charles Burdoe and Wayne Richard Cockram were committed for trial at the December sittings of the Warwick District Court. They were charged with killing 22 sheep, maiming one sheep, wounding 19 sheep, killing five Angora goats and maiming three goats, on or about August 10 this year. Burdoe pleaded not guilty to the charges; Cockram did not enter a plea.

At the committal hearing, undercover policeman Constable Stewart Wilson described how he'd posed as a prisoner and spent a night in jail with Burdoe. Part of an alleged conversation between Wilson and Burdoe was read to the court.

Wilson: "What are you in for?"
Burdoe: "The unlawful killing and wounding of sheep and goats at the school."
Wilson: "I read about that."
Burdoe: "Yeah, I wish I hadn't done it now."

Wilson had then asked Burdoe if he "believed" in Satanism.

Burdoe: "I did — it looked after me for a while, but then it let me down. Now I believe in The Book."
Wilson: "What sort of rituals are there?"
Burdoe: "You know, sacrifices and that."
Wilson: "Yeah, fair dinkum?"
Burdoe: "Yeah, I even drank the blood of the sheep."

After an earlier court appearance, local teenagers cheered when Burdoe snarled and spat at a TV cameraman as he left the court. Short and slight — "the size of a small beer," in the words of one cop — Burdoe sports a long ponytail and a fringe. He wears old-fashioned circular glasses with very thick lenses. Cockram, taller, appears in press photos taken outside the court to be on the verge of tears.

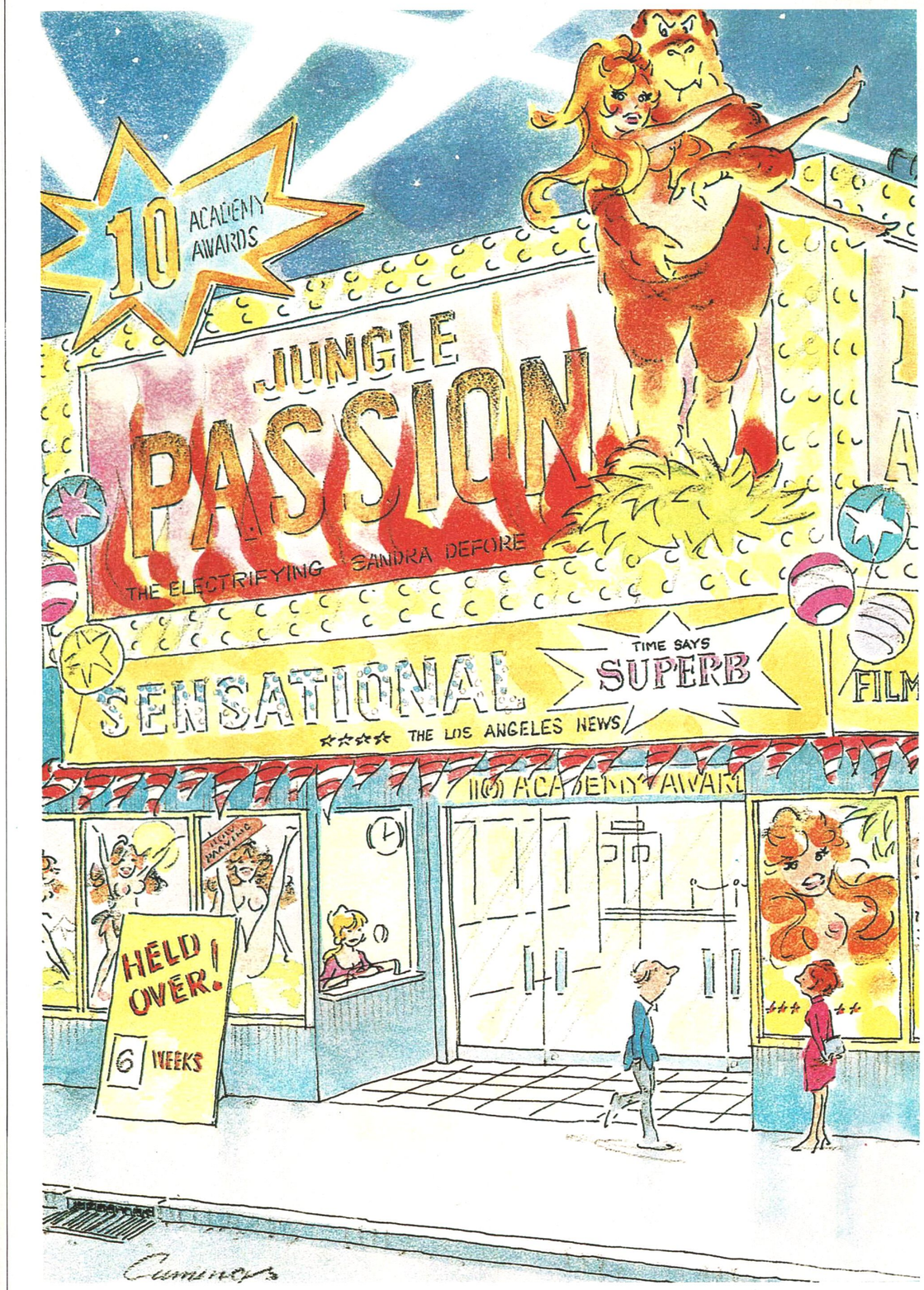
At their trial on December 5, John Burdoe and Wayne Cockram pleaded guilty to all charges before Judge Bernie McLaughlan. Condemning them for their "cruelty and sadism," Judge McLaughlan sentenced Burdoe to 12 months jail and Cockram to six months jail. He placed Cockram on two and a half years probation.

Evidence was tendered that Burdoe and Cockram committed the offences in company with another youth. Defence counsel Peter Goodwin said his clients admitted that material taken from Burdoe's house by police was "used in Satanism," but denied it was used on the night of the killings.

Just before I left Warwick, I encountered a middle-aged woman who said "real occultists" in the area — outwardly respectable men and women — would not take kindly to such dogged attempts to learn precisely how Craig Anderson came to die. I was in danger, she said; if I persisted my children might become ill or my marriage might deteriorate — "that sort of thing."

The woman claimed she had been a witch years ago but turned to God after an experience in which she almost became demon-possessed. "God is the only protection," she warned, with a fine dramatic flair. "For me — and for you." Asked if *she* knew why Craig had apparently killed himself, the woman shrugged.

"Why is it so important — the death of one poor kid? But I imagine he would have been scared . . . don't you?"



"She says it sucks."

TICKLED PINK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

When the sun begins to go down and the colors of the late afternoon sky begin to glow through her window, Margo Chapman begins to stir. "It's my favorite time of day," the 20-year-old professional dancer and model says dreamily. "When everyone else is winding down, I'm just starting to rev up. I guess you could say I'm a moonchild."

Margo, who keeps herself in condition by dancing, aerobics and sport, readily admits to a penchant for pampering herself. "Some days, I have all the time in the world — to exercise, lie about, daydream, whatever. Come nightfall, I get restless and hungry for a bit of adventure."

"I love to be adventurous when it comes to sex. With the right man, I'll do it anywhere and any way — and just on night time is the right time. Being in *Penthouse* is a big adventure for me, too," says Margo. "It's like having millions of secret admirers all watching at the same time!"

GRANDMASTER

William Cheung has taught thousands of Australians how to improve their lives by improving themselves

BY GREG HUNTER

In Japan, the word "master" refers to any martial artist who has advanced to the rank of fifth degree black belt. In China, a "master" earns that title through the widespread acclaim of respected leaders in the martial arts fraternity. In the West, however, the concept bears much grander proportions. Film and television scriptwriters have given us a romantic, exotic, almost mythical image of the martial arts "master": one who has the wisdom of a sage, the humility of a slave, the insight of a clairvoyant, the motivational skills of an athletic coach, the mystical aura of a saint, and above all, a level of fighting prowess

PHOTO BY MICHAEL COYNE

MASTER

sufficient to make him invincible in combat against any number of opponents. Nothing less than this will satisfy us. Nothing other than celluloid can provide it.

But there are some martial artists — an elite few in the world — who actually aspire to such giddy heights of excellence. And even in this rarefied company, there is one who stands out. He has been called "the master's master." He is regarded by some observers as perhaps the most proficient martial artist on Earth. He was described by legendary Kung Fu artist Bruce Lee as "the ultimate streetfighter" and the standard by which all martial artists should be judged. He is, by dint of a strange set of circumstances, the sole inheritor of a devastatingly effective fighting style known as Wing Chun Kung Fu. He is the revered "Sifu" — a word which means both "teacher" and "father" — of about 1000 students scattered throughout the city of Melbourne, and many thousands more around Australia. His name is Grandmaster William Cheung.

The best boxers in the world can't throw more than four punches in a second. William Cheung is capable of throwing nine punches in a second. I know this because in 1984 a Harvard University research team used three synchronised cameras and a computer to determine Cheung's punching speed. I also know it because I have seen him do it. His hands move faster than you can count, faster than you can think, faster than you can see. It takes very little imagination to form a mental picture of the havoc they could cause.

But Cheung has not been forced to use them seriously for many years. His reputation is such that there is no-one silly enough to challenge him. His time is now devoted to the scientific analysis of his art, the continual refinement of its techniques, the propagation of Wing Chun Kung Fu throughout the world, and the development of the "physical, mental and spiritual awareness" of his students.

There are martial arts instructors in Australia who call themselves "masters." They profess to follow a martial arts "philosophy", involving rudimentary concepts of karma and pacifism, while they set about bastardising new students and teaching devotees how to inflict horrendous injuries in a minimal number of lessons. William Cheung is not of this ilk. He is the genuine article — a teacher who seeks to impart his mastery of a discipline as the basis for the mastery of life.

At the same time, there's nothing austere about this Grandmaster Cheung. Like some giggling guru of an Indian mystical cult, he seems to spend most of his time laughing. He's a hyperactive and a supreme optimist. He doesn't drink or smoke but revels in every healthy form of self-indulgence. At 46, he could easily pass for 30. He speaks softly — almost in a whisper — and exudes an aura of tranquility. He is above all a happy man.

THE CAULDRON

The Hong Kong of Cheung's youth was a savage battleground. Overpopulated, poverty-stricken and teeming with gangs of unemployable teenagers, it was an environment where fighting skill, street wisdom and "honor" were the only measures of worth. One-on-one encounters often developed into all-out gang warfare in which kung fu training and weapons expertise meant a chance of survival.

At the age of 11 Cheung enrolled in the kung fu school of Yip Man, the Grandmaster of a little-known style called Wing Chun. The style had been created 280 years ago by five Chinese grandmasters who decided to pool their knowledge to create a fighting system superior to all others. They combined the virtues of the "hard" styles, such as karate, with those of the "soft" styles, such as tai chi, devising techniques that would land with the unpredictable speed of the "soft" styles and the violent penetration of the "hard" styles. By an accident of history the new fighting art was passed on to only a single member of successive generations; the sole inheritor of the authentic Wing Chun was Yip Man.

> The rules were simple: no poking the eyes and no grabbing the groin. Everything else was legal.

Cheung became Yip Man's favorite student. He was bigger and stronger than most boys his age and quickly developed a reputation as a competent fighter. Within a year he'd accepted and won his first challenge match. These "secret" matches, held on secluded rooftops and in dingy back alleys, were common events in which the rules were simple: no poking the eyes and no grabbing the groin. Everything else was legal.

By the time he was 14 Cheung was a very good fighter. He'd never lost a challenge match but his exploits had brought the police to his door many times and the situation at home had become intolerable. Cheung asked Yip Man if he could be accepted as Yip's only full-time live-in student. The old master agreed.

It was then that Yip Man made a decision that would ultimately have a major bearing on William Cheung's life. He took the boy aside and made him swear a vow. Cheung remembers the exact words: "From now on, Ah Hing [Cheung's original name], when I teach you a technique that I say is secret, then, by the Gods, you are not to teach it to anyone. The knowledge is mine. When I die the knowledge becomes yours. Until then, *I* decide who shall learn."

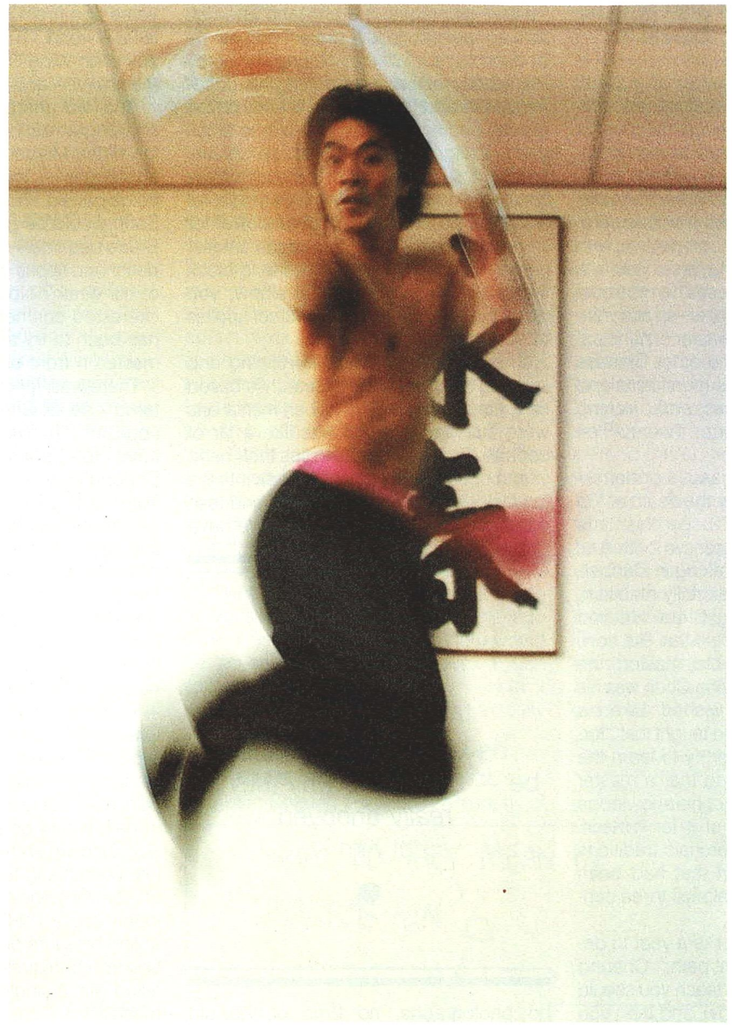
This account, sounding so much like a fantasy inspired by an episode of *Kung Fu*, is at the heart of a fierce battle between practitioners of two separate Wing Chun styles. Cheung claims to teach "authentic" Wing Chun, as opposed to what he calls "modified" Wing Chun, a vastly inferior style. According to Cheung, Yip Man had learned both styles from two separate masters and had chosen to teach only the "modified" style to his students. Why would he do such a thing?

It seems odd, but a tradition among martial arts masters is that some techniques should always be withheld from students. That tradition is alive and well today, and it's one that Cheung is firmly opposed to. It allows the master to retain his edge over even the best students, in spite of age and frailty. This was important to Yip Man because, like many of the old masters, he was an opium addict. He needed the income from his students to feed his habit. "As far as I know," says Cheung, "I am the only one who was taught the authentic Wing Chun style."

For the next three years Cheung trained for seven to ten hours every day, mastering in secret the immensely effective Wing Chun style. He was superbly fit, powerful and fast, in street combat a raging animal.

Bruce Lee was Cheung's closest friend throughout this period, and the two fought side by side in numerous rooftop challenges. Many of Lee's students have reported that their superstar instructor was so awed by Cheung's skill that throughout his life he regarded Cheung as the man he had to beat in order to become the best streetfighter alive. Most of Lee's personal fighting techniques were developed with that goal in mind. Wong Sheung Leung, a Yip Man student senior to both Cheung and Lee, has reportedly said that a month before his death in 1973, Lee had asked: "Leung, do you think now I can defeat Ah Hing?"

It was in fact Cheung who introduced Lee to Yip Man and to martial arts. Eventually, however, Lee was thrown out of the school because of his penchant for challenging senior students, whom he constantly humiliated. After his expulsion, he trained almost exclusively in private sessions with Cheung. But because of his sacred vow to Yip Man, Cheung could not teach Lee the authentic version of Wing Chun. And so he engineered "practical situations" for Lee which emphasised the weaknesses in modified Wing Chun.



At 17, with six years of training behind him, Cheung had learned all there was to know about Wing Chun. All he needed was practice — and he got plenty of that. As the fastest gun in Hong Kong, he was continually challenged by rival martial artists and street gang members anxious to avenge the loss of face he'd inflicted on their comrades. Street confrontations became more frequent and more dangerous.

In the hands of an aggressive fighter, Wing Chun is a knock 'em down, drag 'em out style of combat: one block, three punches to the head delivered in less than half a second, and it's all over. Cheung used his secret techniques to humiliate martial arts instructors who had large followings. He suffered no losses in 80 full contact fights.

In the Hong Kong of the Fifties, this was bad medicine. Many of the street gangs were associated with a particular kung fu school, which was in turn linked with a branch of the infamous Triads. These people did not take kindly to defeat. Motivated by an all-consuming sense of honor, Cheung continued to iron out his opponents while his enemies in the Crown Colony multiplied.

Tensions were reaching boiling point when Cheung accepted a challenge from a well-known master of the Southern Praying Mantis style who was also a member of a powerful gang. Cheung recalls: "He came in with a double-punch, which I pushed away. I tried to hit him on the jaw but he ducked his head violently and the punch hit him very hard on the cheekbone. As I followed with a knife-hand straight to the neck, his eye fell out in the palm of my hand. I stopped but then all his friends and supporters jumped in and a wild brawl broke out."

Cheung's enemies reacted gravely and a vendetta was proclaimed. The young master was ambushed by groups of thugs wherever he went in Hong Kong; sometimes his assailants were armed with knives, clubs and various kung fu weaponry. This was martial artistry as seen on TV — a lone hero confronted by multiple armed opponents — only it was the real thing. Cheung miraculously escaped unscathed, but the situation was out of hand. After going into hiding for nine months, he decided it was time to begin a new life. In 1959, at the age of 19, he smuggled himself out of Hong Kong on a boat bound for Australia.

His troubles were not yet over, however. Cheung learned through an informant that the Triad had paid four seamen to kill him en route to Australia. "So I thought, if they're going to get me, I might as well go down and confront them. Ha ha! That's how I acted in those days. So I said to this guy in the Seamen's Quarters: 'Are you being paid to get me? I'm here now. You can collect.'"

The upshot of this bold move was that Cheung found himself confronted by 27 able-bodied seamen, many of whom were armed to the teeth, in a locked galley with no escape. "I wasn't really worried," says Cheung. "I was young, in very good condition, and I knew that only three or four of them could get at me at once."

The fight lasted some seven or eight minutes, according to Cheung. When the ship's captain finally blew open the hatch with a shotgun, he assumed a battle had taken place between two rival gangs. Bodies were strewn all over the floor. It wasn't until Cheung made it back to his cabin that he realised his own body was covered in blood. "I knew I'd been stabbed three times — once in the thigh and twice in the back — but when I lay down I felt a sharp pain in my back. One of the knives was still stuck in me. When I got bandaged up I decided to go back down there because I was really, really mad. But on the way down a big net descended on me and I was bundled up and taken to sick bay. In the end there were no charges laid."

Reflecting on these tumultuous times, Cheung says he has no regrets. "Of course, now I realise there are many other ways out of a confrontation. But in those days there was pride and righteousness and refusal to bow to pressure. At the same time, if it were to defend my convictions, my friends, my family or my honor, I would do it again."

THE MASTER

William Cheung's loungeroom in suburban Melbourne, which he shares with his 25-year-old fiancee Trudi, is a microcosm of his life. In the past four years he has travelled the world giving seminars on Wing Chun, and the bulk of his souvenirs are weapons: sabres, broadswords, long bows, crossbows, lances, battle axes, maces, spears, boomerangs, tomahawks, numchakas and knives of every description. Cheung himself is the world's foremost exponent of Kung Fu butterfly swords and Kung Fu dragon pole, but he can use any of the other weapons at his disposal with deadly efficiency. What he could do to a hapless intruder simply doesn't bear con-

MASTER

templating.

The walls are adorned with priceless family heirlooms: rice paper portraits of his ancestors and 200-year-old porcelain figurines. In the centre of this cultural treasure trove is an Apple personal computer against which Cheung pits his considerable skill at chess (he is competitive with Australia's top-ranked players). This is a room where the ancient fuses harmoniously with the modern — and thus an accurate reflection of the Grandmaster's principal goal: to drag his own and other Chinese martial arts, with all their superstitions and secret traditions and guesswork, kicking and screaming into the Twenty-First Century.

The first step in this massive undertaking became possible after the death of Yip Man in December 1972. By this time Cheung had gained degrees in both Arts and Economics while working in Canberra's public service and faithfully maintaining the practice of Wing Chun. He had never broken his vow to Yip Man. But now, with the death of the old master, the knowledge of authentic Wing Chun was his own, to pass on as he wished. Like his teacher, Cheung had been taught that "foreign devils" were not worthy to learn the secrets of martial arts and that a master should impart only some of his knowledge while keeping the best of it for himself. Should he ignore these archaic traditions and bring to light an art that had been shrouded in secrecy for almost three centuries?

"It took me something like a year to decide that this was the right path," Cheung recalls. "If you're going to teach you should teach *everything* you know, and then you should teach your students that this is not *all* — that they must look for new avenues and open up their minds . . . The old masters always kept themselves better than their students. I am teaching to make my students better than me."

Cheung opened his first school in Melbourne in 1973, having decided to devote all of his time to Wing Chun. He became obsessed with refining the practice of his art so that it would be the only fighting system workable at street level against all comers. He already had a firm foundation in Wing Chun — the style designed to defeat all styles — but there was more work to do. "There is no way the old masters could deal with a Thai boxer or even a boxer — they haven't even seen a boxer, so how could they have designed a system to counter him? They haven't even *imagined* a guy who is six feet four and sixteen stone, so how are they going to fight him?"

The answer, for Cheung, was to add on techniques according to the dictates of science. He refined the Wing Chun stance to limit the target area; he developed a new "entry" technique, the arm and knee affording perfect body protection; he introduced a revolutionary strategy whereby the fighter, instead of watching his opponent's fists and feet, focuses entirely on the elbows and knees, and moves in to block them straight away. "A study of biomechanics shows that the elbow moves two and a half times slower than the fist for a straight punch and four times slower for a round punch — and in a much smaller circle. This makes it much easier to block — and once you block the elbow, you block the fist. The same, of course, applies to the knee."

Cheung's commitment to refining and building his art through research is based on a simple philosophy: "When martial arts were first developed it was like a jar of cookies. Every generation dips their hand in and nobody puts anything back into the jar. Unless a system is analysed and tested, everybody is just guessing. We have

> "Most people realise now that he is what he claims to be — and that's why they're *really* annoyed at him."

no photographs, no films of the old masters. People use their human interpretation, not a scientific one, and they eliminate the things they don't understand. So unless we do some research and put something back, there'll be nothing left but superstitions and old wives' tales saying that 78-year-old men could fly up on to the roof and do all these other weird things."

The ultimate goal for Cheung is to establish his own style of Wing Chun as the pre-eminent martial art in the world. He knows that it is the most efficient, most scientific system of unarmed combat in existence. But he's not prepared to actually *say* that. Too many people would get upset. The world of martial arts, and especially kung fu, is dominated by political squabbles, sensitive egos, outright jealousy and a great deal of charlatanism. There's big money in this business. Not only that, there are thousands of practitioners of modified Wing Chun — a style made immensely popular by the exploits of Bruce Lee, who was, ironically, one of the first to realise its limitations because of his training sessions with Cheung. So who needs this William Cheung — this man who emerged four years ago (from Australia of all places) to tell the world: "This is *the* style, this is the authentic Wing Chun that Yip Man taught me *solely* — and *I am the Grandmaster*"?

And so there have been constant challenges, dating right back to the opening of the Melbourne school. But not *real* challenges — not Hong Kong-style no-holds-barred showdowns — for who on Earth would be game to take on the man Bruce Lee openly regarded as his only superior and spoke of constantly until the time of his death? Not the doubters and self-interested conmen whose only objective has been to try and humiliate the Grandmaster in front of his students.

There was, for instance, the guy who entered one of Cheung's classes and announced: "That isn't the way to punch. You have to punch with the shoulder." Cheung's system is all about punching from the elbow — thus his incredible speed — without sacrificing power. "So I say to this guy, 'Well, if you don't believe, I will give you a punching mitten. You hold it. I'm going to move just a couple of inches.' And I send him flying from here to the door. And still he does not believe. Ha ha! Once they have made up their minds, you cannot convince them."

Then there was the fellow who reckoned Cheung did not know how to hold his fist properly. Again in front of the class, Cheung challenged this upstart to a wall-punching contest — the first to withdraw in pain would be the loser. No prizes for guessing which man broke all his knuckles, yet refused to admit he'd been beaten. Similarly, the musclebound negro who loudly scoffed at Cheung's lecture on disabling pressure points — one of Yip Man's secret techniques — and so had to be felled with a single touch from the Grandmaster.

When Cheung spoke with *Penthouse* he was still disconcerted over a bizarre incident which occurred just three weeks earlier during a Wing Chun seminar he was conducting in Cologne, Germany. A group of eight students of the German modified Wing Chun school entered the hall and began to proclaim that Cheung had never studied under Yip Man and had never trained Bruce Lee. One of these people challenged Cheung to a fight. Cheung blocked the punches — thrown while his back was turned — launched a half-paced defensive kick and realised his opponent was padded from head to toe. The man's purpose had been to wrestle Cheung to the ground while his supporters took photographs to "prove" this Grandmaster was not what he claimed to be. The childishness of that futile exercise had driven Cheung almost to the point of despair.

Robert Hendricks, a long-term student of Cheung, sums up the position this way: "Sifu [Cheung] wants the authentic version of Wing Chun to take over the world in the next five to ten years. No-one else is trying to do something like that, and he's set himself a big task. Sometimes Sifu has to be blunt with the con artists in the martial arts, because he has no time to waste. He will challenge anyone if necessary because he knows that his art is good. And I think most people realise now that he is what he claims to be — and that's why they're *really* annoyed at him."

THE STUDENT

As a youngster on the streets of Christchurch, New Zealand, Hendricks was a tearaway train in search of a collision. Never more than a stone's throw from trouble, he studied several fighting styles including the modified version of Wing Chun. As soon as he heard about the authentic Wing Chun, he jumped on a plane to Australia. He was 16 years old and badly in need of a father. He found one in William Cheung.

"I trained day and night with Sifu, following him from one gym to another. At first I kept on getting into fights all the time, but Sifu took the place of my parents, became very close to me, calmed me down and gave me some direction in life. It surprised me that a master could be that kind-hearted. The experiences I'd had of instructors — who were supposedly great people — were very forceful and domineering. In my first karate lesson, an instructor did a spinning back kick and broke half my ribs. It's called bastardisation. Sifu detests that kind of thing. He doesn't have to prove anything."

Hendricks is one of numerous students from all over the world who emulated their master by running away from home to study full-time with him. Some just arrived on his doorstep and expected to be looked after. Cheung adopted them wholeheartedly.

At 23, Hendricks is now the Australasian welterweight kung fu "open style" titleholder. Cheung has also trained the world heavyweight champion, Joe Moahengi, and the world middleweight champion, Rick Spain. These successes are proof enough of the effectiveness of authentic Wing Chun Kung Fu.

It was the scientific, analytical aspect of Wing Chun that captured Hendricks' imagination and kept him going. "You couldn't learn this art if you were simply a thug who wanted to hurt people. Sifu calls it the intelligent martial art. I get bored easily with purely physical things like running and karate, but because there's so much to learn in Wing Chun I can keep doing it till the day I die. At the same time, the art is so effective that within two or three years you can handle yourself on the street against any opponent."

Grandmaster Cheung has been described as "the world's most dangerous man." There's no way of proving such a proposition, and Cheung is reluctant to discuss his own prowess for fear of inciting resentment. Diplomatically, he sidesteps the subject with this response: "To be a great fighter, you have to have the killer instinct. You have got to really want to hurt the other guy. You must be very hungry. But if you maintain the killer instinct over a long period, it eats you up. I have just had a seven-course meal. Do you think I am hungry?"

Hendricks, however, has no doubts about the abilities of his master. "I've seen most of the world champions in the various styles — people like Bill Wallace and Dan Inosanto — and Sifu is the best I've ever seen. He's the fastest and the most skilful. His system is so scientific — he just doesn't *ever* guess. You only have to look at the way he moves to see that he's in total control. Over the years I've seen him do some freaky things. I've seen guys try to punch him in the back of the head while he wasn't looking — and he's turned around and blocked them. I have no idea how he can do that. You'd think he'd be slowing down, but he's actually got faster over the years because of his experience.

"The other thing is that he grew up thinking Wing Chun and it's built into his whole nervous system. He doesn't even have to think. I just can't imagine that there would be anyone who could beat him. I wish someone would take him on — but it wouldn't last long. You wouldn't actually see much."

THE PHILOSOPHY

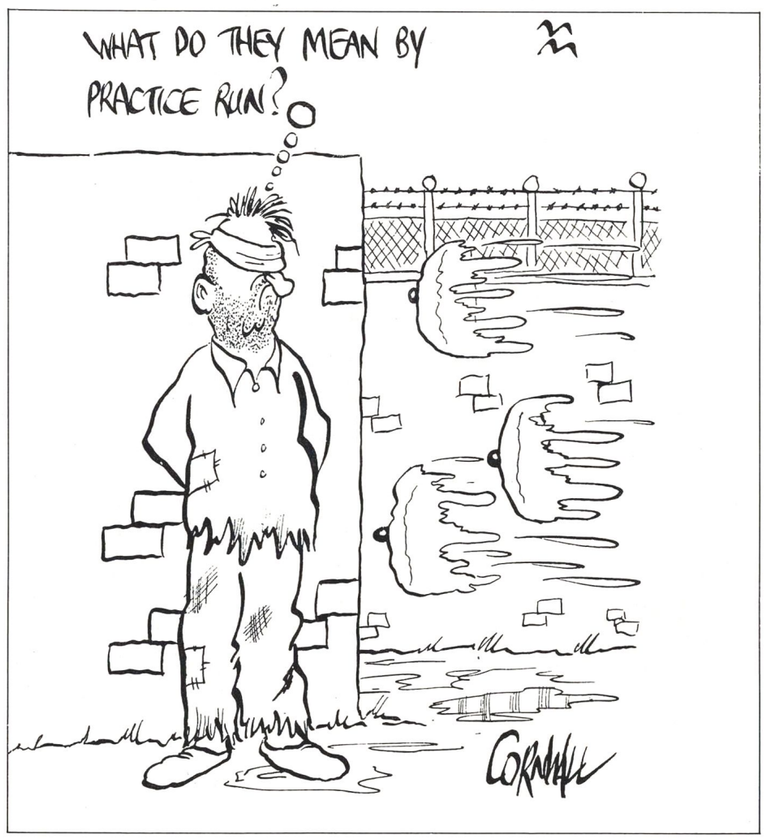
William Cheung teaches a philosophy of self-improvement and self-awareness as a path to spiritual well-being. It is a traditional kung fu philosophy which emphasises the duty to serve others. There are some who have made it a way of life, and Cheung is among them.

The Japanese have a word which describes the quality of such individuals. It is *shibumi*. Those who have acquired *shibumi* are those who have maximised their potential in all areas of endeavor. They are people who know how to do things properly.

Trevanian explored this concept in his book, *Shibumi*, which chronicled the exploits of a fictional character who was a master of every conceivable activity from Zen gardening to sex. The characterisation was far more improbable than anything in a Bond thriller, and I was unable to read the thing without laughing aloud.

After I spent some time with William Cheung I began to change my mind about *Shibumi*. I realised that there are some individuals who, by virtue of effort, intelligence and perseverance, have managed to rise above most of their shortcomings. They are not supermen but mere human beings. But they are highly evolved human beings. There are lots of things they could teach us.

The headquarters of Wing Chun Kung Fu is in Melbourne, with six main branches in Australia and one in New Zealand. Clubs will soon open in Perth, Brisbane and Adelaide. For information, contact Wing Chun headquarters on 03-6634613.



RATBAGS

Continued from page 57

over to Jo'burg so that his listeners can be updated on the latest propaganda he has been fed.

Tingle also seems to have lost the plot as far as domestic politics is concerned. After Bjelke-Petersen's amazing victory last year Tingle had him as a studio guest and positively drooled in the presence of the mighty. As far as Tingle was concerned Moses had parted the Tweed and come down to lead us all to the Promised Land. Typical questions were along the lines of: why are you so wonderful? Thank Christ 2GB has the highly irreverent and fairly Lefty Mike Carlton to breathe a bit of fresh air into the place — the place, incidentally, that has the ratings wrapped up in most recent surveys.

The proliferation of talk show formulas on radio in recent years has seen the development of different presentation styles in newstalk. By far the most popular is the dogmatic, aggressive preacher style employed by such broadcasters as Derryn Hinch and Alan Jones, but a more even-handed approach is gaining ground. Perhaps the best example of it is Mark Day, the former *Penthouse* editor who tired of the glossy and moved on to the titillation of priest-rapes-nun potboilers as the publisher of *Truth*. Lust alone never having been enough to keep Day busy, he soon moved into the electronic media, first on radio and later as a pop current affairs presenter on television. This year Day has ditched TV in order to concentrate on his drivetime show on CBC. Why? Well, as he recently explained to this correspondent: "Because television is full of cunts who don't know what they're fuckin' doing."

But this was a now-rare glimpse of the Day of old. Today's radio Day explains the news thoughtfully and carefully, rarely letting condescension slip into his lowest-common-denominator patois. Says Brian White: "Mark is actually capable of getting right through a two-hour program without voicing a real opinion. It's not that he doesn't have them, rather that he only thumps the tub about subjects he feels strongly about."

And what might these subjects be? "Well," says White, "as a successful businessman there are obviously things in the political process that he feels compelled to speak up on, but I wouldn't like to guess how Mark Day voted in the last election."

This recent convert to the AM band listened to Day's show almost every day for the month leading up to his Christmas break last year and cannot recall a single "editorial", let alone a sermon. To my mind this makes him reasonably good value. He is a man of broad interests, not afraid to admit his ignorance of certain subjects.

But there is a fatal flaw with Mark Day and it is this: he sits on the fence for so long in his program that the barbed wire gets up his arse. For the last half-hour he throws the ball to a bizarre network of old newspaper cronies, mindess hacks and feeble-brained children just out of the police rounds room. The idea is that this odd consortium will present a different face on the news of the day. In reality what happens is that Day's technological genii throw from London to New York to Adelaide to Brisbane — all the glamor capitals — while the sleepy hacks rip and read the wire service offerings to an increasingly depressed Day. Having in a past life been through the rather daunting experience of standing in Day's office with a veritable sizzler of a story in my hands, I can fully sympathise with the hacks and hackettes strategically placed about the globe who daily deliver of their best, only to be met with a stern crackle down the line: "Is that all there is?"

The last area of talkback is truly the last area. But it was also almost the first. It is, of course, the media equivalent of Valium or gin, delivered these days by such experts as Laws, Ita Buttrose (curiously, now with Sydney racing station 2KY) and Ron Casey. Trivia is the name of the game but the ramifications are staggering. Nonsense talk radio is apparently what you listen to just prior to jumping from a great height or zoning out forever on a bottle of brain whammy. However, it is rather glib to assign trivia talkback to the waste basket of media history and, in fact, the field is generally improving. More and more talkback broadcasters are recognising the fact that the suburban housewife is not necessarily a mindless automaton, willing to swallow sedatives and total bullshit with much the same blank-faced acceptance.

Ita Buttrose, for all her everywoman posturing for this women's magazine and that Sunday scandal sheet, deserves special mention. If it is easy to be glib about trivia talkback in general; it is even easier to be glib about the lisping Ita in particular. But here is a woman whose opinions have been formed through less than happy personal relationships, rough trade all about and head-high tackles with media magnates along the way. On any given day she says more that I can agree with than Alan Jones or Derryn Hinch — but that's not why I respect her. No, I respect her because she never sounds too sure about what she is saying. In her considered opinions on everything from Lindy Chamberlain (surely the talkback topic of the century) to Salt II, there is always the dangling phrase, always the uncertain finish that leads you to the totally satisfactory conclusion that Ita, like you and me, isn't all that sure about any bloody thing.

The car radio is right as rain now and I'm back on solid rock. Ask me about any subject. Go on. Lindy, Lionel, FBT, anything. Wouldn't have a clue. Don't listen to talkback.

Hmm . . . That's not skin cancer — it's the crackling.

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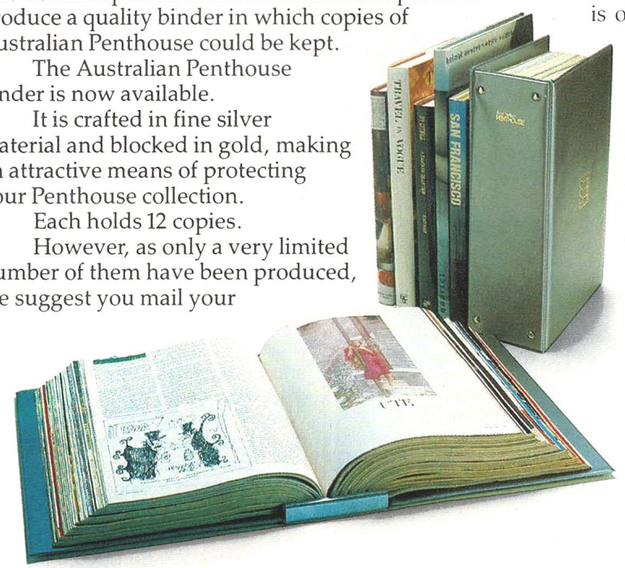

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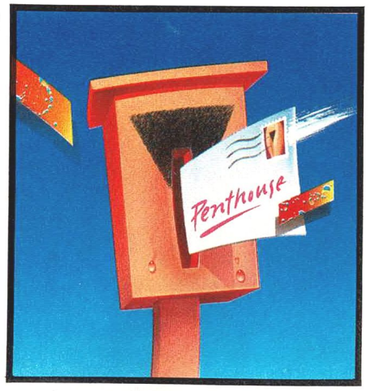

FORUM

Continued from page 16

stomach. Other times I'd have hotfooted it to the fridge. For a change, I unzipped Luke's trousers and fondled his cucumber and nuts. To my surprise and delight, he moaned in his sleep. I licked his cock until he stirred. "Oh, baby," Luke said in drowsy surprise and encouragement, "I love it. Do whatever you like."

This was the way to wake up!

Our lovemaking proved more energetic than ever on our honeymoon. My cunt sauce got Luke's blood flowing like so much hot coffee. His precome tasted sweet as syrup. "Jam it in me baby!" I begged in heat. "Let me load up on you!"

Luke obliged with pleasure. His fingers slid to my pussy while his thick cock penetrated my expanding vagina. His every thrust brought us nearer and nearer to climax. Suddenly his flamethrower set me afire. Luke shot a fantastic amount of hot jism into me, and I screamed.

Spectacular sex at sunup! We discovered a secret that's stood us in good stead ever since: early to bed, early to rise, the better to part your thighs. I still use my vibrators periodically, but chiefly to excite Luke before bed. Our dreams are sweeter than ever now — and we start off every day with a bang. — *Name and address withheld*

Plaster caster

Last year, a match-saving tackle in rugby cost me a broken leg. What a shock to go from a stadium screaming for blood to the sterile box of the casualty ward. It hardly seemed a place for romance.

One evening early in my recovery, I was catching up on my studies when the night nurse came into my room with hot chocolate. Liz, a pretty blond trainee, and I got talking, and soon she asked if I'd let her take a plaster cast of my cock.

"For my portfolio," she explained. "I want to go into private practice."

"Long as you're careful," I said.

Liz had the nimblest fingers I've ever felt. She teased my prick tenderly through the slit of my hospital pyjamas until it stood perpendicular to the tray on my belly.

"Oh, fuck," Liz said, with evident admiration for my nine-by-three goalpost. "This is so much better than studying cadavers before breakfast! I was hoping to jack you off," she added, pointing to rows of clean glasses on a serving table at the bedside, "but I know a better procedure by far."

She explored by mouth eagerly with her admittedly untutored tongue. When she tickled my tense scrotum, I unbuttoned her tight cotton uniform from top to bottom and squeezed her pale melons. At one point, I drew back to ask, "You do this for all your patents?"

Liz shook her head and caressed mine. "You're my first," she said softly in my ear.

She drove me wild. All the other girls I knew were into athletic sex, which is okay, but Liz was a mistress of the fine arts of fondling and licking.

Her massage proved exquisite. I experienced near-ecstasy as she mounted me, ever so careful of my cast, and skirted my hair. She gave me a close-up of her shaven, wet pussy. Gradually, she lowered that pink passion pit of hers to my starving lips, and took my throbbing dick between her own. I almost drowned her with the first mouthful of semen. She gulped it down, then reapplied her teeth and tongue for more. Once she paused briefly to whisper over my candied yam, "First time a patient's ever given me dinner."

That evening, and on succeeding days, Liz taught me the manifold joys of gentle sex. It was the beginning of a lovely relationship that grows richer by the month. I'm proud to say that the plaster cast of my cock is by far the finest in her collection! — *Name and address withheld*

Three after a match

I am a fairly good-looking, well-hung, 21 year-old student. Recently, I visited several friends my age who attended a different uni.

Ben and I decided to go to a concert one evening. After the music, we were returning to his car when a very attractive blonde stopped us and asked for a ride back to her place. Ben said "Sure," as I checked out her very impressive, stacked, six-foot frame. She told us that her name was Penny and that she had been in a sociology class a couple of semesters ago with Ben. As it turned out she decided, at our invitation, to go with us to his apartment for what we thought would only be small talk and a few drinks.

Once we arrived at the apartment, Ben and Penny relaxed on the couch while I played bartender, taking orders for drinks. When I returned from the kitchen, I sat down beside Penny and the three of us began to talk about the usual bullshit, such as classes and boring professors. After a few drinks, I couldn't help but notice Penny's left hand inching conspicuously toward my cock. Surpised, I leaned over

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to look at Ben only to see her right hand heading straight for his crotch. This foxy chic was hot and wanted us badly.

Realising that she wanted a good fucking from two horny boys, I took her by the hand and led her up to Ben's bedroom, with Ben following close behind.

After stripping quickly, Penny positioned herself on all fours and asked: "Who wants to get sucked and who wants to fuck my wet, creamy snatch?" Actually, I didn't really care all that much which orifice my joint wound up in. I just wanted to find some relief inside this hot number—whether it be with her mouth or her cunt, it really didn't matter. But, lo and behold, quicker than a wink, Ben proceeded to ram his shaft up her pussy to the hilt and began pumping her like a wild dingo burning with desire. As I eagerly inserted my tool into her mouth, I couldn't help but think that it looked like a well-disciplined soldier commanded to stand at attention.

I looked at Ben, amid the fucking and the sucking and the groaning. He motioned to me that he wanted to get nibbled on, so we switched positions. Penny rolled over on her back and Ben stuck his glistening shaft into her hungry mouth. As I started to mount her hot, steaming love canal, I was momentarily awestruck by the delicacy of the curly blonde hairs covering her mound. So, before sliding my aching organ into her, I decided to give that beautiful pussy a serious tongue-lashing. As I began to eat, her hips started rocking wildly. My tongue hit her love button and when I started sucking on that tasty morsel I thought Penny would go into orbit.

It was not long before I realised she was about to come. Penny took Ben's cock out of her mouth just long enough to shout: "Oh fuck, I'm about to come . . . fuck me, fuck me with your hard dick . . . put the damn thing in my box now!" I readily obliged. She squeezed her legs together, which doubled the sensations, and I ground my cock harder and harder into her, my balls slapping against her well-shaped arse. I looked up long enough to see Ben's arse gyrating wildly as she deep-throated him. It was apparent to me that the three of us were about to release our love loads simultaneously. We did just that. I shot a torrential load into her steaming snatch; she in turn released hot pussy juice all over my cock and balls. Ben, meanwhile, was squirting come all over her mouth, face, and large, beautiful tits. Penny was really getting off on such copious amounts of love nectar.

When this fuckfest finally ended, we all collapsed in bed, exhausted. Finally, after resting and engaging in small talk for a while, the three of us got up and dressed with what strength we could muster. I couldn't help but notice the white frothy jism running down her leg as she hitched up her panties. Ben and I exchanged addresses and phone numbers with Penny and made plans to get together with her soon for a "reunion" of sorts. Looks like I'll be heading to see my good mate, Ben and our newfound, fun-loving sex kitten, Penny, more often. Who knows — I may even transfer to their uni. — *Name and address withheld*

Three's company

It has been a longtime fantasy of mine to have a threesome with two men. My husband, Adam, knows about it and had expressed an interest, too. I found one of the guys in his company, Brian, very sexy. After getting to know him for a few months, I felt relaxed in his presence. Our relationship developed into a light, teasing one.

Very soon Adam and I went over to Brian's house for a visit. Brian brought out some old copies of *Penthouse* and Adam started to read some of the Forum letters out loud. He was already stripped down to his underwear when he came across a letter about two men and a woman. He handed the magazine to Brian and let him read it. I figured now was the perfect time to get the ball rolling.

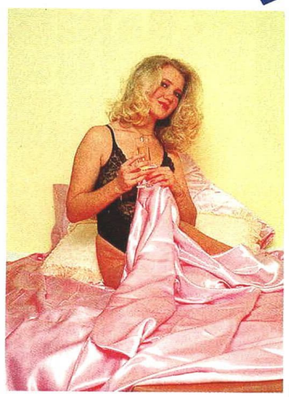
I told Adam that I needed a back rub, and after rummaging around in Brian's bathroom, he emerged with a bottle of baby lotion. I stripped down to my panties and lay on the couch. Adam started to rub me down, but after a few minutes he asked Brian to take over. He did, and gradually his hands wandered around to my breasts. As his fingers touched my nipples I felt a shiver run through my whole body. I rolled over and each guy took a tit into his mouth. The feeling of four hands touching my body got my pussy really wet and hot. Adam saw this and slid off my panties. As he started to lick my clit, Brian kissed my neck, lips, and tits, lightly flicking his tongue over my hard nipples.

In a matter of minutes we were all naked, and Brian and Adam changed places. Brian was working miracles on my pussy, and I could tell Adam was getting turned on by my moans of pleasure. Finally, I couldn't take it anymore, and I guided Brian's dick inside me. It didn't take long before we both came.

When Brian pulled out, Adam plunged into my sperm-filled pussy. He pumped me fast and furiously, bringing me to another incredible orgasm before he also shot his wad.

Now that we had finally tried out my fantasy, there was no stopping us. The rest of the night is a bit of a blur of arms, legs, tongues, and cocks, and all I can clearly remember is being blissfully happy. Toward dawn we were all drained, and we curled up on Brian's bed to cuddle and get some sleep. Needless to say, we spend a lot of time at Brian's house now that my fantasy has become reality. — *Name and address withheld*

The Ultimate Experience



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Working overtime

As the boss of a large corporation, I forbid fraternising among the employees. Recently, however, I broke my own rule.

Leaving the office late one night, I was startled to hear a woman's sobs echo through the empty building. Unmindful of the hour, I followed the sound to one of my district manager's offices. Inside, a young, tousle-headed brunette was crying her eyes out. The sign on her desk said she was Estelle, and I remembered recent paperwork on her that said she was uncooperative. Sure enough, lying among stacks of uncompleted paperwork in front of her was the company's pink slip.

I was about to tap her on the shoulder, when she turned suddenly and squashed her face into my white silk shirt. A button caught the side of her mouth and her perfect white teeth closed over it automatically. I thought for a minute she was going to yank it off. Instead, she pushed away and looked up at me though her tears.

I could see horror dawn in her eyes as she recognised me, her boss's boss—the big company man.

"I'm so sorry!" Estelle apologised, looking at the lipstick stain on my shirt. It was the first time we had ever spoken. Her voice was deep and resonant and incredibly sexy. She lowered her eyes as my gaze swept over her. Estelle was truly a goddess, with long, slim legs, small but firm breasts, and a tiny waistline. I wondered why I had never noticed her before. Her boss must have kept her close to home.

"Don't worry about it," I said automatically. "The dry cleaners will get it out."

"Look," she said boldly. "I've got some cold cream in my locker. It'll only take a second to get the stain out."

Estelle blotted a tissue in some cold cream and held it out to me. I looked at her. Our eyes locked hotly and I forgot all about the incriminating stain. Estelle dripped the tissue on the floor, reached up slowly, and unknotted my tie.

The fingers of her left hand brushed down my neck until her third finger found and probed my Adam's apple. It contracted once as I swallowed. She fondled the top button of my shirt, nibbling on it deliberately with her luscious, red lips.

It was the most wonderful hand! Warm and smooth and tantalising. When she reached the third button, she could no longer hold her tongue back. She leaned closer and licked my skin, savoring the salty sweetness of it.

Her gentleness fled when she reached my pants, flipped my buckle open, and yanked my pants down to bare my thighs. She fumbled through the white shirttails and cotton underwear for my penis. It was hard and long, standing up gallantly to meet its new friend. She slid it through her closed fist several times. I moaned again and sank to my knees.

"Oh, please," I begged. "Don't stop."

She squeezed the head tightly until it was purple, and lowered her mouth to meet it. Slowly, agonisingly slowly, she licked the tip of it, teasing it over and over again until it leaped forward to meet her tongue. She attacked it like an ice-cream cone, trailing her tongue around it sideways and then top to bottom. I melted to the carpet, completely enslaved.

I caught my breath as she plopped my penis fully into her mouth. My body went stiff. Suddenly, I was nothing but a throbbing sex organ begging to be consumed. She sucked and licked and let the juices from her mouth coat my penis so that her hands could slide up and down my rod with ease. One stray finger flicked my balls. They were hard and ready.

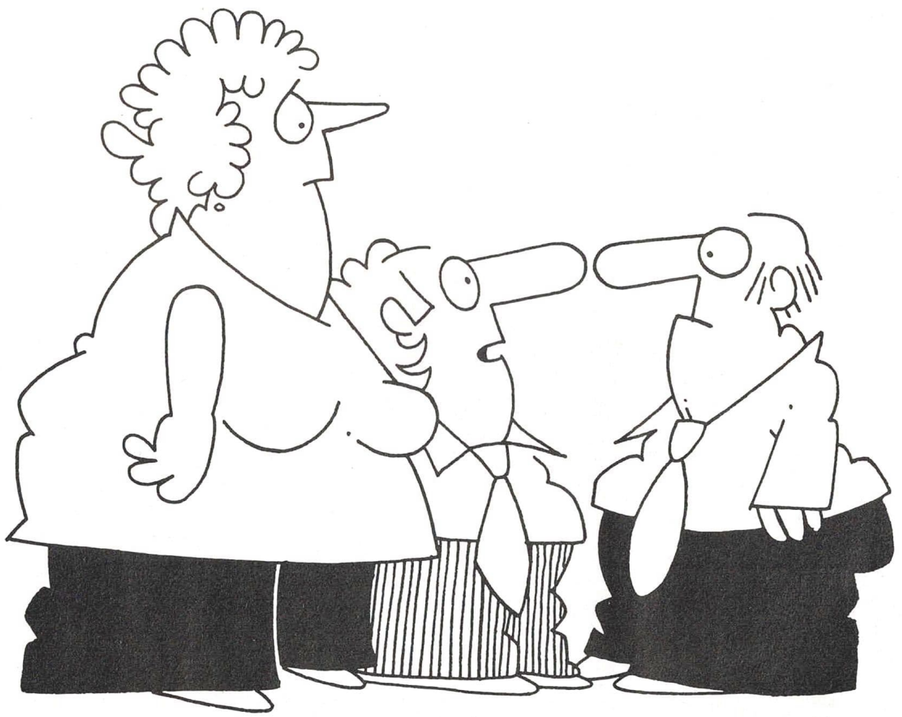
Suddenly, my insides shot forward into her mouth. She swallowed deeply, and sucked me for every last drop. Drained, but fulfilled, I could only stare at her in wonder.

"Why?" I whispered hoarsely, expecting her to demand her job back.

She sat up, pulled out her compact and reapplied her lipstick. "I like to give head," she said frankly. "You can tell my boss that he can take his job and shove it. I can find something better!"

And sure enough, Estelle did.

Today she is my personal secretary. I told her boss when I fired him that I didn't find her unco-operative at all.—*Name and address withheld*



"Since the baby, Gloria's vagina isn't as tight as it used to be. We're making it into a guest room."

How much do you know about sex?

HARD QUESTIONS

BY SCOT MORRIS

Once upon a time when the rules of social etiquette were observed, it was forbidden to speak of sex, politics and religion. As a conversation topic back in those mist-shrouded days, the weather came in for a terrible hiding.

Now they tell us that the art of conversation is dead, but that hasn't stopped those of us who don't know much about art but know what we like from talking about nothing else but sex, politics and religion at every opportunity. Unless it's the cricket.

This quiz isn't about cricket. So that left us with the other subjects to choose from when it came down to compiling a questionnaire. Three guesses what we chose. No points for that answer.

How much do you know about sex? Since you are already reading *Penthouse*, you presumably know more about it than the average man in the street. You should easily pass "chance level" — which would be 33 correct of the total 66 questions. A score of 40 or more is okay, 50 or better respectable, and if you score 60 or more you're the kind of guy who could give Bettina Arndt a run for her money. Like we said, this quiz has nothing to do with cricket but it is guaranteed to sort out the men from the boys.

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

True or false:

1. Condoms do not come in various sizes.
2. Lubricated condoms provide the same protection as unlubricated ones.

ILLUSTRATION BY COLLIDE

HARD QUESTIONS

3. Kissing will spread a cold faster than shaking hands.

4. Testosterone enhances the sense of smell and estrogen diminishes it.

5. Withdrawal — coitus interruptus — is the most popular form of birth control in Poland.

6. Kinsey found that the earlier in life a boy had his first orgasm, the longer in life he would be sexually active.

7. Most US states say that oral sex between extramarital partners does not constitute adultery.

8. Female baboons engage in prostitution.

9. To be legal in India, porn shops must call themselves "museums."

10. The British Leyland Motor Corporation believes that women who wear stockings are more dangerous drivers than women who wear panty hose.

11. Researchers find that people who make a habit of falling in and out of love also tend to crave chocolate.

12. Chances of conception improve if the man withdraws only after he has completely ejaculated.

13. Male-producing sperm (those carrying the Y chromosome) have longer tails and swim faster than female-producing (X chromosome) sperm.

14. A woman can increase her chances of conceiving a boy with a diet that includes salty cheese, ham, and coffee.

15. A vinegar douche before intercourse increases the chances of conceiving a girl; a baking-soda-and-water douche favors conception of a boy.

16. A woman who wants to conceive a boy should try to have an orgasm during intercourse, and a woman who wants a girl should try not to.

17. Australians are most sexually active in September, October and November. In other words, Alfred Lord Tennyson was right: "In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love."

18. Frederick's of Hollywood is listed on the American Stock Exchange as "FrdHly."

ALL ABOUT MEN

True or false:

1. A man can have an orgasm without ejaculating.

2. A man cannot have an ejaculation without an erection.

3. A man can fake an orgasm.

4. The scrotum shows color changes during sexual excitement.

5. Sperm is the largest single cell in a man's body.

6. The American Academy of Pediatrics has advised physicians not to perform circumcisions because the operation serves no medical purpose.

7. The average length of life for a castrated man is shorter than normal.

8. Military pilots of high-performance aircraft sire more sons than they do daughters.

9. Australian abalone divers father twice as many girls as boys.

10. Hair grows faster on a man who is anticipating having sex than on a man who isn't.

11. In most men, the left testicle hangs lower than the right one.

12. The average erect penis is six inches long. Ninety percent of all penises are within one inch of that.

13. On the average, a black man's penis is about half an inch longer than a white man's when flaccid, and about a quarter-inch longer when erect.

14. Of all mammal males in existence, one of the least promiscuous is the human male.

15. Of all 192 species of primates, the longest and thickest penis is found on the gorilla.

Her longest lovemaking session was 15 hours, nonstop, with a man named Ted.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN

True or false:

1. Small breasts are usually more sensitive than large breasts.

2. A woman's nipples swell during intercourse, but her breasts do not.

3. Female tennis players usually have a larger breast on their playing side.

4. One biological function of the female orgasm is that it helps "suck" the sperm up towards the cervix.

5. Having an orgasm helps a woman relieve menstrual cramps.

6. Some women have said that the biggest orgasm they ever had was during childbirth.

7. Mouth odor in women changes according to their menstrual cycle.

8. Female friends and roommates who spend much time together usually synchronise their periods.

9. There are exercises women can do to make their breasts firmer.

10. Women say their sex fantasies are more often of a known sex partner than of a "mystery man."

11. Cervical cancer is considered to be a sexual disease because celibate nuns virtually never get it.

12. Women say that their horniest time of the month is just after their period.

13. In a nursing mother, the sound of a baby's cry causes involuntary erection of the nipples.

14. *Cosmopolitan* reports that less than half of its readers have been unfaithful to their husbands.

15. When a girl starts menstruating, she is fertile and may be impregnated.

MALE FACTS

Match each fact with the correct name:

1. His penis was sold at an auction in Paris for about $3800.

2. He refused to own a dog after one bit him on the penis.

3. A famous myth says his penis is on display at the Smithsonian Institute.

4. He took several showers a day, and not only shaved his armpits but his chest as well.

5. He is credited with introducing the slang word *fox*, meaning "a pretty girl," in 1963.

6. He had one testicle.

7. His wife was two months pregnant when he married her.

8. He was involved in a scandal concerning a starlet and a Coca Cola bottle.

9. He probably died a virgin.

A. Muhammad Ali
B. Ronald Reagan
C. Napoleon Bonaparte
D. Fatty Arbuckle
E. John Dillinger
F. Clark Gable
G. Adolf Hitler
H. J. Edgar Hoover.
I. Howard Hughes

FEMALE FACTS

Match each fact with the correct name:

1. She had her vagina surgically enlarged.

2. She had three breasts.

3. She bleached her pubic hair blonde.

4. She refused to go on camera during her period.

5. Reportedly, she once took on an entire American football team in one session.

6. She was reputed to have engaged in intercourse with a horse.

7. She was about three months pregnant when she married in 1983.

8. She had her own casket in which she slept, had lovers, and was ultimately buried.

9. Her longest lovemaking session was 15 hours, nonstop, with a man named Ted (according to her autobiography).

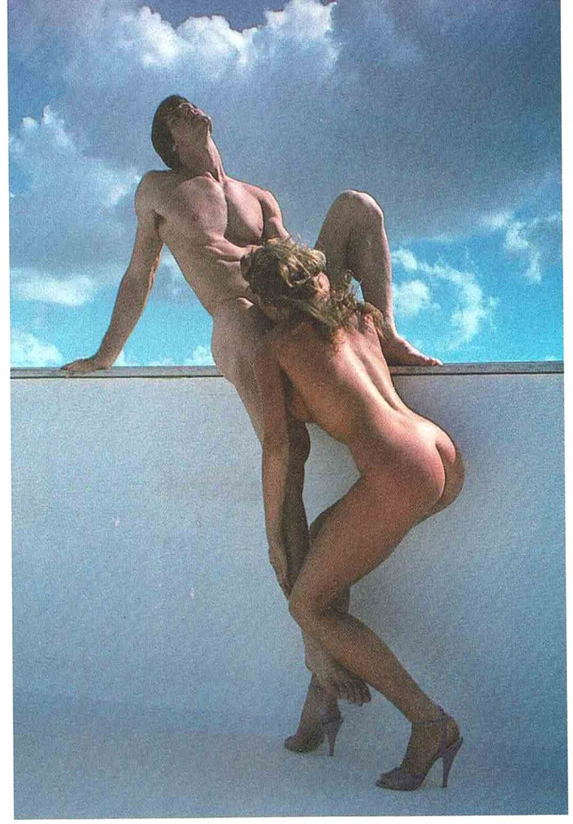
A. Sarah Bernhardt
B. Anne Boleyn
C. Clara Bow
D. Eva Braun
E. Princess Caroline of Monaco

Continued on page 144

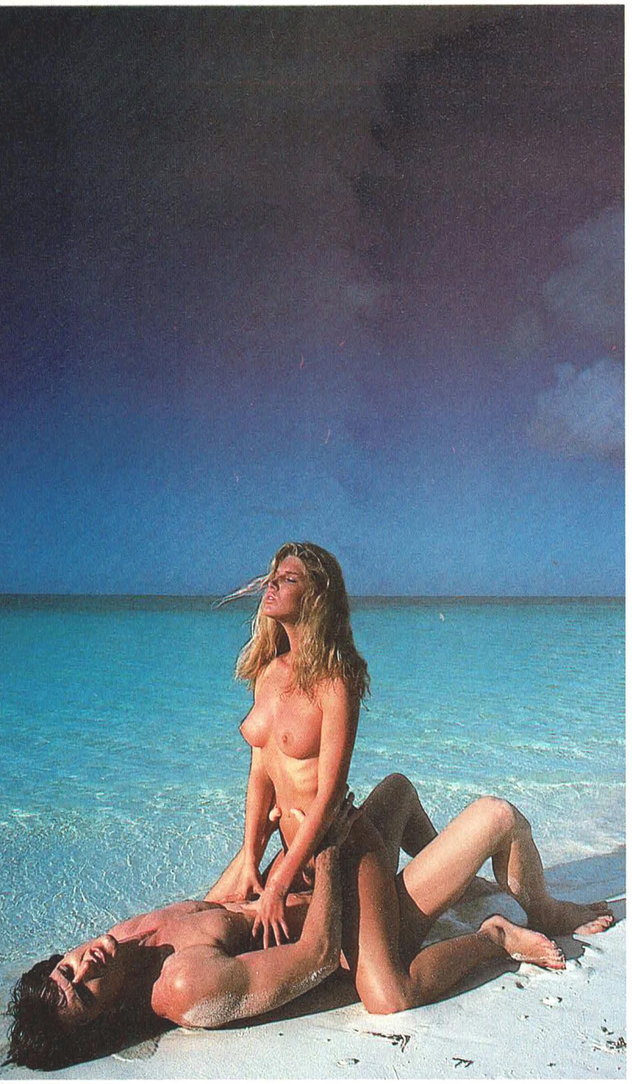
SAME TIME NEXT YEAR

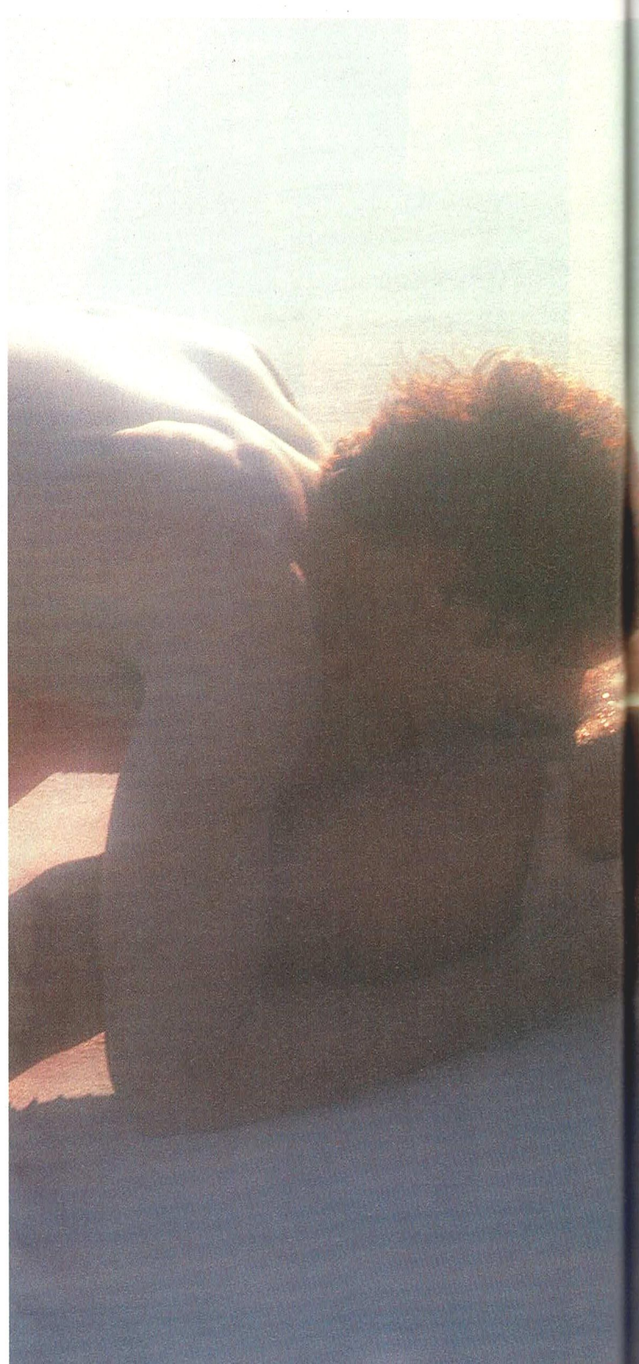
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID SCHOEN

They are the most romantic of creatures, enduring lovers who meet secretly once a year to relive their shared, and now forbidden, passion. For the past three years they have left behind their everyday lives and lovers to embark on their journey. It's a journey of constant rediscovery, breathing fresh oxygen on to old flames.



He called first this year. "Remember?" he whispered into the phone. And, of course, she did. A flood of emotions coursed through her, brightening her cheeks and quickening her pulse. "Who was that on the phone?" her new lover asked.





The familiar rendezvous had been set, the cover stories had been told and they met. The old fire flared. No more ruses, not for one sweet, unforgettable week. In their incessant pleasure-taking they refused to think about the long periods between their meetings. It was too consuming, too bold. Lovers part and something dies to live again . . .

LOOSE ENDS

YOU WOULDN'T READ ABOUT IT

If the following story isn't true, may I be condemned to writhe for eternity with bindi-eyes in my bikini briefs . . .

A friend of a friend told me about this girl he knew who came home late one night and realised that the girl she shared with had a man in bed with her. Shared the room with, that is. Not wishing to destroy the romantic ambience, the girl didn't turn on the light. She just hopped into her own bed and put up with the grunts and groans from the other side of the room until she finally dropped off to sleep.

Well, the next morning she awoke to discover her flatmate dead, horribly mutilated and tied to the bedposts with underwear. Shocked and sickened, the girl staggered to the bathroom to throw up. What do you reckon she saw when she got there? In big letters on the mirror the murderer had scrawled in blood: "AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU DIDN'T TURN ON THE LIGHT?"

There's more. You see, it hadn't really been this girl's week. And if this part of the story isn't true, may my Femfresh turn into a flamethrower and napalm my naughty bits.

A few days before, or nights actually, she'd been driving home and this truck started tailgating her, flashing its headlights and honking its horn. Every time the girl went to speed up or turn into a side street to shake him, the damned thing followed, flashing and honking. As you could well imagine, all this caused the girl not a little consternation. I'll be frank with you — she was terrified. Well, after trying in vain to lose him she finally reached her place and pulled into the driveway. The truck squealed to a stop right behind her and the driver got out and started running over . . .

He was a bloody big bloke, the girl noticed, with tatts all up and down the arms that were grappling with her door handles. To cut a long story short, he got in the back door and what do you think he found there? A maniac, of course. A slobbering idiot with a breadknife in his hand. The girl screamed — AAAAARRRGH — and fainted.

When she came to the kindly trucker had tied up the criminal psychopath — did I mention he was also a hunchback? — and he explained that he had seen the lunatic in the back seat and he had flashed his lights and blown his horn when he saw the dribbling demented fool raise the knife to stab the girl. Every time the dangerously homicidal gibbering idiot went to stab her, the trucker would honk and flash to stop him, and so he had saved the girl's life.

There was a sort of a happy ending to this particular incident. It started out happy, anyway. The tattooed trucker and the girl got married, according to this mate of a mate of mine who knew them both. I believed him because he said that if it wasn't true he would stick his penis in strawberry jam and tongue kiss Jim Nabors on a bull-ant nest.

Yes, they were married and they took off on a driving honeymoon. Late one night, somewhere down the south coast, they ran out of petrol. The truckie, a chap used to taking charge in situations like this, grabbed a jerry can and set off to find a service station, telling his wife to roll up all the windows and lock all the doors until he came back. This she did. About 40 minutes later she heard this sickening thumping noise on the top of the car as if someone, maybe a child, was jumping up and down and snorting and snuffling like a rabid animal.

This went on for nearly an hour and the girl was petrified. To top it all off, suddenly midnight became midday as the area was flooded with brilliant white light. Then a voice crackled over a loudspeaker: "This is Sergeant O'Malley of Nowra Police. Get out of the car and walk very slowly towards the light. And don't, whatever you do, look back."

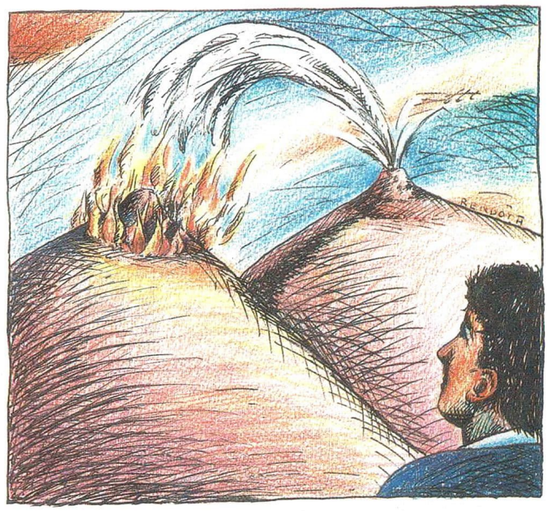


Illustration by Graham Rendoth

Shit-scared, the girl got out of the car and began walking. About ten metres away she heard the thumping start up again and, foolishly, she looked back. What she saw caused her to faint dead away. There on the top of the car was an insane, one-armed midget covered in blood and gore. With his one good hand he was bouncing the severed head of the truckie on the duco.

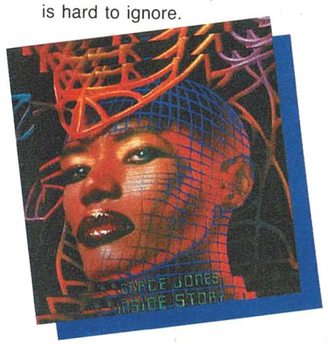
The girl — God bless her — now resides in a mental hospital, strapped to a cot in a wing reserved for incurable cases.

If you're wondering why I'm telling you all this, it's because I'm about to extend an exclusive, never-to-be-repeated, you-gotta-be-in-it-to-win-it offer to readers who've got this far and believed every word. And the offer I'm about to bestow upon you *is* genuine. If it isn't I'll windsurf the Daintree on a pig's liver Lilo and go 15 rounds in the missionary position with Russ Hinze. The first ten lucky readers to clip this story and send it to me with a $100 note will become THE FIRST TEN LUCKY READERS TO CLIP THIS STORY AND SEND ME $100! No, that's not a misprint — just the best gosh darn offer you're likely to receive this year. There's no limit to the number of entries you may send in, and, hell, you don't even have to clip the story if you don't want to. Just slip that lucky hundred buckaroonies in an envelope, lick it and send it to me marked "Give A Hand A Job Competition." Don't take wooden nickels, y'hear, and have a happy day. — *C.J. Mackay*

SOUNDS

A WELCOME MATT

Matt Johnson (the essential component of British project The The) is prepared to wear blue jeans and suck on a Coca Cola, but he seems more worried by the broader implications of American cultural imperialism. Not that the Brits have been above knowing what was best for "less fortunate" parts of the world. The first single off *Infected* (EPIC) was "Sweet Bird Of Truth" — the thoughts of a bomber captain as his plane takes an unscheduled plunge towards the Arabian Gulf. It was written in the wake of US bombing raids on Libya. "Well it's high noon at the UK corral . . . all aboard this Yankee station prepare themselves for battle stations." The dark, sometimes suicidal mood of his previous *Soul Mining* has been given more of a global perspective. On the strength of these lyrics Mr Johnson probably won't get a contract from Mills and Boon. The closest he gets to a gushy love song is, "I can't give you up, till I've got more than enough, so infect me with your love." Johnson has opted for some honest searching comment couched in a fashionable sneer. As with *Soul Mining*, he hammers home his message with exposed but powerful drum feels and chiming guitar thrusts. His vocals, or rather breathy growls, exude a passion that is hard to ignore.

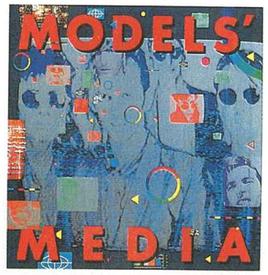


Grace Jones is one person not famous for letting her intellect get in the way of hedonistic delight. She also hasn't thought too much about the songs on her latest *Inside Story* (EMI) which she is credited as having co-written. Yet the most banal pop can sometimes be responsible for some of the most succinct thoughts of 20th Century Western civilisation. "I'm Not Perfect (But I'm Perfect For You)" may not be quite in the league of "It's My Party (And I'll Cry If I Want To)" or "Stand By Your Man" but with Nile Rogers' production it does capture the feeling of anybody who has suddenly had their lives turned upside down by a mercurial partner. Elsewhere she attempts to display her humanity by claiming "I'm still walking barefoot in Beverly Hills", as if naked toes were a window to the soul. If this is the complete Grace Jones inside story I think I'll stick to the cladding.

From High Priestess of sleaze to the high-whooping Asian cuteness of **Sandii And The Sunsetz**. *Banzai Baby* (Virgin) recaptures some of the musical variety of their *Immigrants* album. Not plastic-pop enough for their homemarket (Japan), the band stress their origins for foreigners ("Banzai Baby", "East Meets West") in a way that borders on parody. Sandii and her consorts have put more muscle into this effort than earlier lapses in content like "Sticky Music" and have nearly regained the air of brooding exotica they had three years ago.

Chrissie Hynde in the guise of the **Pretenders** urges us to *Get Close* (WEA) as she wraps her fine drawl round some new backing. The basic guitar band drive that the Pretenders has been based on survives a large number of guest players. There are some upbeat Motown chugs with swirling Hammond organ mixed with a lot of medium-paced grinds where she doesn't bump. Whether she's proclaiming her love for Jim Kerr ("My Baby") or having a scathing dig at Michael Jackson in "How Much Did You Get For Your Soul?", the lady is full of committed ideals. Hynde is one of those rare, magnificent rock and roll animals whose personal passion is often matched by the power of music.

Without wanting to pine senselessly for the good old days, I have to strongly recommend *Tisket A Tasket* (EMI) which celebrates **Ella Fitzgerald's** early recording years, including some tracks with her late husband and legendary drummer/big band leader Chick Webb. Not hiding her jazz roots the young Ella has her way with a brace of popular songs of the day. The tracks cover the years 1936-45. Ella's singing would have made a laundry docket mandatory listening.

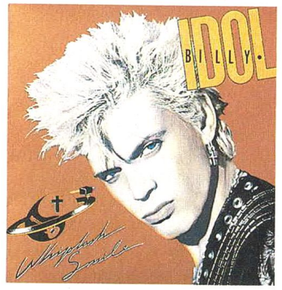


With ubiquitous producer Nile Rogers at the helm, **Duran Duran**, who are now a trio with guests, relax some of their pop bombast for their *Notorious* (EMI) re-emergence. Members' forays into other projects (Power Station, Arcadia) have obviously helped the lads grow outside of the Duran format but they haven't actually moved musical address.

Billy Idol has labored for a long time over his *Whiplash Smile* (Chrysalis), the record — not the pose. He's lost none of the rock and roll power from his voice so the apparent hiatus in following up *Rebel Yell* was to give the fans as good a product as possible. The songs have been smoothed out by monotonous keyboard programming that often does little to lift Idol up to the level of his past successes.

The Models, on the other hand, slammed out *Media* (Mushroom) a year ago, immediately after the sessions for *Out Of Mind Out Of Sight*. Despite some good intentions, they display more of the plodding banality of that album.

If you're in more of a classical frame of mind the CBS *Masterworks* series is a wealth of entertainment. On record or high quality cassette are gems like pianist **Murray Perahia** having his way with Mozart and a mammoth four-box cassette of **Glen Gould** performing the entire *Well Tempered Clavier* by Bach. — *Jeremy Cook*



Clockwise from far left: Grace Jones' inside story; Matt Johnson breathes a tough passion; Sandii And The Sunsetz whoop Asian cuteness; The fruit of Billy Idol's labors.

FILM

AND NOW YOU HAS JAZZ

From the top: Dexter Gordon on sax in Round Midnight; The gang in Rob Reiner's gentle Stand By Me; Chloe Webb and Gary Oldman as Sid And Nancy.

When some folks think of jazz musicians they summon up a vision of middle-aged white guys in sassy striped waistcoats and boater hats blurting out toe-tapping renditions of "When The Saints Go Marching In." That's your "hand-around-the-juleps-there's-a-tourist-bus-arriving, sanitised-for-your-protection" kind of jazz.

Then there's another kind of jazz. The kind played by sweaty dudes with skin like midnight and eyes like roadmaps in dark, smoky basements peopled with jive-talking jetsam. Be-bop — freewheeling improvised jazz that on an upbeat could make a soul fly and on a bluesy downbeat make it cry. Thelonius Monk once said that to understand the meaning of be-bop was to understand the meaning of freedom. Dizzy Gillespie called it the most serious music ever made in America — music a lot of people died for. Certainly be-bop jazzmen — Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, Budd Powell, Art Pepper just some of them — were characterised by a philosophy that seemed to run: "Live fast, play real hard and leave a lousy looking corpse." Pass-the-bourbon-and-hand-me-the-hypodermic kind of jazz.

This unsanitised variety is lovingly celebrated in **Round Midnight**, a film directed by Bertrand Tavernier and produced by Irwin Winkler. The film depicts black American musicians living and working in Paris in the Fifties and concentrates on the relationship between Dale Turner, an alcoholic jazz great, and Francis Borier, his adoring and protective fan. It is a heartwarming story, shot through with themes of family, friendship, trust and separation — and some of the hottest, finest music you'll ever hear.

In an astoundingly brave move, director Tavernier cast 62-year-old jazz legend Dexter Gordon as Turner. Gordon's physical presence is mesmerising. His bulk, his shambling walk, his gravel voice and his ravaged booze-addled face and eyes make it evident that he has lived the life of the fictional Turner. His performance is gentle, impelling, magical — so much so that it becomes impossible to imagine that anyone else could have taken the role.

If you have an interest in jazz, you must see *Round Midnight*. If you haven't much, but you're curious, be warned. It is a very long film — it could have lost half an hour at least — and it's a slow mover. More impatient types might be better advised to pick up the soundtrack album. But as a loving tribute to an era, to a vibrant and demanding style of music and to the men who burned themselves out playing it, *Round Midnight* stands tall.

Coincidentally, doing the rounds at the moment is another film that lovingly celebrates a style of music and the men and women who burned themselves out being a part of it. It's **Sid And Nancy**, as in Sid Vicious of The Sex Pistols and his ever lovin', smack-happy American gal Nancy Spungen.

It's a love story. Boy meets girl, boy gobs and vomits on girl, girl gets boy heroin, girl and boy have sex, fall in love and spiral down the drain together until boy stabs girl to death. England's Edward and Mrs Simpson of the late Seventies.

Performances by Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb in the central roles are seamless. Any old punk worth his studded leathers and day-glo hair glue will be aware that Oldman *becomes* Sid Vicious — his every movement and mannerism reminiscent of the least musically talented rock legend of all time. Webb is divinely and awesomely awful in a performance that invites the viewer to stab her before Sid does.

Writer/director Alex Cox (*Repo Man*) has cast strict historical accuracy aside to gleefully exaggerate an era when a lovable band of cleverly stage-managed rapscallions rode a tidal wave of saliva to preach anarchy in the UK and send shares in safety pin companies skyrocketing. This pumps up the blackly humorous content of his seedy saga of love and death. If you're in the mood for something with "cult" razor-slashed all over it, pogo along to see it. Headbangers welcome. Hippies will be shot.

Back now to the days when a punk was a big guy who knocked kids' Mickey Mouse ears off in the street and demanded their lunch money with menace. This is the realm of Rob Reiner's **Stand By Me**, set in a midwest town in the Fifties and telling the story of four kids who do a lot of growing up during a weekend adventure.

The screenplay has been adapted from a Stephen King novella called *The Body*, a tale of a group of 12-year-old boys who learn that another kid has been struck by a train and who set off to retrieve his body. On their long trek to become heroes for discovering the corpse, the relationships between the boys, and between each boy and his brothers and father, unfold. There is much humor, insight and sadness in this film.

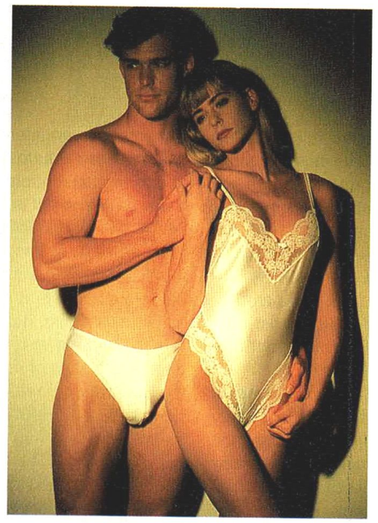
Stars are Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix, Corey Feldman, Jerry O'Connell and Richard Dreyfuss. This is not a kids' film, but a film about being a kid, about being a boy on the edge of grown-up, and about valuing your buddies above all else. *Stand By Me* is gentle, thoughtful and delightful. Recommended. — *C.J. Mackay*

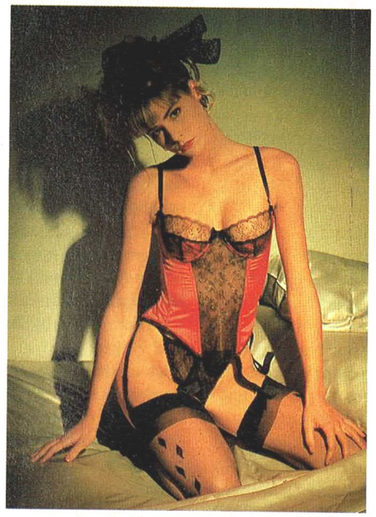
THE ALL-AUSTRALIAN HAT

Any Australian who doesn't know what an Akubra is should be led out to the back paddock and mercifully put down without further ado. Since the late 1800s Akubra in Kempsey, NSW, has been turning out the best bush hats in the world. These days the factory makes between five and six thousand hats a week, in about 60 styles. Forty thousand rabbit pelts a week are used to make the felt from which the hats are crafted. Every bushie knows the benefits of an Akubra for protection, longevity and rugged style.

Famous heads in Akubras include Slim Dusty, who's been wearing one since he was knee high to a goanna, Greg Norman and Molly Meldrum (but don't let that put you off.) We've pictured the current best-seller, the Down Under, as worn by Linda Evans in between wrestling Jack Thompson, and by Mick "Crocodile" Dundee, before, during and after wrestling crocodiles. If you want an authentic croc tooth band, go catch a croc. If you want it as it comes, you'll find them for around $57 at hat stores and saddleries.

Photo by Geoff Howden





TAKE A DEEK

At times in our sporting history, it's seemed the name De Castella has been on everyone's lips. Now it's likely to be the name on everyone's shoes. The De Castella Comp from Adidas makes an ideal running shoe. The idea is that with the silent repetition of the mantra "Deek" on every exhalation, and with Deek's own shoes on, you'll be springing along the roadrace of life with the speed of a startled deer. Good luck.

THE BEST UNDRESSED

Sexy, sensuous and stylish lingerie needn't be imported from Paris complete with astronomical price tag. Some of the slinkiest quality lingerie now available across the country is being designed and made in Sydney by Fine Lines. Young designer Jenny-Jane Carpenter has created a line of undergarments that embraces whims from the demure to the delectably decadent. Indeed, many of the garments — like stretchy lace body suits, lacy singlet tops and shiny lycra g-strings in electric colors — are just too good to cover up and women are buying them to show off as cheeky, elegant evening wear or briefer than brief beachwear. Prices are very reasonable, particularly if you compare them with those of imported garments. Selected parts of the range are available in better stores and boutiques Australia-wide, but for full information and stockists near you ring Fine Lines on (02) 264 8037.

FLASH CAMERA

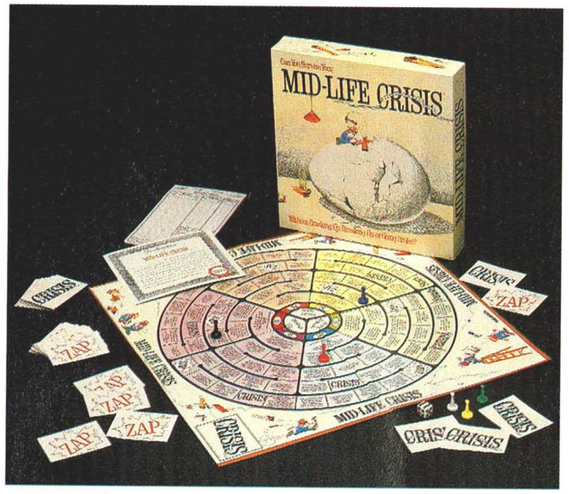
These camera companies love their world firsts — and photogs will appreciate the world's first flash unit built into an SLR camera. The Olympus OM-707 is the trendsetter. Even the most amateur shutterbugs know the Olympus name as a damn good product. And this flash is no toy, with a synchronisation enabling the user to shoot at speeds up to 1/2000th of a second. Plus, it's got auto load, auto focus, auto wind and rewind and advanced circuitry developments. At all responsible camera dealers.

MOTHER'S MILK

A bottle of Kahlua on hand is a surefire recipe for some great cocktails. If you haven't tried it, the popular notion is — now that Australia is the fourth largest market for this coffee-flavored heaven — that you haven't lived. Try a Hummer: Equal portions of Kahlua and white rum blended with a couple of scoops of vanilla ice cream; or try calling up a Dirty Mother: Kahlua, tequila and milk with ice. If mother's milk isn't your bag, some people insist that Kahlua goes better with coke. Either way, the biggest challenge is making a bottle last.

EASY RIDER

Jet skis may make great fun machines, but unless you *really* like the taste of salt water you might find them all a bit too much the stuff of Coke commercials. They get very wet. The Swordfish Ski Bike, on the other hand, combines a jet ski's fun factor with a planing boat hull and outboard motor. It can carry three people, it can tow a skier, it's all quite safe — and it's dry. With just a little practice it can be ridden like a motorbike on water — right down to the wheelies.



WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH PLAYING GAMES

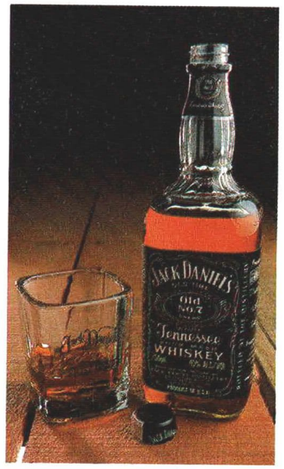
There comes a time in the affairs of men and women when frivolous youthful games make way for those more befitting the status of a mature individual with three kids, a mortgage the size of Mont Blanc, marriage problems and frown lines that are becoming increasingly evident by dint of the recessions of the economy and the hairline. We're talking Mid-Life Crisis, boyo! That's the name of a new game from Ventura. It's a board game aimed at 30 to 50-year-olds wrestling with alopecia and alimony, and points are scored in terms of stress and divorce. It's more fun than a barrel of bank managers, more laughs than the Family Court! A wicked gift idea for $25 at all major game outlets, gift shops and department stores.

BIRD WATCHING

Can you go on for hours about the cheery call of the yellow-bellied sap-sucker? Or are your bird watching interests confined to the mating habits of the buxom breasted sucker sapper? Either way, have Bushnell got some binoculars for you. Bushnell Custom Binoculars are endorsed by the US Audobon Society, that intrepid band of guys who know a tit when they see one. The Bushnells are top quality lightweight glasses that boast all the right features and come with a lifetime guarantee. Prices start from about $396 at binocular and telescope stockists. From Bausch and Lomb.

Photo by Geoff Howden

JACK DANIEL'S WINNERS



On staging the Win With Jack Daniel's Competition in the December '86 issue of *Penthouse* we said that if Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey was as popular with the readers of *Penthouse* as it is with the writers of *Penthouse*, we'd expect a flood of entries. Well, they poured in from all parts of Australia and New Zealand, resulting in an unprecedented response to any competition ever staged in this section of the magazine. It was a good indication of the high esteem in which Uncle Jack's fine tipple is held, as well as being a barometer of the taste and tastes of *Australian Penthouse* readers.

We asked entrants to tell us how the Lynchburg distillers of Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey achieved the product's unique smoothness. The simple answer was: Through a process of charcoal mellowing. Some entries, however, ran to several pages of distillers' data and info about Jack Daniel's.

Chosen from the barrel of entries received, the first prize winner was Mr H. G. Browne of Croydon Park in NSW. Mr Browne wins a carved timber Jack Daniel's wall clock, one of only a handful in Australia, a 750ml bottle of Jack Daniel's Whiskey and a set of heavy Jack Daniel's Whiskey tumblers.

Runners-up, receiving a 750ml bottle of Jack and a set of his whiskey tumblers, were: G. N. Deane, Tugun, Qld; Lani Witt, Ferndale, WA: G.B. Cook, Lockleys, SA ; C.J. Chesney, Christchurch, NZ ; L.J.B. Colja, Joondanna, WA ; Judy Brown, Haden, Qld; Denys Glover, HMAS Albatross, Nowra, NSW; Paul Foley, Kangaroo Flat, Vic; V. Alexander, Sefton, NSW.

BLOW UP AN ISLAND

Now you can have your very own Mururoa Atoll in the backyard swimming pool. The Aloha Islander is a fun blow-up island large enough to accommodate two lounging adults, and complete with — wait for it — a detachable banana backrest and the obligatory palm tree. Designed and made in Germany, the Aloha features six inflatable air chambers for stability and has grablines located at its centre and around the outside edge for hangers on. Or in case you brave the briny and the going gets rough. Or if you're drunk in charge of an island. The 190m-diameter floatie comes in a carry bag that can be filled with sand and used as an anchor attached to 20 metres of anchor line, also included. The Aloha Islander sells for $119 and is available exclusively through Mitchell's Wholesalers, 202-204 Brunswick St, Fitzroy 3065. For orders and enquiries phone: (03) 419 9822.

STEP OUT

You've got to admit some bikers go a little over the top in the leather fashion stakes. This breed tend to look like they've just stepped out of a flying saucer. A little more down to Earth are Alpinestar's Enduro boots. In full-grain leather, they're comfortable for everyday use, and are available with chamois leather reinforcement on the gear-change area.

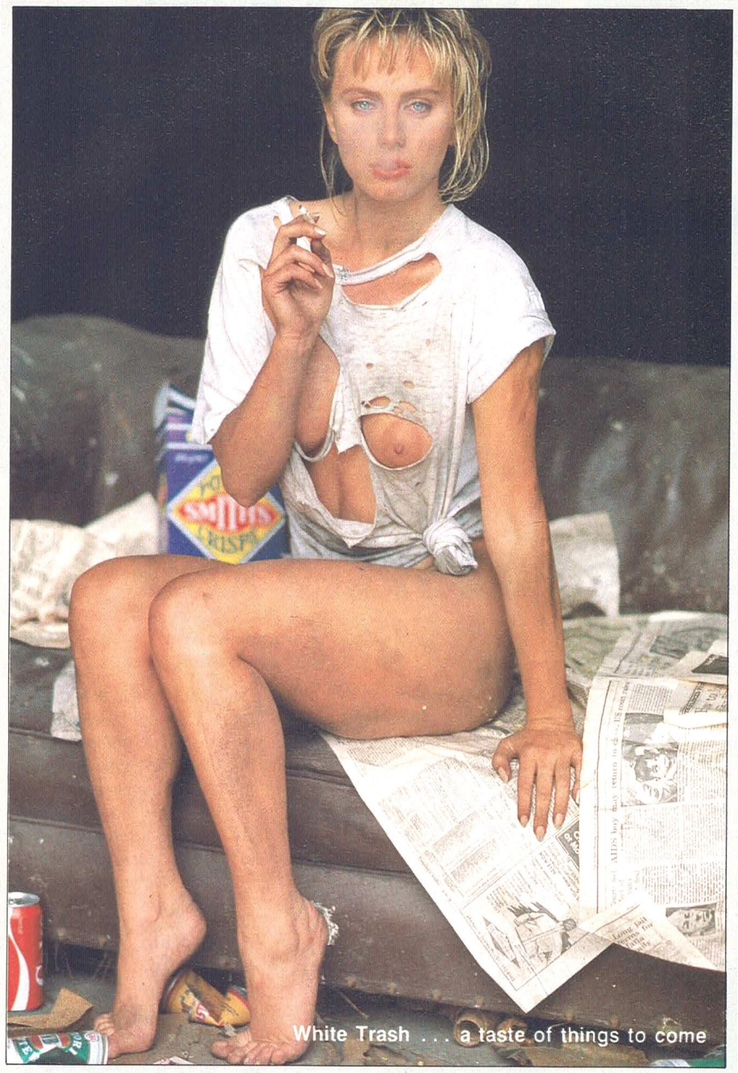
TAKING A PUNT

It's highly likely you'll be seeing a bit more of these gizmos in the coming months. These are called footballs. If you've been asleep for the last 200 years or so, you may not realise that these leather parcels of compressed air are highly prized. Men live for them by day and dream of them by night. The mere whiff of one can raise the pulse rate of a devotee. If you'd like a *particularly* great-smelling football for your mantelpiece, Adidas is a great idea to kick around.

FOR SPEED AND COMFORT

Bicycles are booming. Ask any bike shop, or take a look at the hordes of pedalling fools out and about. It seems thousands are deciding that while four wheels may be good for getting around, two wheels are better for fun, economy and fitness. With the bike boom has come a fashion trend in cycling outfits. Pedalophiles from serious *Tour De France* contenders to the kind who just like a bit of touring in between watching *Breaking Away* on video are togging up in top bike gear that's comfortable, efficient and makes them look like they're moving when they're just standing still. We've pictured top-of-the-line gear from Try-Cycle-Way of Drummoyne in Sydney. The snazzy Puch Ultima road shirt features lower rear pockets for cycler's essentials. Imported from Austria, it costs $175. The lycra knicks, designed to prevent chafing, will set you back $37.

Photo by Geoff Howden



COMING IN MAY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Brotherhood — Thousands of highly "respectable" Australians occupying influential positions in the professions and the police force regularly gather at Masonic Temples to perform bizarre rituals and swear blood-curdling oaths of secrecy. Just what are these masons up to? Next month *Penthouse* presents a fascinating insight into the mysterious world of freemasonry.

The Town Bike — If you think you've been there and done that when it comes to riding a bicycle, you're wrong. New-fangled two-wheelers are a world away from the Malvern Star you once rode to school on, and they're revolutionising urban transport today. Next month *Penthouse* reports on the bike boom and tells you everything you need to know about buying a bike and staying alive on it.

Hard Act To Follow — The greatest event in the history of rugby is about to take place on Antipodean shores. Teams from 16 countries will gather to compete for the title of "world champion" in the Rugby World Cup. Nobody's going to be pulling any punches in this contest and neither does *Penthouse* when we rate the chances of each team. Will French flair overcome the All Blacks' awesome power and can Australia maintain its winning ways? We're willing to take a punt with a few predictions.

White Trash— *Penthouse* continues to present the finest erotic photography in Australia, and the world, with pictorials like White Trash. Glamor ends up in the gutter in this stunning juxtaposition of sex and squalor. Get down and dirty in May *Australian Penthouse*

HARD QUESTIONS

Continued from page 128

F. Joan Crawford
G. Marilyn Monroe
H. Mae West
I. Catherine The Great

Answers:

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION. 1. True. 2. False. They provide more protection because they break less often. 3. False. 4. False. The opposite is true — the male hormone testosterone decreases the sense of smell. 5. True. 6. True. 7. True. 8. True — by stealing food during sex, for example. 9. True. 10. True. They find that women who wear garter belts tend to press harder on the accelerator. 11. True. 12. False. 13. True. 14. True. 15. True. 16. True. Sperm that produce girls like the vagina's natural acidity. An orgasm reduces this acidity, favoring the boy-producing Y sperm. 17. False. Our most sexual season is late summer and early autumn according to national statistics for sales of condoms, new cases of VD, and birthrates nine months later. 18. True.

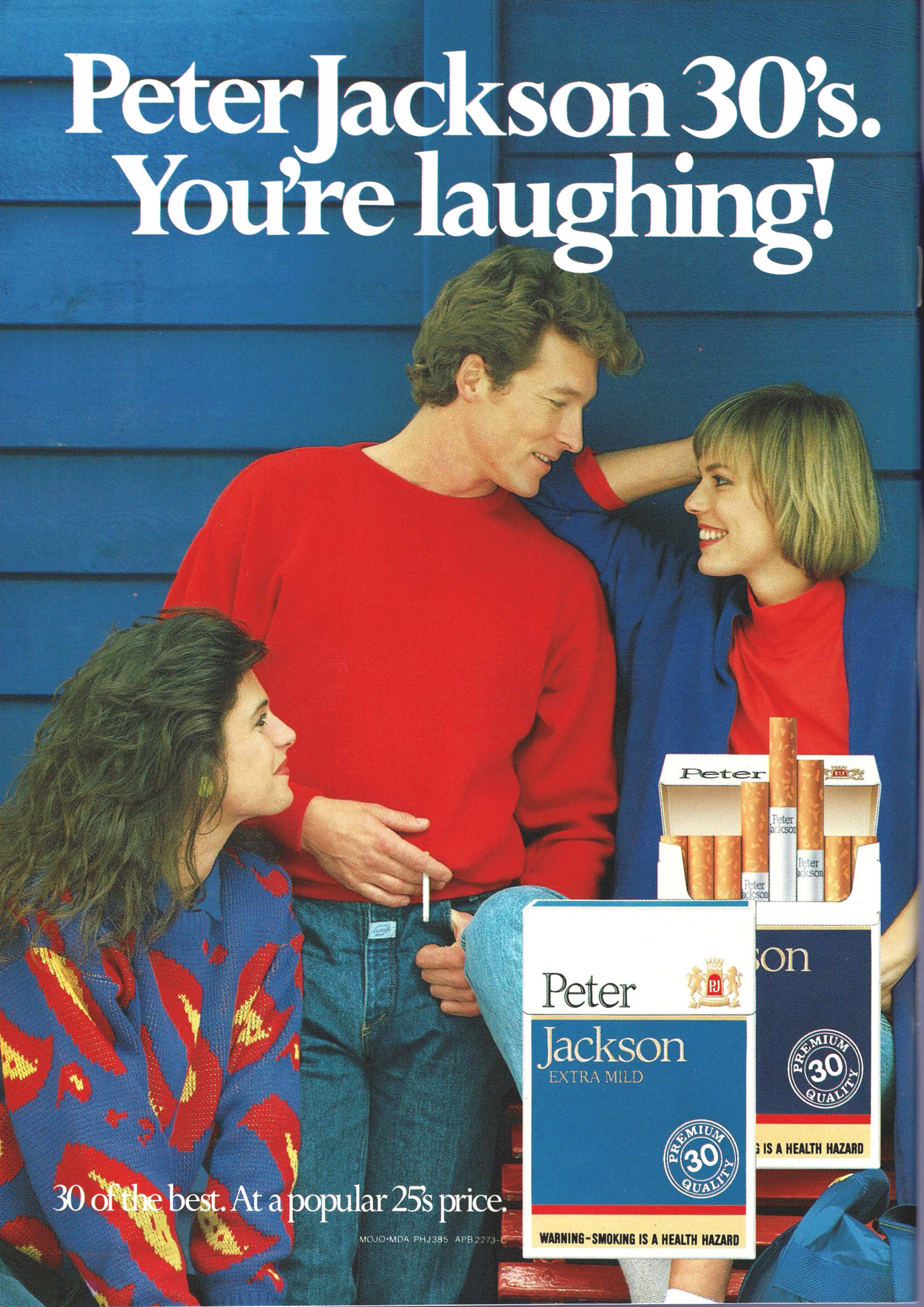
MEN. 1. True. 2. False. 3. True. In intercourse, the only way a woman can tell if a man has had an orgasm is if he shows the usual "signs" — goes stiff, arches his back, and grimaces with bared teeth. These can obviously be faked. 4. False. 5. False. It's the smallest cell. 6. True. 7. False. It's longer — as long as an average woman's life. 8. False. Pilots sire more daughters. 9. True. 10. True. Confirmation of this was published in medical journals by a man stationed on an isolated island for months at a time before he could see his wife for a few weeks. He shaved each day and meticulously weighed the cuttings, and found his whisker weight increased just before his scheduled visits home. 11. True. 12. True. 13. True. 14. True. 15. False. It's a man's.

WOMEN. 1. True. There are more touch receptors per square inch on small breasts. 2. False. Both swell. 3. True. 4. False. 5. True. 6. True. 7. True. 8. True. 9. False. The breast is glandular tissue and fat; it has no muscle. A woman can make her breasts look fuller and firmer by exercising the muscles around them, however. 10. False. The opposite is true. 11. True. 12. False. Just before, more often. 13. True. 14. False. More than half have. 15. False. The menarche, or first menstruation, usually comes a year or two before the first ovulation.

MALE FACTS. 1C, 2I, 3E, 4F, 5A, 6G, 7B, 8D, 9H.

FEMALE FACTS. 1D, 2B, 3G, 4F, 5C, 6I, 7E, 8A, 9H.

Peter Jackson 30's. You're laughing!



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